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MASSACRES OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.



By C. OSBORNE WARD.

HE date set down by Valerius Maximus as that of the first gladiatorial function at Rome was by no means the beginning of those deadly contests in which human beings slew each other. No one knows the origin of the custom, whether it was Etruscan or Greek, Hindoo or Aztec, Egyptian or British. All we positively know is that these and many other peoples once practised it. But upon the superstition and the impulse which motivated its practice we tread the dim path of knowledge with footsteps less slippery in doubt; and when we come to scan evidence we find ourselves no longer plodding amid faint theories and timid assumption, but face to face with facts recorded on the historian's parchment and the chiseller's incision in the rocks.

Pitting men against powerful wild beasts like the lion and the tiger was at one time common; and the story of Daniel of old is not the only one that has become celebrated. Lysimachus, the disciple of Callisthenes, for misdemeanor was condemned by Alexander the Great to test his muscle and skill with a huge lion starved to frenzy for the occasion. Monarchs, lords and ladies of the court were summoned to take their seats on the benches and before the proskenion as witnesses of the conflict. The condemned man, nude, except a loose red chlamys on his shoulder, holding in one hand a dagger and with the other waving a rag as a decoy, was attacked by the hungry beast with a tremendous bound. The dexterity of the creature of reason was, however, too much for the animal of jaws and talons, for a few thrusts of the steel soon brought him to the ground.

At Rome and in her municipal towns two points are always observable: 1st, that the combatants were of the low-born or laboring class; 2d, that the games originated in a primitive belief, based upon the great aristocratic principle of paganism which buried the dead lord under the hearth, kept up the eternal vestal fire, and offered him food, homage and prayers, and also that human blood was a requirement of his lord-



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AVE CESAR, IMPERATOR, MORITURI TE SALUTANT.

ship's powerful and omniscient ghost. But the price of this blood was always distinctly drawn, since the domestic slave, the debtor freedman and the prisoner of war were the victims chosen for the sacrifice, because regarded as of least value.

So it is natural that we find at first no large amphitheatres where these ordeals were enacted, but must be content with private houses and grounds with improvised movable seats, where began the enactment of such horrors. Away back in the by-gones we hear of no schools of training to fit men for this fighting, and are left to conclude as a probability that the first gladiators were all men; but later, when the superstition of a propitiatory duty had been outgrown and sympathy of this military class had degenerated into pure ferocity, we find schools for training, in great numbers, and must not be dismayed at seeing beautiful women and even tender children under training of the lanista, or "butcher-master," to fit them for the sanguinary sport.

In describing a gladiatorial wake of the more ancient sort, we have a good model to work from in that of a gens lord, the old man Brutus, whose two sons Marcus and Decimus, in order to solemnize the occasion as well as to appease his

revered but dreaded ghost, got a permit through Appius Claudius and M. Fulvius, the consuls, to use the Forum Boarium for the occasion. This was in the year 264 B.C. The reader must imagine that the body underwent, in this case, the process of cremation to free the spirit from the flesh; for although Cicero tells us that in his time only the nobles received sepulture and that the low-born classes were burned, yet the terms "bustum" for the place and "bustuarium" for the gladiator remind us of combustion somewhere, although the grammarian Festus shows that it need not have been a burning, but a sepulture.

High upon a rude stack of fagots, arranged at the base with rustic work and beset with urn-like pottery filled with coins and other trinkets dear to the pater-familias in life, lies in a coffin the form of the dead man in plain view of a standing multitude. The only covering is the heavens. The only arena is the trodden earth of the Roman cattle market, now turned by decree into circensia spectacula for this occasion. The only music is the rustling wind, and the ordeal is made plainly visible by the shimmering gleams of a midnight moon. Presently, at the signal, there appear several men, each

with his fax or flambeau, running wildly around the pyre and approaching with each circuit nearer and nearer, until with their gust-fed flames they ignite the tinder at the base. The first flash of the burning structure is a signal for the murderous conflict. A wailing shout is heard from the trainers who hold their men in trim. These are six in number, making three pairs, and the pairing has been adjusted so as to pit strong with strong, weak with weak, adroit against adroit. The combatants are the strongest of the dead master's slaves. They are the muscle and nerve of those who in life were most faithful to him and who had worked about his farm or his residence with greatest skill, and with such pains and fidelity to their master that his own lips are remembered to have uttered their praise in life. These are the ones selected to be honored by their own sacrifice!

The funeral fires now centre from the four corners of the pile, and as their flames help the moon to light up the sky and throw their auxiliary power upon the combatants, the lurid scene in all its excit-

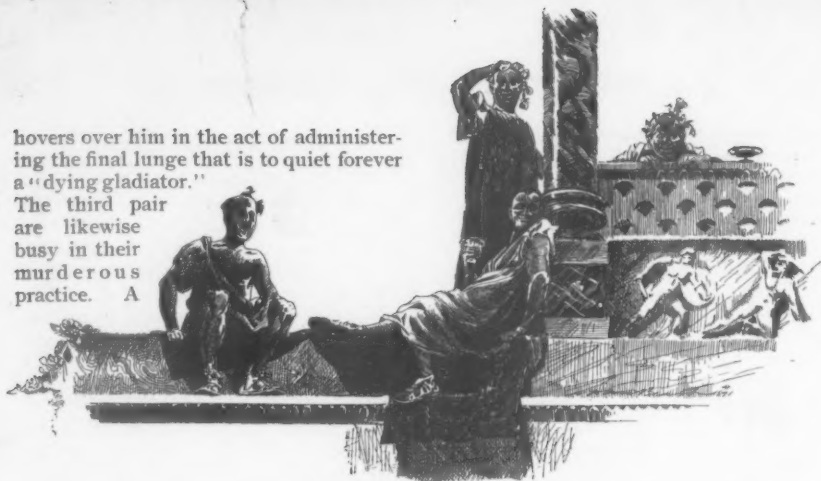
ing tumult is surveyed by the multitude. Augustine has told us of the demon-begetting passions which those sights inspired in the merciless and cruelty-craving bosom of the Roman. As the flames lick up the fagots, and at the moment when the structure begins to totter, the yell of onset is given, and three pairs of gladiators, delirious with wine and maddened with poke-words and well-aimed taunts of their trainers, set upon each other like raging lions. They are armed each with a round shield and a short two-edged sword furnished with a hilt. There is no sham or make-belief in these duels, such as is known in the ring traffic of our day. They exemplify at least the merit of being honest. Two stalwart men seen in the foreground have met shields and are parrying hand to hand, each seeking a flaw in his antagonist's science, that he may plunge the deadly blade home and end the fray; while in the corner nearer by, another pair, fighting without their shields, have made more progress. The Goliath to the right has struck his enemy, brought him to the earth, and



THE LAST MOMENT.

hovers over him in the act of administering the final lunge that is to quiet forever a "dying gladiator."

The third pair are likewise busy in their murderous practice. A



few minutes and the flames have reached the corpse and converted it to ashes, and the victims have given the old man's soul their blood, according to the dictates of their religion.

It may be asked whether there was a great resistance on the part of gladiators organized against these cruelties. Rome once nearly lost her existence on account of them. But even hundreds of years before Spartacus the public conscience had expressed itself against them. Macrobius relates the story of Autranus Maximus, a rich Roman lord, who was cruel toward one of his workmen to a degree that brought the sympathies of Jupiter, the Roman Jehovah and great protecting divinity of the nation. It was in that early period when masters, possessing unlimited power over their subordinates, are known to have turned their inventive genius to producing engines of torture. For some trivial offence he condemned this man to the forked gibbet and made his slaves, who were probably the man's friends, fight him around the ring of the great circus at the games, before a vast assemblage of spectators, until he fell of mutilations, exhaustion and loss of blood. The horror was so shocking that the god revealed himself to one Annius, ordering him to inform the senate that if such atrocities were not instantly put an end to he should withdraw his omnipotent protection from their city.

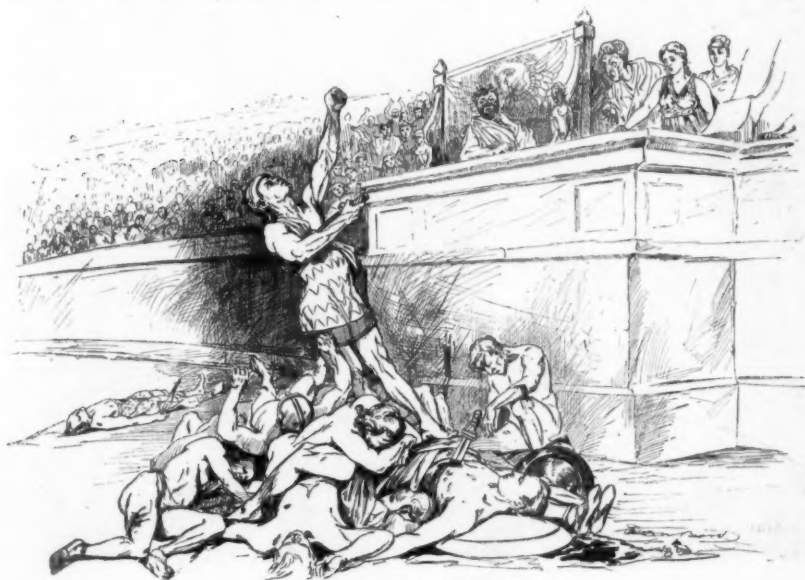
But a far more conspicuous instance of the popular terror and resistance against these slaughters is brought to light by Cicero, who mentions it in four of his works, and is quoted in the histories of

Livy. The story runs as follows : There was a great revolt of slaves and freedmen in Sicily, known as the rebellion of Triphon and Athenion, or the second Sicilian servile war, which occurred 100 years before Christ and lasted four years. The revolted were mostly Greeks and Cilicians who had been reduced to slavery by the Roman conquests and bought in great numbers by the rich landholders of Sicily to cultivate their estates. How these two slave kings set free vast multitudes and beat and annihilated army after army of Rome is matter of history. Athenion, however, was at last overcome and killed in a great battle with Rupilius the Roman consul, and what was left of his army was driven to the mountains. It was a desperate host of 20,000 men under command of a powerful Greek named Satyros. The man hunt instituted by Rupilius against this dangerous band of self-enfranchised Greeks and Asians lasted two years ; and they naturally grew more stern and sturdy as their numbers were decimated in the guerilla warfare. At last Rupilius succeeded in cornering them, and was skilful enough to manoeuvre peace terms with Satyros and his officers. The stipulations agreed upon were to the effect that they were to surrender as prisoners, but were to be honored as personages of merit and treated as equals on their arrival in Rome. But no sooner had they delivered up their arms than Rupilius showed his treachery. He had determined to demand for himself an ovation at Rome, and based his claim to that great honor on a gladiatorial game at which his captives were to fight wild beasts in the

ring. While this pompous event was in preparation the common people, who but a few years before had sympathized with the Gracchi in their agrarian agitation, had an opportunity to discuss the treachery of Rupillius, and being free to visit the games, determined to make capital of an outrage and indorse the cause of Satyros and his fellow victims as their own. They were there in force among the spectators. It is probable that from Satyros and his men had been withheld the knowledge of the awful truth. They must, however, have been wrought by their close captivity to a strong suspicion that some sinister reality awaited them. All at once, like the wild beasts and naked men they were to fight, they were ushered into the arena and beheld in the encircling cavea of the circus a multitude, with fans and jewels, bonbons and wine—men and women of high estate, planning their bets and cajoling their frenzy, eager to enjoy the horrors of the fray. Instantly, as by intuitive consent, the warriors verbally determined to thwart the realization of the cheat by a mutual fratricide. Stung by the thought of infamy, they all gladly agreed to throttle this disgrace of fighting wild beasts and strangers as ignoble glad-

iators. Grasping the weapons that were given them, they set upon one another in the struggle of self-extinction—an easy exercise, since the skilful use of these glaives had been their pastime for many a year cutting down the very enemy whom they now saw glowering upon them. As victim after victim was seen to fall, and the spectators of high and low estate began to realize the true character of the situation, the auditorium trembled with applause. Rupillius, on the other hand, trembled with fear. A Roman populace, vindictive, dangerous, was howling denunciations upon him and roaring at his perfidy, while vociferating its cheers at the fast-decimating band of braves still at their internecine work. At last all had fallen except Satyros, who had nothing left to despatch but himself. To do this was in the terms of the death compact; and without hesitation the giant warrior drew his blade and drove it into his own breast, falling dead in the midst of his companions.

But the most remarkable instance of popular dislike is that of Spartacus. This celebrated revolter had been trained as a gladiator at the school of Lentulus Batia-tus at Capua, whence he and seventy of



THE DEATH OF SATYROS.



From the painting by Fr. Monfalconi.

AN ANCIENT BULL FIGHT.

his friends escaped. Such was their horror of the profession that they resolved to die in the act of resistance rather than be "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The chieftain had a lieutenant named Crixus, who commanded a division of some 35,000 of the great army. He was lured into a battle by the Roman praetor at Mount Garganus, defeated, and killed. Spartacus, burning with rage and hatred, determined to make his antagonist a deal in equivalents which should cancel the grievance and more. Watching his opportunity the foxy gladiator caught the consul Lentulus and his whole army unawares, and a part of the fruit of the terrible carnage, so disastrous to Rome, was a host of 400 officers, the proud and aristocratic flower of the Roman legions. At the era in which this occurred, about seventy-two years before Christ, there were large semicircular theatres for gladiatorial spectacles in many of the municipal cities of Italy. There was one at the town of Mutina, where this great battle occurred. Spartacus had withheld the funeral ceremony over his beloved lieutenant, Crixus, until such time as he could do him more than common honors. This coveted hour had now arrived. Taking the 400 Roman knights from among the multitude of prisoners captured at the battle, he condemned them to the rank of prize fighters kept in the cells, and on a given day, before a vast assemblage of his army, and of the town which contained the amphitheatre, ordered them on pain of instant death to fight each other on the sands. This they did amid the jeers, the cheering, and the betting, just the same as if it had happened at Rome.

One of the most terrific engagements

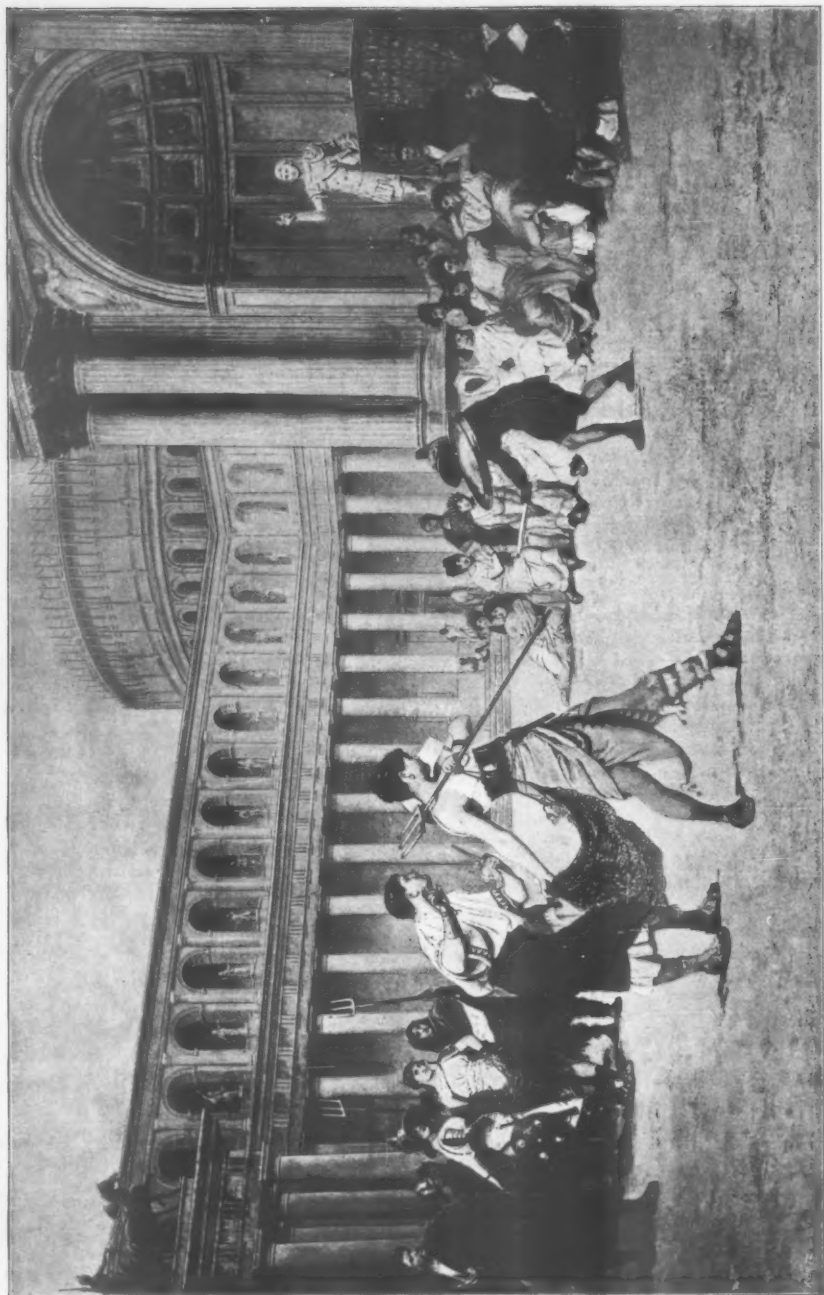
ever witnessed occurred at the dedication of the wooden amphitheatre of Scaurus at Rome. A number of the gladiators were old captives of the wars of Spartacus and of the Cilician pirates, and were veterans, rightly regarded as a terror on account of their physical strength, their schooling to hardships in the field when free, their powers of endurance and skill in the use of weapons. Besides, they were in a sullen and desperate mood, nursing a preference of death to life. Under condemnation to die sooner or later either by sword or fangs of beast, or to fight three years with faint hopes of escape, they were forced to submit to the rigid discipline of their ferocious "butcher-masters," and were fretted to the point of suicidal rage.

At this particular spectacle there were no wild animals. The conflict was between naked men. The Roman aristocracy who were seated in the podium—which was a parapet-like balcony nearest the fighters—counted, among others, the following historic brilliants: Julius Cæsar, who was an enthusiast on sight-seeing wheregashes and blood colored the human body; Pompey the Great, who knew Cæsar's thirst for blood and was that minute currying favors with the cruel populace; Cicero, just back from exile, and perhaps compiling the bluster which was to "discipline his fellow against the fear of death;" Milo, who had seen Crassus hang 6000 gladiators to the crucifix upon the Appian way, and to whom opening the veins of a mere thirty pairs of them was but a mild delight; Sulla, grandson to Sulla the Cruel, it may be concocting a fight between Clodius and Milo. Horace, too, at fourteen was there, under the eye of his pedagogue, Orbilius the flogger; and good Cato junior was congratulating Sallust on his election, while they

gloomily bemoaned the degradation of the amphitheatre from its traditional sacredness to the inhuman show; for the holy vestals, keepers of the ever-living fires of the Eternal City, on that mellow autumn



THE BLOOD OF BABES.



A LESSON IN THE ARENA.

From the painting by E. H. Blashfield.

morning were fanning their coarse countenances, that bespoke in satire a direful tumbling of the great mythology.

Above these reserved seats, cushioned with the god-favored pulvinar, whose aroma gave offence to the poor, there crowded through the galleries motley masses of humanity, grade by grade. Cæsar is back from Gaul; the great game day has been proclaimed and has arrived, and 80,000 human beings, nervous with expectation, exhilaration or fear, are crowding into the benches for a Roman pastime.

At length all are seated. The boasting and betting begin. Hundreds of lackeys are in attendance upon the two higher classes, supplying fans, cakes and wine. Suddenly a huge door grates upon its hinges in the receding corner of the arena and in stalk two large nude men, each blindfolded. One has a net in the left hand, and in the other a wooden trident. A great shout goes up as the caps are snatched from their heads. On viewing each other both stand for a moment as if turning over in their minds the tactics to be pursued. Then the Thracian, raising his weapon, roars with a voice of flints to the Gaul: "I want not thee, Crupellarius, but I will have thy fish; and I'll hang in effigy the mirmillon who dares to fend with it my blows."

By this time the Gaul with his fish-shaped shield is bounding toward the Greek, who nimbly slips aside, at the same instant adroitly bringing his net down over the head of his enemy. The latter, although snared, succeeds in wounding his antagonist with the wooden cutlass, but is caught, and after a struggle vanquished.

At this moment the gate reopens and three pairs of fresh gladiators are thrust

in. They are in the same unclad state, but their weapons are different. They are a troop of blind men, blind because their helmets, which are tied tightly over the face, have no eye-holes; so they are obliged to grope about in quest of their enemy, entirely without weapons other than their sharp-nailed fingers, their hammer-like fists and their teeth. They are the fun-making *andabatae*, trained in the schools. In their mad antics a burly fellow swings against another and as the spectators laugh at the sight they clutch, but hours of fighting are consumed before a winner is proclaimed. Bone breaking and tearing out of tongues in the frightful rage of men sworn to kill or be killed, soon furnish something more than mere giggling for sight-seers to do. The dust of the enclosure rises amid the din. Shrieks of the wounded are reëchoed by the betters on their men, and money changes hands as the pugilists exchange earth for eternity. At length the conflict ceases, the victors receive a shower of roses, and the men who have the care of the arena rush in and drag the dead bodies from the sands, sprinkling the blood spots with powder.

Throughout the long, hot summer day, pair after pair follow through the portal of death, and begin and end the deadly duels in slow succession, while the blood-thirsty spectators fill the air with yells of delight or groans of disappointment—the expression of exhilaration if they win, or of sorrow if they lose. At last the sun sinks and as the multitude departs without music or adieu a dozen men appear and drag away the corpses, help the victors, faint with wounds, to their cells, assist them to carry off their trophies, and the day is closed.



A BIT OF MELODY.

BY ROBERT N. STEPHENS.



IT was twelve o'clock that Sunday night when I, leaving the lodging house for a breath of winter air before going to bed, met the two musicians coming in, carrying under their arms their violins in cases. They belonged to the orchestra at the — theatre, and were returning from a dress rehearsal

of the new comic opera that was to be produced there on the following night.

Schaaf, who entered the hallway in advance of the professor, responded to my slight greeting in his customary gruff, almost suspicious manner, and passed on, turning down the collar of his overcoat. His heavily bearded face was as gloomy-looking as ever, in the light of the single flickering gaslight.

The professor, although by birth a compatriot of the other, was in disposition his opposite. In his courteous, almost affectionate, way he stopped to have a word with me about the coldness of the weather and the danger of the icy pavements.

"I'm t'ankful to be at last home," he said, showing his teeth with a cordial smile, as he removed the muffler from his neck, which I thought nature had sufficiently protected with an ample red beard. "Take my advice, my friendt, tempt not de wedder. Stay warm in de house andt I play for you de music of de new opera."

"Thanks for your solicitude," I said, "but I must have my walk. Play to your sombre friend Schaaf and see if you can soften him into geniality. Good night!"

The professor, with his usual kindness, deprecated my thrust at the taciturnity of his countryman and confrère, with a gesture and a look of reproach in his soft gray eyes, and we parted. I

watched him until he disappeared at the first turn of the dingy stairs.

As I passed up the street, where I was in constant peril of losing my footing, I saw his windows grow feebly alight. He had ignited the gas in his room, which was immediately beneath mine. At the same time a vague yellowness illumined the frosted window of the next room, which was that of the professor's sinister friend Schaaf.

My regard for the professor was born of his invariable goodness of heart. Never did I know him to speak an uncharitable word of anyone, while his practical generosity was far greater than is commonly expected of a second violinist. When I commended his magnanimity he would say with a smile:

"My friendt, you mistake altogedder. I am de most selfish man. Charity cofers a multitude of sins. I haf so many sins to cofer."

We called him the professor because, besides fulfilling his nightly and matinée duties at the theatre, he gave piano lessons to a few pupils, and because those of us who could remember his long German surname could not pronounce it.

One proof of the professor's beneficence had been his rescue of his friend Schaaf from starvation. He first found Schaaf on a bench in Madison square one day, a recent arrival from Germany, muttering despondently to himself. The professor learned that he had been unable to secure employment and that his last cent had departed two days before. The professor took him home, clothed him and cared for him until eventually another second violinist was needed in the — theatre orchestra.

Schaaf was now on his feet, for he was apt at the making of tunes, and he picked up a few dollars now and then as a composer of songs and waltzes.

All of which has little to do, apparently, with my post-midnight walk in that freezing weather. As I turned into Broadway, I was surprised to collide with my friend the doctor.

"I came out for a stroll and a bit to



A DELAYED AND MULTIPLIED ECHO OF MY OWN WHISTLING.

eat," I said. "Won't you join me? I know a snug little place that keeps open till two o'clock, where the devilled crabs are as good as the broiled oysters."

"With pleasure," he replied cordially, still holding my hand; "not for your food but for your society. But do you know what you did when you ran against me at the corner? For a long time I've been trying to recall a certain tune that I heard once. Three minutes ago, as I was walking along, it came back to me, and I was whistling it when you came up. You knocked it quite out of my mind. I'm sorry, for interesting circumstances connected with my first hearing of it make it desirable that I should remember it."

"I can never express my regret," I said. "But you may be able to catch it again. Where were you when it came back to you three minutes ago?"

"Two blocks away, passing a church. I think it was the shining of the electric light upon the stained glass window that brought it back to me, for on the night of

ate again if you take the trouble to walk back and repossess the church in the same manner and the same state of mind, as nearly as you can resume them."

"By Jove!" said the doctor, who likes experiments of this kind, "I'll try it. Wait for me here."

I stood at the corner while the doctor briskly retraced his steps. His firmly-built, comfortable-looking form passed rapidly away. Within five minutes he was back, a triumphant smile lighting his face.

"Success!" he said. "I have it, although whether from chance or as a result of repeating my impression of light falling on a church window I can't say. Certainly, after all these years, the tune is again mine. Listen."

As we proceeded up the street the doctor whistled a few measures composing a rather peculiar melody, expressive, it seemed to me, of unrest. I never forget a tune I have once heard, and this one was soon fixed in my memory.

the day when I first heard it in Paris a strong light was falling upon the stained glass windows of a church opposite the house in which I had apartments."

"Perhaps, then," I suggested, "the law of association may oper-

"And the interesting circumstances under which you heard it?" I interrogated. "Surely, after the concern I've shown in the matter, you're not going to deprive me of the story that goes with the tune?"

"There is no reason why I should. But I hope you will not circulate the melody. It is the music that accompanies a tragedy."

"Indeed? You have written one, then? It must be brief, as there isn't much of the music."

"I refer to a tragedy which actually occurred. Tragedies in real life are not, as a rule, accompanied by music, and, to be accurate, in this case the music preceded

the tragedy. Ten years ago, when I was living in Paris, apartments adjoining mine were taken by a musician and his wife. His name, as I learned afterwards, was Heinrich Spellerberg, and he came from Breslau. The wife, a very young and pretty creature, showed herself, by her attire and manners, to be frivolous and vain, and, without having more than the slightest acquaintance with the pair, I soon learned that she had no knowledge of or taste for music. He had married her, I suppose, for her beauty, and had too late discovered the incompatibility of their temperaments. But he loved her passionately and jealously. One day I heard loud words between them, from which I gathered unintentionally

that something had aroused his jealousy. She replied with laughter and taunts to his threats. The quarrel ended with her abrupt departure from the room and from the house.

"He did not follow her, but sat down at the piano and began to play in the manner of one who improvises. Correcting the melody that first responded to his touch, modifying it at several repetitions, he eventually gave it the form that I have just whistled.

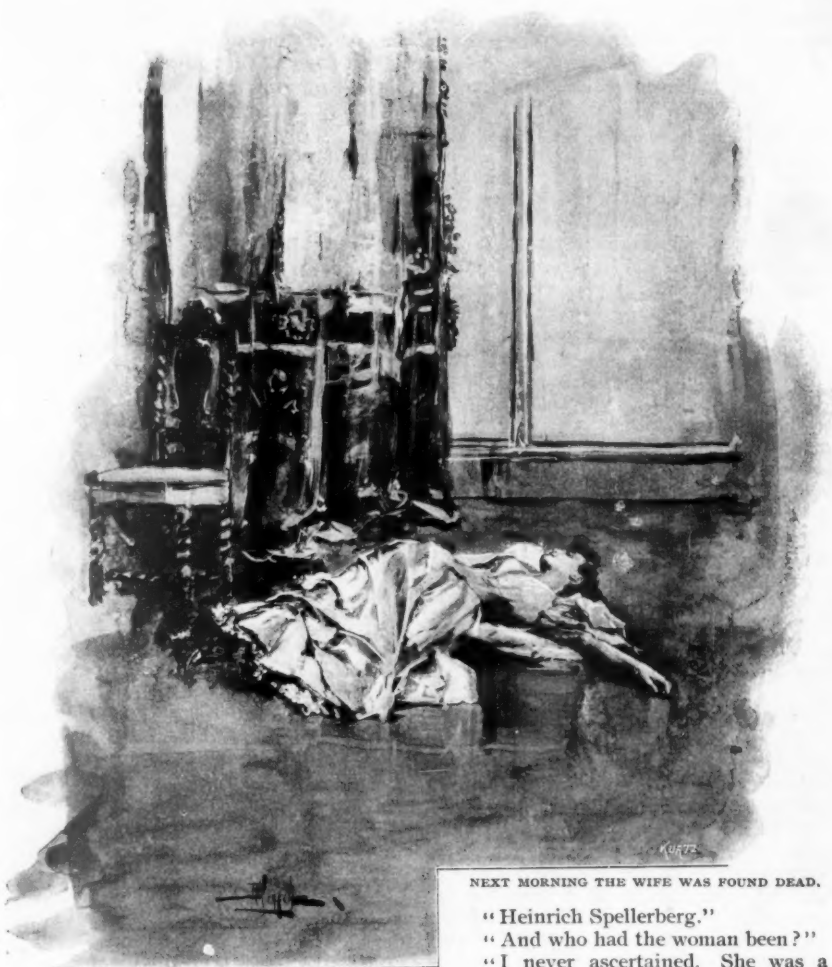
"Evening came and the wife did not return. He continued to play that strain over and over, into

the night. I dropped my book, turned down my lamp light, and stood at the window, looking at the church across the way. Suddenly the music ceased. The wife had returned. 'Where did you dine?' I heard him ask.

I could not hear her reply, but his next speech was plainly distinguishable. 'You lie!' he said, in a vehement tone of rage; 'you were with —.' I did not catch the name he mentioned, nor do I know what she said next, or exactly what happened. I heard only a confused sound, which did not impress me at the time as indicating a struggle, and which was followed by silence. I imagined that harmony or a



THE DOCTOR BRISKLY RE-
TRACED HIS STEPS.



NEXT MORNING THE WIFE WAS FOUND DEAD.

"Heinrich Spellerberg."

"And who had the woman been?"

"I never ascertained. She was a vain, insignificant, shallow little blonde. The Paris newspapers could learn nothing as to her antecedents. She, too, was German, but slight and delicate in physique."

"You didn't save any of the newspapers giving accounts of the affair?"

"No. My evidence was printed, but they spelled my name wrong."

"Do you remember the exact date of the murder?"

"Yes, because it was the birthday of a friend of mine. It was February 17, 187-. Twelve years ago! And that tune has

sullen truce had been restored in the household, and thought no more about the affair. The next morning the wife was found dead, strangled. The husband had disappeared, and has never, I believe, been heard of to this day."

We reached the restaurant just as the doctor finished his story. How the account had impressed me I need not tell. Seated in the warm café, with appetizing viands and a bottle before us, I asked the doctor to tell me again the husband's name.

been with me, off and on, ever since—forgotten most of the time; a few times recalled—as tonight."

"And the man, what did he look like?"

"Slim and of medium height. Very light of complexion and eyes. His face was entirely smooth. His hair, a bit flaxen in color, was curly and plentiful, especially about the back of his neck."

"In your evidence did you say anything about the strain of music, which was very manifestly of the murderer's own composition?"

"No—it didn't recur to me until later."

"And nothing was said about it by anybody?"

"No one but myself knew anything about it—except the murderer; and, unless he afterward circulated it, he and you and I are the only men in the world who have heard it."

"But if he continued, wherever he went, to exercise his profession, he doubtless made some use of that bit of melody. The tune is so odd—quite too good for him to have wasted."

"Still, neither of us has ever heard it, or anything quite like it. And if you ever should come upon it, it would be interesting to trace the thing, wouldn't it?"

"Rather."

I began to whistle the air softly. Presently two handsome girls, with jimp raiment and fearless demeanor, came in and took possession of an adjacent table.

"What'll it be, Nell?" "I'll take a dozen panned. I'm hungry enough to eat all the oysters that ever came out of the sea. A rehearsal like that gives one an appetite." "A dozen panned, and lobster salad for me, and two bottles of beer," was the order of the first speaker to the waiter.

I recognized the faces as pertaining to the chorus of the opera company at the theatre. I stopped whistling while I watched them.

Suddenly, like a delayed and multiplied echo of my own whistling, came in a soft hum from one of the girls the notes of the doctor's tragically associated strain of music.

The doctor and I exchanged glances. The girl stopped humming.

"I think that's the prettiest thing in the piece, Maude," said she.

Undoubtedly it was the new comic opera

to be produced at the—theatre to which she alluded as "the piece."

"Amazing!" I said to the doctor.

"Millöcker composed the piece she's talking about. Millöcker never killed a wife in Paris. Nor would he steal bodily from another. Perhaps the thing has been interpolated by the local producer. It doesn't sound quite like Millöcker, anyhow. I must see about this."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Actors' club or a dozen other places, until I find Harry Griffiths. He's one of the comedians in the company at the—theatre, and he has a leading part in that piece tomorrow night. He'll know where that tune came from."

"As you please," said the amiable doctor. "But I must go home. You can tell me the result of your investigation tomorrow. It may lead to nothing, but it will be interesting pastime." "And again," I said, putting on my overcoat, "it may lead to something. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night!"

I found Griffiths at the Actors' club, telling stories over a mutton-chop and a bottle of champagne. When the opportunity came I drew him aside.

"I have a bet with a man about a certain air in the new piece. He says it's in the original score, and I say it's introduced, because I don't think Millöcker did it. This is it," and I whistled it.

"Quite right, my boy. It's not in the original. Miss Elton's part was so small that she refused to play it until the manager agreed to let her fatten it up. So Weinmann composed that and put—"

"And this Weinmann," I interrupted abruptly. "What do you know about him? Who is he?"

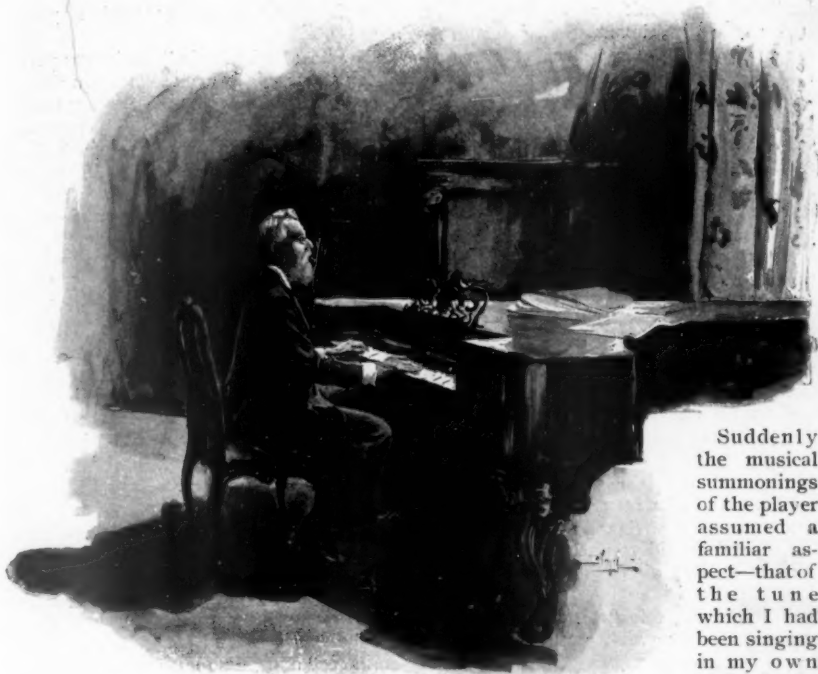
"He's Gustav Weinmann, the new musical director. I don't know anything about him. He's not been long in the country. The manager found him in some small place in Germany last summer."

"How old is he? Where does he live?"

"Somewhere in forty, I should say. I don't know where he stays. If you want to see him, why don't you come to the theatre when he's there?"

"Good idea. Thanks, good night!"

I would look up this German musician who had come from an obscure German town. I would go to him and bluntly say: "Mr. Weinmann, I beg your pardon,



THE PROFESSOR'S FACE WAS UPLIFTED AND CALM.

Suddenly the musical summonings of the player assumed a familiar aspect—that of the tune which I had been singing in my own brain for the past hour.

but is it true, as some people say it is, that your real name is Heinrich Spellerberg?"

Meanwhile there was nothing to do but go to bed.

All the way home the tune rang in my head. I whistled it softly as I began to undress, until I heard the sound of the piano in the parlor down stairs. Few of us ever touched that superannuated instrument. The only ones who ever did so intelligently were Schaaf and the professor. The latter was wont to visit the piano at any hour of the night. We all were used to his way, and we liked the subdued melodies, the dreamy caprices, the vague, trembling harmonies that stole through the silent house.

I never see the moonlight stretching its soft glory athwart a darkened room but I hear in fancy the infinitely gentle yet often thrilling strains that used to float through the still night from the piano as its keys took touch from the delicate white fingers of the professor.

Then it occurred to me that the professor, being a second violin player in the orchestra at the — theatre, would doubtless know more about the antecedents of the new musical director than Griffiths had been able to tell me. This was the more probable as the professor himself had come from Germany.

I descended the stairs softly, traversed the hallway, and, looking through the open door, beheld the professor at the piano.

The curtains of a window were drawn aside, and the moonlight swept grandly in. It passed over a part of the piano, bathed the professor's head in soft radiance, fell upon the carpet and touched the base of the opposite wall. Upon a sofa, half in light, half in shadow, reclined Schaaf, who had fallen asleep listening while the professor played.

The professor's face was uplifted and calm. Rapture and pain—so often mutual companions—were depicted upon it. I

hesitated to break the spell which he had woven for himself. After watching for some seconds, however, I began quietly :

"Professor."

The tune broke off with a jangling discord, and the player turned to face me, smiling pleasantly.

"Pardon me," I went on, advancing into the room and standing in the moonshine that he might recognize me ; "but I was attracted by the air you were playing. They tell me that it isn't Millöcker's, but was composed by your new conductor at the —."

The professor answered with a laugh : "Ja ! He get de honor of it. Honor is sheap. He buy dat. It doesn't matter."

"Ah, then it isn't his own. And he bought the tune ? From whom ?"

"Me."

"You ?"

"Ja. And I haf many oder to gif sheap, too."

"But where did you get it ?"

"I make it."

"When ?"

"Long 'go. I forget. I haf make so many. Dey go away from my mindt an' come again back long time after."

"Professor, what would you give me to tell you where and when you composed that tune ?" He looked at me with a slightly bewildered expression. It was with an effort that I continued, as I looked straight into his eyes :

"I will hazard a guess. Could it have

been in Paris—one day twelve years ago—"

"I neffer be in Paris," he interrupted, with a start which shocked and convinced me, slight evidence though it may seem. So I spoke on :

"What, never ? Not even just that night—that 17th of February. Try to recall it, Heinrich Spellerberg. You remember, she came home late, and—who would think that those soft white fingers had been strong enough ?"

"Hush, my friend ! I not touch her ! She kill herself—she try to hang and she shoke her neck. No, no, to you I vill not lie ! You speak all true ! Mein Gott ! vat vill you do ?"

The man was on his knees. I thought of the circumstances ; the persons concerned ; the high-strung, sensitive lover of music ; the coarse, derisive, perhaps faithless, woman. And I replied quickly :

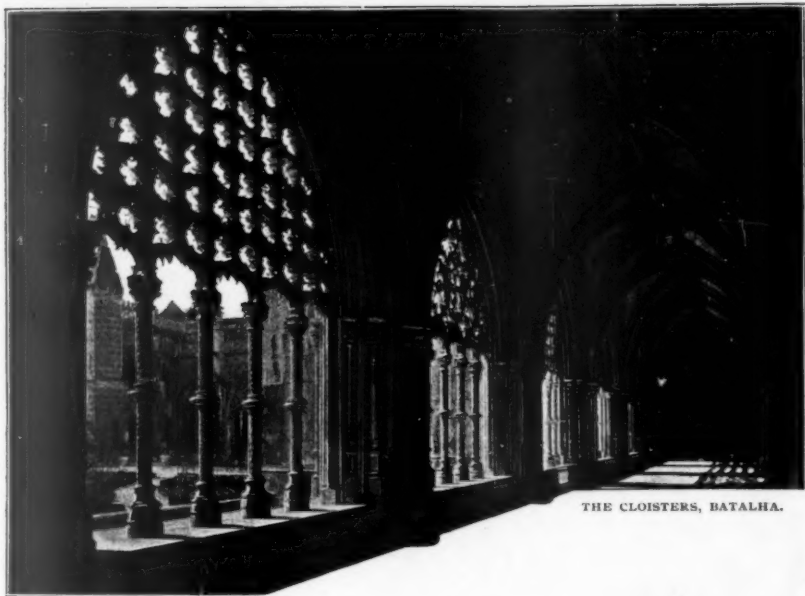
"What will I do ? Nothing tonight. It's none of my business, anyhow. I'll sleep over it and tell you in the morning."

And I left him there alone.

In the morning the professor's door stood ajar. I looked in. Man, clothes, violin case and valise had gone. Whither, I have not tried to ascertain.

When the new opera was produced that evening, the — theatre orchestra was unexpectedly minus two of its second violins, for Schaaf, half distracted, was wandering the cold streets in search of his friend.





THE CLOISTERS, BATALHA.

BATALHA AND ALCobaça.

By COMMANDER A. S. CROWNINSHIELD, U. S. N.

IN all probability the readers of this magazine now hear for the first time of Batalha, notwithstanding the fact that it contains a remarkable cathedral with its Founder's Chapel and possibly the finest cloisters in Europe. It may well be classed among the most neglected corners of Europe. It is safe to say that few Americans have visited Batalha; in fact, it is rare to find anyone who has even heard of it.

The village of Batalha is a small town of 1500 or 2000 inhabitants, in central Portugal, about 100 miles north of Lisbon. Until very recently it required a long carriage drive from the main line of railway running north to Oporto to reach it; but the

completion of the new line to Figuera da Foz, also running north but nearer the coast than the old line, enables one to travel by rail to within six miles of Batalha.

Leaving Lisbon at seven o'clock on a bright summer morning in June, the ancient town of Leiria was reached at one o'clock—six hours to do 100 miles! But in the Peninsula nothing is done in a hurry and railway travel is no exception to this rule. Leiria is not immediately on the line of the railway, and to reach it requires a hot drive over a dusty road of nearly two miles. While waiting a long hour for what proved to be a rather indifferent lunch, our party proceeded to make a bargain for a

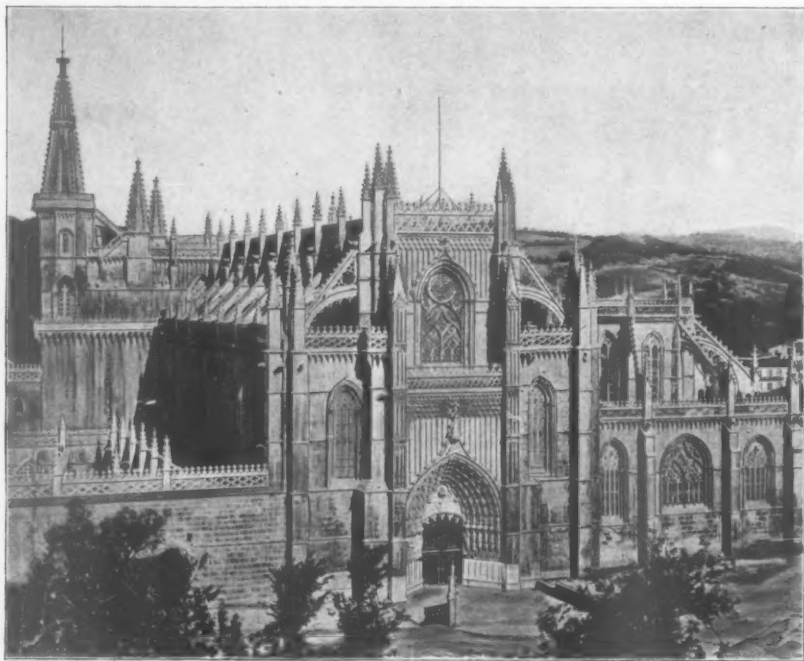


Commander Arant Schuyler Crowninshield, of the Salem family of that name, entered the Naval academy in the year 1860. He completed the four years' course in three, and was able to go out to the war, serving in the Juniata and Ticonderoga; and as an officer of the latter vessel at the taking of Fort Fisher. After the close of the war he served in Mediterranean and Arctic cruises, and from 1878 to 1881 commanded the training ship Portsmouth. From 1887 to 1891 he was commander of the school ship Saint Mary's. While in command of the Saint Mary's, advantage was taken of the ship's stay in the port of Lisbon to make the visit to Batalha described in the accompanying article. The interests of the Crowninshield family have long been identified with the sea. They were for many years the owners of five ships, which carried on a lively trade with India, and "Crowninshield's Wharf" has hardly ceased to be a household word in the quaint Massachusetts town of Salem.

carriage to take us to Batalha and Alcobaça, the plan being to drive to Batalha, six miles, that afternoon; remain there all night; proceed to Alcobaça, twelve miles further, the following day; driving thence four miles to Valado, a small station on the railway, where we could take a train late in the afternoon of the next day to return to Lisbon. The price for the round trip was settled upon at seven and a half milreis or Portuguese dollars—about eight dollars in United States money—the driver to

ly removed and greased, and finally the horses were led forth and put to. A few minutes later we passed under the ruins of the old castle of Leiria and were soon in the open country—only to be overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm before we had driven a mile.

The rain came down in sheets and the lightning flashed and crashed in close proximity, rendering our situation for a bad quarter of an hour anything but agreeable. A long hill, the ascent of which was



THE CATHEDRAL, BATALHA.

pay his own expenses for feed of horses, et cætera. This we inferred he proposed reducing to a minimum, as he first deposited a basket of provisions for himself under the seat, then a bag of grain for his horses, which he supplemented by two enormous sheaves of fodder of freshly cut, unripe grain.

These last were piled up on the driver's seat, hanging out over the front wheel.

Numerous pieces of rope, together with several spare straps, were next placed under the seat, then the wheels were several-

followed by a level piece of road running through forests of great southern pines, and then a sudden descent, brought us by four o'clock in sight of the monastery and into Batalha.

With a crack of the whip we drove up to the Hospedaria Ferrando, only a stone's throw from the cathedral itself.

Before proceeding to describe this remarkable pile of buildings it will be well to relate the great event which led to its construction.

In the year 1384 King John I. of Portu-

gal was besieged in Lisbon by Don John, King of Castile. This John of Portugal was an illegitimate son of the then late King Affonso. At the time of his father's death he was known as the Master of Aviz; his father having appointed him to be head of this semi-military, semi-religious order.

Affonso's only legitimate child, a daughter, was married to the King of Castile, who claimed the throne of Portugal, through his wife, on the death of Affonso.

The citizens of Lisbon, Oporto and a few of the other large places were so strongly opposed to having a woman rule over them, especially as it would result in joining Portugal to Castile, that they elected the Master of Aviz to be their king.

King John of Castile thereupon declared war and invaded the country.

The King of Portugal having received a reinforcement of English men-at-arms, all soldiers of fortune, who had left Bordeaux to secure employment in Portugal, and the Spanish king having raised the siege of Lisbon, owing to the breaking out of the plague in his army, which swept away many thousands of his men, King John of Portugal decided to take the field, and, if necessary, settle by battle the question whether he was to retain his crown so recently acquired, or surrender it to Don John of Castile.

The Spanish army, which had retired to Santarem on the Tagus from besieging Lisbon, soon after took the field, and as it numbered a much superior force to the Portuguese army, and had received in addition a strong reinforcement of French and Gascon knights and men-at-arms to the number of 2000, King John of Castile felt that he risked but little in attacking his Portuguese enemies. The latter, by the advice of the English, who felt their inferiority in numbers, took up a strong position near the village of Aljubarrota, which is but two miles from the town of Alcobaca, where had been established two centuries before this time the great Cistercian monastery of Alcobaca.

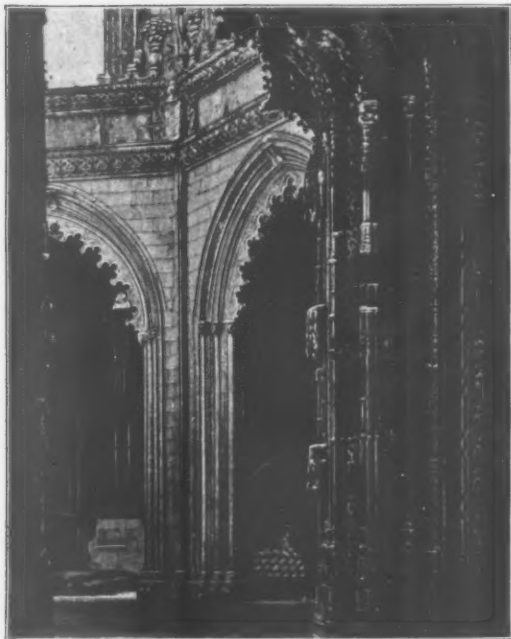
The Portuguese army having protected its position by a breastwork of trees, hastily cut down and so placed that its enemies must enter through a gap purposely left, was soon attacked by the French contingent of the Spanish army. The French knights hoped to gain both glory and

booty by not waiting for the Spaniards, who, as a matter of fact, held back, a question of jealousy having arisen between them. The result was a complete defeat of the French knights, who, notwithstanding their gallant attack, were overcome with terrible slaughter. The English archers, as Froissart describes this battle, "larded" the horses of the French knights with their clothyard arrows, when the Portuguese men-at-arms completed their destruction or capture. Later in the day, at the hour of vespers, the Spaniards, led by their king, attacked the Portuguese position, only to be defeated with such losses that their repulse soon became a rout. Don John of Castile only escaped capture by the aid of a fleet, fresh horse, which carried him safe within the strong walls of Santarem, many miles away, there to pluck out his hair and beard in rage and disappointment over the success of his rival, whose victory firmly established him on the Portuguese throne.

It was during this battle of Aljubarrota that King John of Portugal made a vow to build a grand monastery if he was successful. Such was the origin of the Monastery of Batalha. How well the king's vow was kept may be seen to this day by the wonderfully beautiful pile at Batalha, which has testified for five cen-



THE MAIN DOOR, BATALHA.



PORTICO OF THE CAPELLA IMPERFETA, BATALHA.

turies not only to his gratitude for his great victory, but to the skill of his architects and the thoroughness of their work.

The buildings composing the structure, while grouped together in one mass, consist of five distinct parts—the church or cathedral proper, the Capella do Fundador or Chapel of the Founder, the Capella Imperfeta or Unfinished Chapel, the monastery buildings and the cloisters.

The church is entered through one of the most beautifully decorated portals it has ever been my fortune to see; the accompanying plate giving perhaps a better idea of it than a description in words.

This portal, which is twenty-eight feet in width and over fifty feet in height, is ornamented with a great number of small statues; our Saviour and the evangelists, bishops, popes, kings, saints and angels without number, each on its own pedestal, and the numerous rows follow the mouldings of the sides and curves of the Gothic arch.

The plan of the church is that of a Latin

cross (the two arms of the transept each forming chapels); its length is 256 feet and its height ninety feet, divided by a double row of columns into three vaulted aisles.

While the interior, like most ecclesiastical buildings in Portugal, is plain, as far as decoration is concerned, its proportions are grand and impressive. To the right of the entrance is a high-arched doorway opening into the Capella do Fundador, leading from the interior of the church.

In this octagonal-shaped building, under a high, vaulted lantern (forty feet in diameter and said to be one of the largest Gothic domes attempted), supported by its eight columns and lighted by five beautiful Gothic windows, are the tombs of King João—John I.—and his queen and the English Princess Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt.

The tomb is surmounted by the marble effigies of the king and queen extended side by side, one hand of the king clasping that of his queen, the other grasping his sword, while carved in the canopy above their heads one sees the arms of Portugal with the Order of the Garter.

Several of the founder's children are buried in tombs on the south side of this chapel, among them being his son, the celebrated Dom Henrique, known to us as Prince Henry the Navigator. Before entering this chapel one notices a plain slab of stone in the floor of the church, bearing the name of Martin Gonzalves de Maçada. This was the Portuguese knight who, during the thick of the fight at the battle of Aljubarrota, when King John was unhorsed, threw himself between the king and his enemies, and saved his monarch's life. Here, close by his sovereign's tomb, have rested for five centuries the remains of this gallant knight, still guarding in death as he did in life the body of his royal master.

The Capella Imperfeta, unfinished, as its name implies, was built in a subse-

quent reign by King Dom Manoel. Its principal feature is its grand and beautiful entrance, a doorway which cannot but impress the beholder, not only by its fine and commanding proportions, but by the exquisite decorations which adorn its sides. It gives one pleasure to see that the work of completing this chapel is now in progress; even in its unfinished state, its beautiful design must always remain a most charming memory.

Our guide now led us outside the church and round to the entrance into the cloisters. They consist of two distinct sets, an outer and an inner court, and it is the inner court with which we are most concerned. Upon entering this inclosure, one feels that in its marvels alone is reaped the reward of the toils of some pilgrimage hither, and the visitor gazes spell-bound as the rare beauties of design and execution reveal themselves to his wondering eyes. It is only in words of admiration that he breaks the silence. Many years ago I was attracted to these cloisters of Batalha by a photograph of one of its corners, and now, after twenty years of waiting, I find myself in the presence of this lovely structure, with anticipations more than fulfilled and hopes more than realized. In my opinion these cloisters are the finest in Europe—the finest in the world; and why they have remained unvisited, practically unknown to the many thousands of travel-loving Americans, is a mystery indeed.

The cloisters are 180 feet square, each of the four sides having seven broad win-

dows with pointed Gothic arches separated by massive fluted piers. The windows which open on the central garden are divided by four small pillars, each of different and exquisite design, which separate the openings into several parts.

The upper portion of the windows, that part inclosed by the Gothic arch, is filled in with open carved stonework of extremely novel conception, resembling intertwined cables.

In the northwest corner of the cloisters, projecting into the inclosed garden, is a high fountain consisting of two stone basins one surmounting the other, the whole inclosed in an open chamber or loggia, with stone vaulted roof. This roof is supported on heavy fluted piers with Gothic arches between, the whole forming one of the most attractive features of the cloisters. The garden inclosed by the four sides of the cloisters is laid out in box-bordered walks and beds of low shrubbery and is evidently well taken care of.

This group of buildings, consisting as it does of five portions closely grouped and occu-

pying an extent of 416 by 541 feet, is in an excellent state of preservation, and though it undoubtedly received some injuries from the French troops during their occupation of Portugal in the early part of the present century, in the defacing of statues, ornamentation, etc., these injuries have now been almost entirely repaired. The morning on which we left Batalha for Alcobaca being Saint John's day, the 24th of June, the peasantry and country people for many miles about



TOMB OF JOHN AND PHILIPPA, BATALHA.

came pouring into the town to spend the holiday. As we entered to take one last look at the noble interior of the cathedral we found that high mass was about to begin. The whole body of the church was filled with kneeling worshippers, the women in the front, the men nearer the entrance, the bowed multitude extending through the grand portal and out on to the paved open space beyond. The women were in bright-colored gowns and head-gear, the men in cloth jackets, each carrying in his hand his ox-goad staff; presenting in their religious devotion an impressive scene long to be remembered.

With many regrets that we could not prolong our stay we drove away from Batalha, and with a parting look at the minarets, flying buttresses and Gothic windows of this noble old church and monastery, we took the road to Alcobaça.

The fine roads in Portugal are to be highly commended; we found them quite equal to the best chaussées in Switzerland or France, and it was a pleasure to drive over them on that bright June morning. Our way lay through an open country of farms with occasional groves of pine trees, and gave us frequent glimpses of the Atlantic in the far distance.

Ten miles brought us to the little village of Aljubarrota, which gave its name to the great Portuguese victory; then round a sweep of the road and down a long hill some two miles away we espied Alcobaça below us, surrounded by exten-

sive vineyards and fields of ripe grain waving in the breeze and ready for the reapers' sickles.

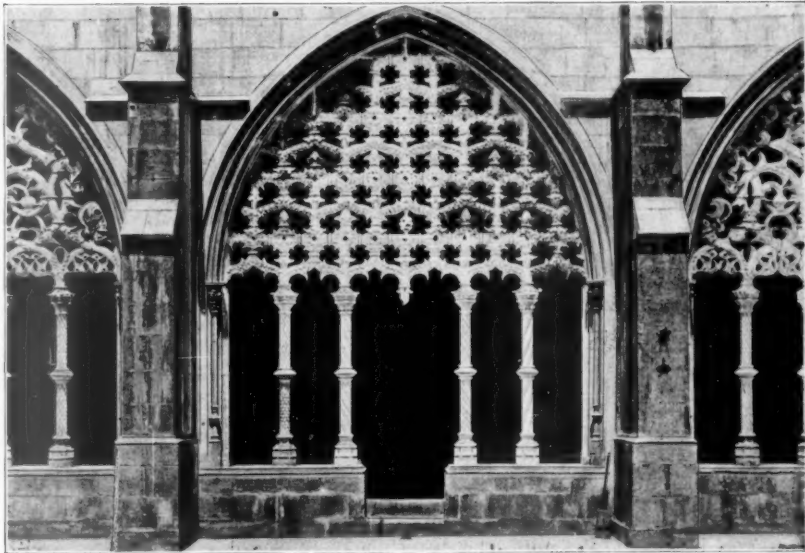
We found the town all en fête, filled with people, and the Fonda Alcobaçense full of bustle and preparation for a good day's business. Alcobaça is named from the two small streams, the Alcoa and the Baça, at whose junction it is situated, and it is famed for its once great Cistercian monastery. This was without doubt during the middle ages the largest institution of its kind in Europe, as it is said to have contained in its palmy days 1000 monks. It must have been a noted centre of this famous order. It was founded by Alonzo Henrique in 1148—himself the founder of the kingdom of Portugal—and at his request Saint Bernard peopled it with monks sent by himself. Its former glories have now departed and it shows many signs of neglect. The main building is at present used as a barrack for soldiers, and for public offices. The convent church is over 360 feet in length, and while its façade is uninteresting, the interior, which is plain, is quite grand and lofty; its groined roof is supported by two rows of columns which divide it into three Gothic aisles. In a chapel leading from the right transept we found that which had brought us to Alcobaça, the tombs of the beautiful Inez de Castro and her lover Dom Pedro, son of Affonso IV., and later, King of Portugal.

Let us briefly glance at the story of the lovely but unfortunate Inez as we stand by her tomb and imagine the scenes of her barbarous murder, her dramatic coronation even in death, and the pomp and circumstance of her funeral and burial in this ancient cathedral church, five long centuries ago.

Inez de Castro was the daughter of Don Ferdinand de Castro, who is said to have descended from a Castilian royal family. She was appointed a maid of honor to Constancia, the wife of the Infante Dom Pedro. On the death of Constancia, which occurred in 1344, she was secretly married to Pedro, who managed for several years to



THE CLOISTERS, BATALHA.



THE CLOISTER WINDOWS, BATALHA.

keep a knowledge of the marriage from his father, King Affonso iv. The latter, however, having learned of the marriage, entertained for his daughter-in-law a great hatred, fearing that her children by Pedro might interfere with the inheritance of Constanca's children. At the instigation of several of his councillors King Affonso determined to have Inez murdered, and he actually made a special journey to Coimbra for that purpose, his son Dom Pedro being at the time absent. But when Affonso found himself in the presence of the beautiful mother, surrounded by her children, he gave ear to her entreaties to spare her life and took his departure. Again did his wicked courtiers urge him to commit this terrible deed, and in the year 1355, during the absence of Dom Pedro on a hunting expedition, King Affonso caused the lovely woman to be murdered in his own presence—as barbarous and wicked a crime as even a king ever committed!

The grief and rage of Dom Pedro, when on his return he found the bleeding corpse of his murdered wife, knew no bounds; but not until he had himself succeeded to the crown, which he did on the death of his father two years later, was he able to take signal vengeance on those who had

murdered his wife. One of the assassins, Diego Lopez Pacheco, succeeded in escaping Dom Pedro's vengeance by a timely flight to Aragon. The other two murderers, Pedro Coelho and Alvaro Gonsalvo, took refuge at the court of the King of Castile, Peter the Cruel, who surrendered them to Dom Pedro in exchange for some Castilian prisoners. They were subjected to horrible tortures, their hearts torn out, their bodies burned, and the ashes of the two miserable wretches were scattered to the four winds.

Dom Pedro now convened a solemn council of nobles, clergy and courtiers, when he produced the certificate of his marriage with Inez, as well as the evidence of the priest who performed the ceremony. Then, not content, and wishing to further testify to his veneration for the memory of his wife, he caused her remains to be exhumed, richly dressed and placed upon a throne, where she was crowned in the presence of the assembled courtiers, who advanced one by one at the order of the king and kissed the hem of her garment, thus doing homage to her as Queen of Portugal. Her remains were carried to the monastery of Alcobaça with the greatest pomp, followed by the king Dom Pedro and all his court on foot; and it is stated that the

entire route of sixty miles from Coimbra to Alcobaça was lined with people, the whole population of the surrounding country having flocked to the roadside, and that for miles the way was illuminated by the torches of the attendant populace.

The marble tombs of Inez and Dom Pedro occupy the same chapel. Each is covered on the sides and ends with beautifully sculptured bas-reliefs and lace-like tracery, and each is surmounted with recumbent effigies, placed at Dom Pedro's request feet to feet, so that as they rise at the last resurrection he shall first meet with the form of his beloved Inez.

That a great deal of corruption grew into the life of the monasteries is undoubtedly true, especially in the latter days of their existence; and while this may have been given as a reason for their suppression, it was largely brought about by other causes. In England it was due to jealousy of their extensive property and a desire on the part of the government of Henry VIII. to appropriate to its own use the riches and valuable lands belonging to them. It is a fact that the monasteries have, in most countries, died a natural death. They outgrew their usefulness, were no longer required either by the church or state, and so have gradually come to an end.

Beckford, the well-known author of *Vathek*, visited both Alcobaça and Batalha in 1794, at which time he was residing near Lisbon. He was accompanied by the Grand Prior of Aviz and the Prior of

Saint Vincent, from whom, however, he had little aid as far as sight-seeing was concerned, though most of the monastery buildings were thrown open to him.

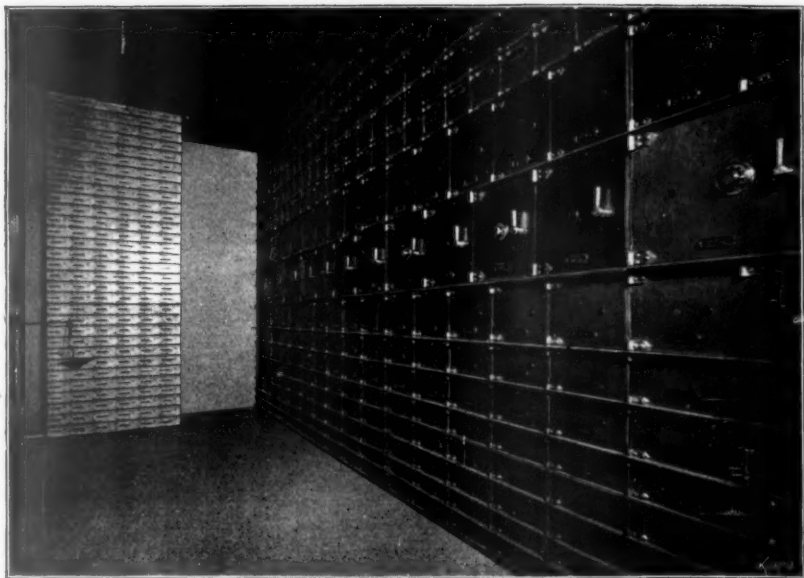
The account he gives of the great kitchen of this monastery, with its stream of clear water running through its centre, in which were swimming many varieties of the finest fish; the heaps of good things provided for his entertainment; the extensive ranges and ovens; the activity of the lay brother cooks—show the wonderful resources of the establishment. Prior and abbot have passed away; and though some of the monastery buildings were destroyed by the torch, the church remains. Long may it stand as a memento of the glories of this once grand monastery; as the last resting place of the unfortunate Inez and her royal lover; as the link that connects us with the past and with its founder, the grand Affonso Henrique, first King of Portugal; with the sainted Bernard of Clairvaux; with the glorious Don John, and his victory of Aljubarrota!

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust;"

and though the mailed warrior and the hooded monk have long since been at rest, there arises in bold relief, as one visits these scenes of their former greatness, the memory of their struggles, privations and victories; for through them we, the heirs of all the ages, inherit an unwilling legacy from a phase of civilization which has passed away forever.



THE TOMB OF INEZ DE CASTRO, ALCobaça.



A STRONGROOM, FIFTH AVENUE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY.

BY THOMAS L. JAMES.

THE fact that locks and keys are of very ancient date would afford ground for the pessimistic belief that mankind have ever been suspicious of one another. It is true that the safe deposit methods of the older nations were of a very primitive character, but they were the best in use at the time and they were on a par with the ingenuity of the dishonestly inclined persons of the period. It may be said that the whole development of receptacles for securing has simply kept pace with the inventions of thieves for breaking into the places where valu-

ables are kept; in this sense, the man of thrift and the burglar have, through all the centuries, like the two Dromios, walked "hand in hand together."

In the Bible there are several allusions to bars and locks. In Nehemiah it is said, "the fish gate did the sons of Hase-naah build; they laid the beams thereof, and set up the doors thereof, the bolts thereof, and the bars thereof." In Solomon's Song we read the phrase, "the handles of the bolt." In neither of these passages is anything said about a key, but in the chapter containing the last quota-

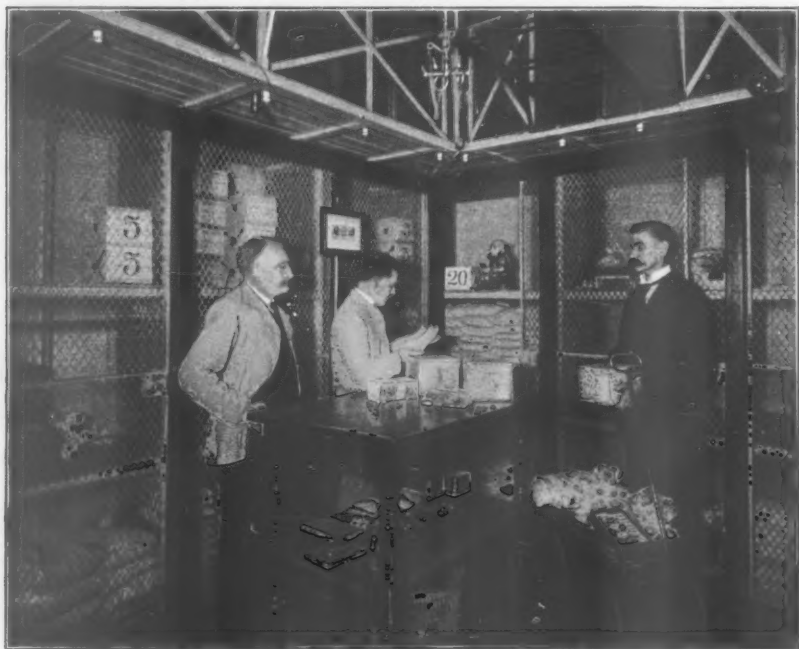


Thomas L. James was born in Utica, Oneida County, New York, March 29, 1831. At fifteen years of age he was apprenticed in Utica to learn the printer's trade. When about twenty years of age, together with Francis B. Fisher, he published the Madison County Journal, at Hamilton, Madison County, New York. In 1861 Hiram Barney, Collector of the port of New York, appointed Mr. James inspector. He was soon promoted to be weigher of teas in the warehouse department. Thomas Murphy, when Collector, appointed him Deputy Collector of the third (warehouse) division, where he remained under the administration of Chester A. Arthur. President Grant appointed Mr. James Postmaster of New York in 1872. In 1878, the collectorship of the port of New York was offered to him and declined, as subsequently, on the retirement of Judge Key, was the postmaster generalship. In 1881 he entered the cabinet of President Garfield as Postmaster general. Early in 1882 Mr. James resigned from President Arthur's cabinet and became President of the Lincoln National Bank.

tion, and having reference to the same transaction, the visitor is said to have "put in his hand by the hole of the door," which indicates a primitive kind of fastening with a string or cord, similar to the method used in country barns and granaries at the present day. In Homer the treasures are described as being kept in the citadel secured merely by a cord, intricately fastened. In Jeremiah, however, we find an allusion to "craftsmen and smiths," and in Judges it is said that

ons and towns. In I. Kings it is said of Bashan, there were "threescore great cities with walls and brazen bars."

The most ancient lock ever discovered is one that secured the gate of the apartments in one of the palaces of Khor-sabad. The evidence of the antiquity of Egyptian locks is found in the fact that a figure of one is sculptured among the basso-relievos which decorate the great temple of Karnak. From this design antiquarians have discovered that, during



CASH VAULT, UNITED STATES TREASURY.

"Ehud went forth into the porch, and shut the doors of the parlor upon him, and locked them. When he was gone out, his servants came; and they saw, and behold, the doors of the parlor were locked; they said, Surely he covereth his feet in his summer chamber. And they tarried till they were ashamed; and, behold, he opened not the doors of the parlor; therefore they took the key, and opened them."

Until keys came into use the doors of the ancient Hebrews were secured by bars of wood or iron. The latter material was used for the protection of fortresses, pris-

forty centuries, the lock has undergone no material alteration. The key to this lock was made of wood, and had pegs or pins which dropped into corresponding holes in the bolt.

The keys used in the East were very large and were made of wood. The key of an ordinary street door was thirteen or fourteen inches long, and the key to the gate of a public building or of a street or quarter of the town was two feet or more in length. These keys were crooked in form, and, not being easily carried in the hand on account of their shape, were car-



WEIGHING BAGS OF CURRENCY, UNITED STATES TREASURY.

ried over the shoulder, as reapers carry their sickles. The prophet probably alludes to a key of this description when he says: "and the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder."

Under these conditions of life, the young man of that period who possessed himself of the key to the paternal mansion, in his nocturnal sojournings must have been reminded continually of a sense of both weight and responsibility.

Ancient writers often refer to the Lacedæmonian lock, which consisted of a bolt placed on the side of a door which opened, and on the inside of a chamber door. It is very evident that the locks of the ancients were not made as ours; they were not inserted into the doors or mortised, nor even secured to the wood by a chain; in other words, they were a species of padlocks.

The oaken chest was the favorite receptacle for valuables of our forefathers. Sometimes a small room or closet was used for this purpose. This was supplied

with either a wooden drawer studded with nails, or a plain iron door. In either case the bolt was secured by a common warded lock, or a lock without any wards at all. The "ward" in a lock is the projecting ridge of metal in the interior of the lock, to prevent the use of any key which has not the corresponding notch for passing it. Sometimes these doors were fastened with bands or hasps of iron, or with staples and padlocks.

Many of the old oak chests were highly ornamented with ingenious carvings, and were greatly valued not only as heirlooms in a family, but as useful and handsome pieces of furniture. They were so strong and bulky that they could not be violently broken open, and, though the lock which fastened them was very simple in construction, it could not be picked, for the "cracksmen" of those days relied upon "main strength" to secure their treasure rather than upon mechanical ingenuity. A celebrated oak chest was the one in which the crown jewels of Scotland were

deposited in 1707. It was found necessary to open this chest in 1818. The lid was secured by three locks; but the keys belonging to them were lost, and no locksmith could be found who had sufficient knowledge of his trade to pick the lock. It therefore became necessary to break open the box. A locksmith of the present day could have opened the locks without any difficulty, with a piece of bent wire.

In the days of oak chests, however, there must have been rare instances of clever thieves who had schooled themselves in the art of picking locks, for we find this inscription on a lock used in the seventeenth century:

"If I had ye gift of tongue,
I would declare, and do no wrong,
Who they are yt com by stealth,
To impair my lady's wealth."

Old oak chests cannot be mentioned without recalling the well-known romantic story of the young bride who, on her marriage day, sportively crept into one of these receptacles, which closed down upon her with a spring lock. She was not found, so the story goes, until many years after, by which time her husband had died of grief. This tale has furnished the subject for several poems and ballads, but the antiquarian tells us that the incident is purely imaginary. The kind of chest alluded to was very large—probably used for secreting family plate and valuable clothing—and looked like a tomb for a human being; and the story was suggested to the popular mind on account of this resemblance. From the fact that there are several oak-chest stories of hidden brides, this would seem to be a reasonable explanation of the legend.

In the sixteenth century, in Germany, Italy, France and England, the art of locksmithing, from the ornamental point of view, was at its highest perfection. Keys were at that time objects of art. The end or handle of the key was richly engraved and ornamented. For this part

of the key we have substituted a common ring. There is a fine collection of locks, keys, knobs and hinges in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, including specimens from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Many of the designs are picturesque, the work being done in repoussé and chasing. But, from the mechanical point of view, the work upon them is very poor. For instance, a ponderous padlock will be supplied with an immense shackle and this will be held to the lock by a small rivet. This rivet could be broken with a blow from a small hammer, or the rivet head could be quickly chiselled off and the shackle released.

An old secret French lock made about the year 1730 by a celebrated locksmith named Bridon, of Paris, furnishes a good example of the ornamental style in use from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. This lock probably belonged to a strong chest and the mechanism was sunk below the carved architectural moulding. The secret opening is near a portion of the ornamental design; it allows a bolt, acted upon by a spring, to be touched, by which a doorway opens upon the hinges.

This kind of lock would offer no resistance to a modern lock breaker, but it answered the purpose of its owner, for in



J. W. WHELPLEY, ASSISTANT TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

those early days each lock was made separately, by hand; it was difficult to find the secret spring; and not easy, with the tools then in use, to force an entrance without making considerable noise.

After the oak chests and boxes, came the coffers made of sheet iron, strongly riveted to hoop iron crossed at right angles on the outside. These coffers were about thirty-five inches long, twenty-one inches wide, and twenty-three inches deep. The lock threw eight bolts on the inside and there were bars and staples on the outside for padlocks. The strong German coffers were made entirely of iron or, if of wood, they were banded together both within and without with iron, and could be broken open only by the use of considerable force. Cast-iron chests were for many years made in Birmingham, England, and sent to different quarters of the globe. After this, wrought-iron safes were made in London.

We are accustomed to think of the "combination lock" and the "time lock" as inventions of very modern date, but the peculiar principle of secrecy involved in that species of lock is really very old. As far back as the sixteenth century we read of "puzzle locks," as they were called at that time. These locks always had certain movable parts, the movement of which constituted the enigma. Some were called dial locks, but the largest number were known as ring locks. They were made in the form of a barrel, with movable rings containing the letters of the alphabet, so that any word might be spelled. The rings were moved around and the letters contained in the word were brought to coincide with certain marks at the end of the apparatus, and then the lock would open. In *The Noble Gentleman*, one of the plays of the old dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, these lines occur:

"A case for your linen, and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with A-M-E-N."

In the verses addressed to May by Carew in the *Comedy of the Heir*, is the following passage:

"As doth a lock
That goes with letters; for till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none."

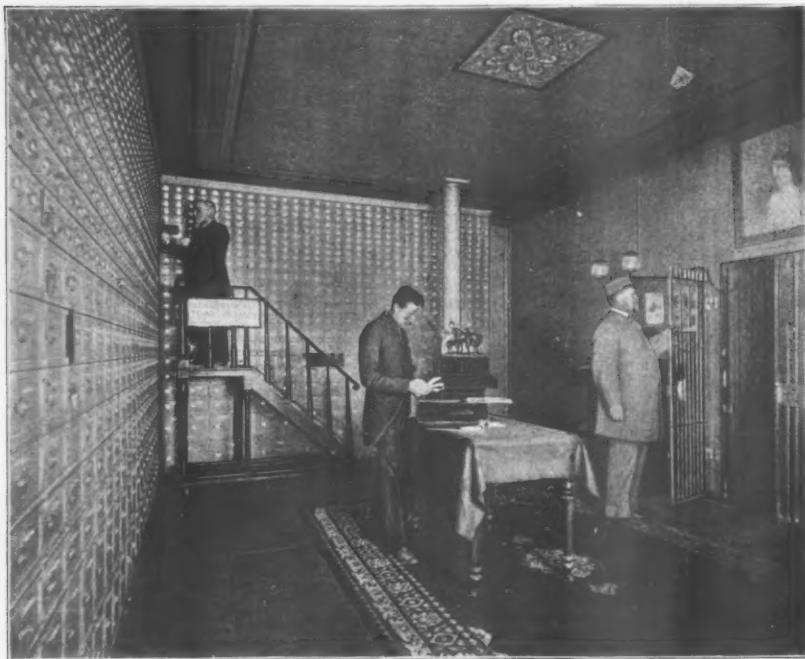
The dial locks did not serve the primary purpose of safety for which all locks are



J. R. VAN WORMER, PRESIDENT OF THE LINCOLN
SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY.

made; as they were placed upon the outside of doors or boxes they could be easily broken off.

About the year 1844 the French were producing some very ingenious locks on this principle of alphabetical permutation. The Parisian comic journal, *Charivari*, made a great deal of fun of these inventions when they first made their appearance. A writer in that paper argued that a man must needs have wonderful mnemonic powers in order to grapple with the ingenious contrivance. He pictured a gentleman coming home late at night from some social gathering where the meeting had been of a very convivial character. The man takes out his key and tries to think of the combination. He says solemnly, "a-z-h." No, the lock will not open. He recalls the combination of the previous day and guesses at random that it was "b-c-l-o." He meets with no better success, and then the writer argues with considerable humor that the chances of the man effecting an entrance into his own house are very small indeed, seeing that, from a careful computation, the number of combinations possible to be made by the wonderful lock are no less than 3,553,578!



VAULT OF THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK.

A story is told of a well-known New York banker who used a letter lock of modern invention. He was confined to his home by illness, and it became necessary to unlock his safe. He gave the word "boot" as the combination. The cashier tried without success to unlock on the letters b-o-o-t, and he finally sent for the maker, but the expert failed to open the safe. Returning to his employer's home, the cashier asserted that it was impossible to unlock the safe, and knowing that the banker's early education had been neglected, asked him how he spelled boot. "Why," replied the banker, "b-u-t-e, of course; how the deuce would you spell it?"

The goldsmiths of the seventeenth century acted as the bankers of the large commercial houses of those days. They took charge of large sums of money and valuable plate and jewels, which they stored away in brick or stone vaults fastened with great iron doors. After the iron coffers already spoken of came the iron safes. At first they were similar to the coffers in construction, then they were

made in the form of cupboards, and being heavy to move around, they were afterwards set upon wheels. These answered the purpose of protection against robbers for the time being, but as thieves progressed in the art of depredation, and as individuals grew in wealth, the necessity for stronger safes became apparent. Heavier iron plates were used in their construction, steel bars were added, the walls were made thicker and improvements were made in the locks. Then the dangerous element of fire had to be guarded against.

The first English patent for a fireproof safe was issued to Richard Scott in 1801. This safe was incased within and without with metal, the space being filled with charcoal or wood treated with alkaline salt. The first American safes that attained any celebrity were under the patent of C. J. Gayler, issued in 1833. This inventor was the father of James Gayler, the assistant postmaster at New York, and of Charles Gayler, the well-known playwright.

The Gayler safes were double chests with spaces between for air. About the time of the great fire in New York, in 1835, B. G. Wilder made a patent safe which was very popular at that time. It was a double box of wrought-iron plates, the space between the plates being filled with a patented composition of plaster of Paris and mica.

For a long time prior to the invention of the modern fireproof safe, wooden receptacles for saving valuables had been made fireproof by the use of chemicals, principally alum. This substance was placed on the inside of iron safes, and even at the present time wood is sometimes used on the inside of the iron frame, on account of its being practically a non-conductor of heat. Fireproof iron safes, i. e., safes into the shell of which are placed non-conducting or fireproof materials, according to the trade journal *Lock and Bell*, seem to have been first made by John R. Scott, a native of Ireland who settled in this country many years ago. While Scott was in Montreal (and this must have been fifty or sixty years ago), he noticed a certain French jeweller who,



SAFES OF 1789.

at the close of the day's business, carefully placed his valuables in an ordinary white box, and carried the box to the rear part of his store. There he went through certain motions, but what he did Scott could not discover, although he was watching curiously from the outside. For several nights Scott saw the Frenchman go through the same proceeding, and finally he asked the jeweller what he did. Investigation showed that the box was a simple wooden affair and that the Frenchman put plaster of Paris around it for protection against fire. Scott then de-



IN THE VAULTS OF THE FIDELITY INSURANCE TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.



DOOR OF THE GOLD AND SILVER VAULT, UNITED STATES TREASURY.

cided that it would be a good idea to enclose plaster of Paris or other fireproof material in iron. With considerable difficulty he induced a friend to loan him \$300 for the new venture. He went to his home in Philadelphia, taking with him only \$150 and the promise that soon he should receive the balance. After considerable delay the wife of his friend came over to the city, journeying by stage. She carried her luncheon with her (principally cake) in the same bag that contained the money. Mice got at the cake and mutilated the bank bills almost beyond recognition. But a friendly Quaker took the risk of redeeming them, believing that the government would make good the loss, and Scott began to manufacture safes. It is said that he was very successful for a time, and as he had no competitors he was able to sell for \$200 safes which cost him only ten dollars to produce.

When the old-fashioned safes were in vogue the industrious burglar accom-

plished his object by sheer force—he simply broke them open with sledgehammers. Then improvements were made in the way of steel bars and increased thickness of the safe. For a time the ingenious cracksman forced the lock from the safe door by means of an implement called a "Jack-in-the-box." Locks were blown in pieces by means of gunpowder inserted in the keyholes. Then a powder-proof lock was invented and the dial lock soon followed. Burglars also became progressive in their art, and a professional's outfit would consist of a jimmy, drills, drill press, wedges, chisels, a sledge, a hammer, a flask of gunpowder and fuse, ordinary tools used for house-breaking, and an air-pump—an ingenious instrument used for the purpose of introducing explosives into a

safe at the joint around the door.

The safe deposit system is the natural outgrowth of the storage system, and was introduced in New York about 1865. In an ordinary safe deposit vault, steel-faced boxes graded in size from five inches wide and twenty-three inches deep to five feet square run from the top of the room to the floor on each side. The boxes have all sorts of locks. Some have combinations known only to the owner, and others have a set key; that is, the assistant puts in a key that half opens the lock and the renter opens it fully with his own key—a double protection if the thief should by any device succeed in getting inside the vault. The average thickness of the walls of the vaults is about three feet, the wall being composed generally of brick or granite with alternate plates of iron and steel. In some instances insulated wires are laid in the wall, and a burglar trying to effect an entrance would inevitably send an alarm to the nearest police station and to the of-

fice of some private district burglar-alarm system. Boxes are rented from eight dollars to \$2500 per year.

The interior of one of these large safe deposit companies' vaults may not inappropriately be illustrated by a brief description of the plant of the Lincoln Safe Deposit company. The upper six stories form the storage warehouse. Each is divided by two corridors into four series of compartments, separated from the corridors and from each other by fireproof partitions. Although the windows at the ends of the corridors, which are protected by double iron shutters, are the only openings in the front and rear walls, there is no lack of light, and ventilation is provided with equal care in order to guard against mould, each compartment being connected with the outer air by flues built in the walls. These stories, which are sep-

arated by brick arches, between iron beams, have no communication with one another except by means of the staircase at the rear, which is in a well cut off from the rest of the building by heavy brick walls and openings furnished with iron doors. All the machinery of the elevators is also confined to this well.

There are three large elevators for goods, to which access is gained from the rear street, each of them capable of carrying to the top of the building a loaded furniture van. The foundation is blasted out of the solid rock, and floored with concrete. The roof is covered with a heavy layer of cement. The outer walls are three feet thick.

The "coupon rooms" are neat private compartments about the size of average staterooms. Some customers use these compartments instead of offices, and attend there to all their personal financial busi-

ness, the examination of papers, stocks, bonds, etc. There is also a "ladies' room" where women can privately count their securities like men. One of the local comic journals, not long ago, jokingly illustrated the faith a woman has in a safe deposit company. Mrs. Cooponz remarks to her friend: "My husband says that we must economize. All his securities are dropping lower every day." The friend, Mrs. Van Gelt (a rich young widow), responds: "Mine are all right, I know. I keep them in a safe deposit vault."

It is the custom of many persons of wealth to keep with a safe deposit company not only stocks and bonds but family jewels and expensive plate. When large entertainments are



VAULT OF THE BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY.



G. S. CLARK, PRESIDENT OF THE FIDELITY INSURANCE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

to be given the plate is taken to the house and afterwards returned promptly to the vaults.

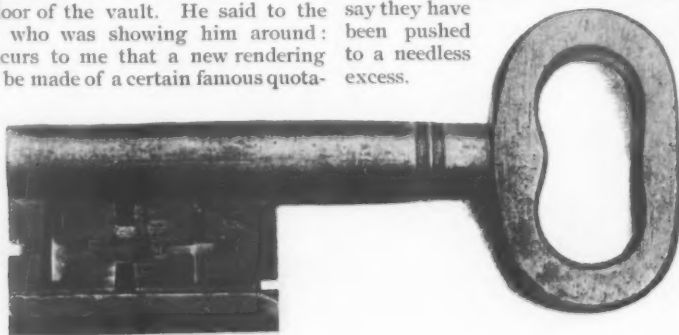
The jewels belonging to Madame Patti, it is estimated, are worth about half a million dollars. She deposits them with a safe deposit company on her arrival in town and sends a messenger and a detective to take them out on a night when she is going to sing in the opera.

Cardinal Gibbons paid a visit to the Lincoln vaults some months ago. He was particularly interested in the intricate mechanism of the immense lock on the main door of the vault. He said to the writer, who was showing him around: "It occurs to me that a new rendering should be made of a certain famous quota-

tion; for as I look at this great lock I think, 'Man's ingenuity for man makes countless burglars mourn.'"

The superintendent of a well known company says that there are many so-called safe deposit companies throughout the country which afford very inadequate protection to their patrons. Burglars, he argues, keep pace with the skill of safe manufacturers.

The National Safe Deposit company of London occupies a large, isolated building in Queen Victoria street. The building is fireproof and covers the large safe vault or citadel, which is sunk in the ground to the depth of forty-five feet. The vault itself is built on a bed of concrete twenty feet in thickness, and has walls three feet thick of hard blue brick laid in cement, with an external lining of firebrick. The interior of this structure is lined with cast-iron plates four and a half inches thick, chilled on one side, the plates having imbedded in them a network of strong, interlaced, wrought-iron bars. The vault is divided into four tiers, or stories, with eight separate compartments in each, which, after business hours, are closed with doors raised and lowered by hydraulic power. These doors, each of which weighs four tons, are built up, twelve inches thick, of combinations of hard and tough metal to resist fracture and drilling. When they are raised for business purposes the entrance to each compartment is protected by a massive wrought-iron grille. Within the thirty-two compartments there is space for about 20,000 safes of various sizes, which are let to owners of valuables. The premises are constantly patrolled by armed watchmen, and so many precautions have been taken that even the cautious Englishmen say they have been pushed to a needless excess.





THE SEA WALL.

THE CITY OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

IT sometimes happens that three or four sisters, starting in life with advantages apparently equal, are presently looking out upon the world from points of view that are widely different. It generally happens, when one of the number has linked her fate with a lover who has made her fortune, that the others find their sweetest solace in abusing her. It is the way of the world, and we good Christians, who, as Rochefoucauld assures us, derive something of comfort from the contemplation of the adversity of our dearest friends, are made proportionately miserable by the sight of their triumphant success.

In previous pages of *The Cosmopolitan* it has been the writer's privilege to at least attempt the portrayal of the charms of the Twin Cities of the Northwest, those two Ajaxes whose bond of brotherhood is likened poetically to that of the world-renowned Siamese twins, but is prosaically rather that of two clawing tomcats slung over a clothes line. Later still he strove to tell of the manifold perfections of the Cream City, the burgh of bricks and beer—Milwaukee; Chicago's younger, prettier and in every way more attractive sister, as St. Louis was her elder, and far more cultured, when the trio came upon the



Charles King was born in Albany, New York, in 1844; spent his boyhood in Wisconsin; was at Columbia College, New York, at the outbreak of the war, when he joined his father's brigade at the front, and was afterwards sent by President Lincoln to West Point. He served as an instructor there twice afterwards. He was transferred to the cavalry in '71; served again on staff duty until the spring of '74, when he joined his troop for service against the Apaches in Arizona. With the Fifth Cavalry he marched and scouted through Arizona, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Dakota and Montana in one campaign after another, being finally placed on the retired list because of wounds received in line of duty. Since that date he has made his home in Wisconsin, dividing his time between instructing the state troops and writing the army stories which have won such popularity. Captain King is the son of the late General Rufus King, the grandson of the late Charles King, President of Columbia, and great-grandson of Rufus King, senator from New York for twenty years.



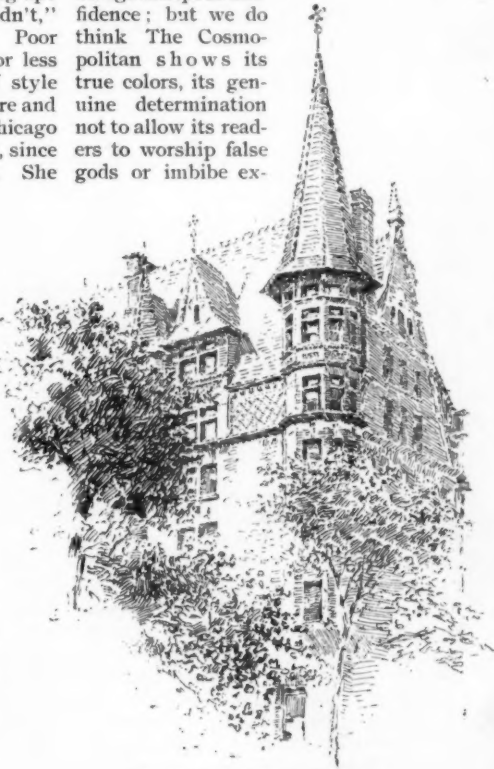
ON MICHIGAN AVENUE.

social swim some fifty years ago and gathered their suitors about them. Elder and junior were maids of grace and beauty, of witching curves and rounded contours. Chicago was as flat as a floor, about as sinuous as a broomstick, and so utterly lackadaisical and hopeless-looking a specimen that, like genuine westerners, her happier sisters laid their pretty heads together, saying, "Poor Chicago! we really must do something for her," and so saying they did many a time and oft suggest to superabundant swains that they go and dance with her—"There is really so much more to Chicago than appears upon the surface." And they went, and what is more, worse luck, they kept going, and worst of all, they stayed. Many and many a long, sad year ago did St. Louis and Milwaukee awaken to the realization that, though she lacked the curves and dimples, the middle sister had ten times the brains of both combined. Time and again has the younger, at least, bemoaned the suitors whom she so coquettishly bade "Go and talk to Chicago awhile." She might have known in '40 that never would Chicago loose her hold on anything that came her way. She might have known—what the whole world sees today—that if there is anything worth having on the face of the created globe Chicago is bound

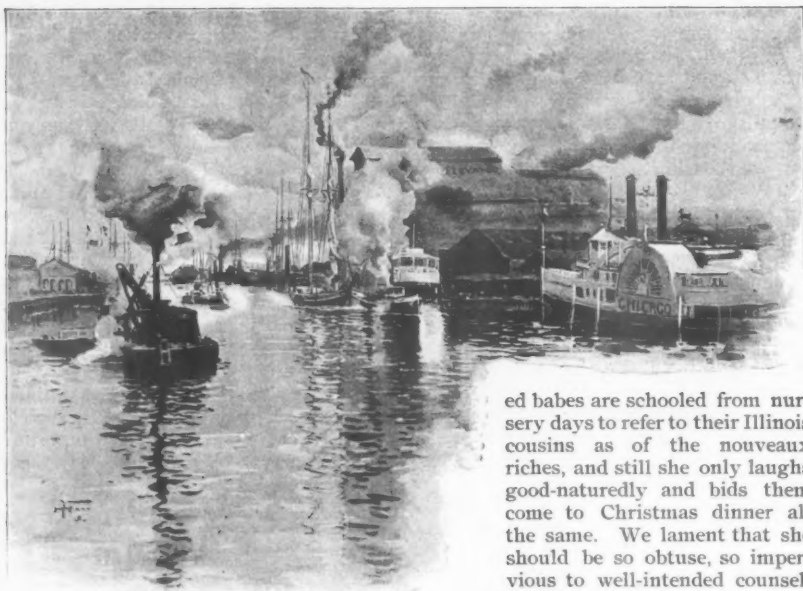
to own it. Long since have St. Louis and Milwaukee quit telling a laughing and incredulous people, worshippers of mammon and success, that if it hadn't been for them Chicago would never have had a start. None the less pathetically do they stretch forth their sympathetic hands by the shortest line, and confidentially do they often talk behind Chicago's back. "I don't care," says St. Louis; "if everybody knew what I know about Chicago she wouldn't hold her head so high, even if she is my sister. I'm thankful my first settler wasn't a runaway nigger." "I don't care," chimes in Milwaukee; "but if I were Chicago I'd never want it known that I was named for a—you know." And so we envious others, we once prettier but now poorer sisters, sit and spin, and when people come and talk to us of the sensation our once dowdy despair is cutting in the bustling world of fame and fashion we sigh and we are glad she is happy. That sort of life would not suit us at all, but if it's what Chicago likes, why then, of course, we're glad she's glad. We wonder if Chicago ever remembers the little two pairs back hall bedroom from which we used to drag her—really drag her—down to help entertain visitors to the West. They came around by the great lakes in those days, and Milwau-

kee, fresh and smiling and rosy, was always there to open the door and welcome them, and then, by and by, to pass them on and introduce them to Chicago, who stood drearily waiting for somebody to talk to, while St. Louis was so blithely entertaining those who came around by way of the Ohio to the valley of the Father of Waters. And how ungrateful—how utterly purse-proud, forgetful, thankless was Chicago when a little later she set up her carriages, and her iron horses began galloping across Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana and around the flat, sandy reaches at the head of the lake—our lake—and bringing hosts and hosts of new beaux to Chicago's doors while fewer and fewer came our way by boat. Did she ever remember our goodness to her in the old days? Did she ever pass any of her new arrivals on to us as we did to her, now that our daughters were growing up? Not one! Not one! ("Not much I didn't," is the way Chicago expresses it. Poor Chicago! she always was more or less addicted to a certain slanginess of style which we have never ceased to deplore and to condemn.) No! We are glad Chicago is prosperous and happy and all that, since she likes ostentation and display. She has abundant and ever-increasing means to gratify these tastes, which are certainly not a family trait. We are properly grateful, we hope, that she finds room for our boys in her banks and offices and mammoth counting-houses, though she could easily do so very much more for them if she would. We sometimes wish that she did not so speedily wean our olive branches from the parent stem. We deplore the fact that she loses no opportunity of impressing our children with her greatness and wealth and station, and correspondingly points out to them what we might have been if we had only followed her example and advice; and so they come home rather grudgingly and patronizingly, as they would to a country farm. To be sure our transplanted flowerets assure us that their aunt has never said anything to warrant such supposition on our part; that she

is too busy to talk about other people's affairs and too big to bother with little things; but that does not convince us, neither does it console. We know her. No! We do not envy Chicago her glory or her greatness, only we are sorry it should have made her forgetful of the old ties that once bound her to us. We never forget old ties, old times. We could never forget how plain she was when we were young and pretty, and swains flocked at our doors and we passed them on to her. We never, no, never, can forget that, as St. Louis truly says, Chicago's first settler was nothing but an ignorant runaway slave. We never can forget, we Milwaukeeans, that she got her name, her very name, from a noxious little striped animal with a big bushy tail and marvellous powers of scent propulsion. We never, of course, it may be observed, allude to these things except in confidence; but we do think *The Cosmopolitan* shows its true colors, its genuine determination not to allow its readers to worship false gods or imbibe ex-



THE LATEST APARTMENT HOUSE.



THE CHICAGO RIVER.

aggerated ideas of the city that is now so high and mighty since she contemplates an entertainment to which the world is to be bidden, when it selects a nephew, not a son, of Chicago to portray his portly aunt in these luminous and veracious pages.

There is discouragement at the outset, however. Chicago does not seem to mind in the least what people say of her. Like the late lamented P. T. Barnum and the press she "doesn't care what they say so long as they say something." Worse than this, she has special columns in her mammoth newspapers, headed "Our Envious Surroundings" and the like, in which she daily prints all the mean things said about her, so that she can have something new to laugh about over the morning coffee. She looks down on her detractors as an elephant might flap his ears and blink benignly at so many snapping terriers. She is sometimes chafed by neighboring villages alighting on her borders like a fly upon a horse, in which event she simply annexes them and that means loss of autonomy to the insect village. She knows well that sister Milwaukee's children are brought up to strive to sneer at her and that sister St. Louis's blue-blood-

ed babes are schooled from nursery days to refer to their Illinois cousins as of the *nouveaux riches*, and still she only laughs good-naturedly and bids them come to Christmas dinner all the same. We lament that she should be so obtuse, so impervious to well-intended counsel, criticism and suggestion, so indifferent to sarcasm, so proof against vituperation. It is simply hopeless for Milwaukee's shafts to penetrate the armor of a sister so thoroughly self-satisfied. But we did think, between ourselves, that Rudyard Kipling only mildly satirized her and that much that he said was perfectly just and true, and we might have given him some points—confidentially, of course—if he had only asked us; but, would you believe it? he never once looked at Milwaukee or St. Louis either.

But no matter how sisters may squabble among themselves, there is such a thing as blood being thicker than water, after all. Here in the bosom of the family we may peck at Chicago like so many daws, and be captious and critical, but when some other family, especially some well-established lot of old prigs in the distant East, undertakes to snub our blooming sister, then all the clannishness of our united being springs into life and we are ready to do valiant battle for our champion; for, say what you will, Chicago is the champion of the wide, wide western world, and, think what you please today, the time will come when she will stand the queen city of America. It is not a western belief alone; it grows with every

day among statesmen and statisticians that Chicago is destined to be the greatest metropolis upon the continent, if not upon the globe.

But what a history has been hers! and what a site whereon to build a city! A century ago nothing but a flat tangle of morass, swamp and low-lying prairie stretched away from the shining sands of the lake shore—Lake Illinois as 'twas called in the old days from the "Illini"—the great Indian nation which roamed at will over the plains that lay southwestward toward the Mississippi. Through this tangle there curdled a slow, almost stagnant, stream formed by a brace of equally lazy creeks that came together some distance back from the beach through which it poured its reluctant tribute into the deep blue waters beyond. Two hundred years ago the French missionaries, explorers and voyageurs came coasting along the western shore of the lake. Père Marquette and Louis Joliet seem to have been the first discoverers of a landing place here at the mouth of this dun-colored river, and here they set foot on land and held council with the Indians who came trotting in by various paths and trails, intent on seeing what manner of men were these who ventured on the bosom of the Big

Water in their heavy canoes. Marquette had no thought but the salvation of souls, for he was an ardent devotee of the Society of Jesus. Joliet, a shrewd, far-sighted Frenchman, was agent for Count Frontenac, the governor of the French provinces in America. These two, despite the

claims urged by some for the Sieur de La Salle, were doubtless the white discoverers of "Checagow," as the Indians then called the river, and which name was derived, as has been previously explained and as Milwaukee never tires of explaining, from the Pottawattomie "Checag," the sk—nk. No good that we know of resulted to either party as the result

of his discovery; Marquette contracted a malarial fever from the exhalations of the swamp and left his Indians and his blessing to Père Claude Allouez, who succeeded him; Joliet was generally ignored as the settlement grew, and his name went down to posterity mainly in connection with an outside town whereat is located the great criminal reformatory and prison of the Sucker state, as we other westerners call it, or the Prairie state, as they prefer to call it themselves. In New York the burglars, thieves, forgers, with an occasional bank cashier, are sent to Sing Sing. In Illinois a criminal has got his due when "sent to Joliet." Such was the penalty of discovering Chicago.

But these pioneer and exploring Frenchmen were at no time settlers of "Checagow." The first man, not Indian, who took up a permanent residence there was Baptiste Point de Sable, a negro slave escaped from his master in San Domingo. Those were days before a chief justice of the United States had dishonored his robes and the whole nation by announcement of the doctrine that the negro had no rights which any white man was bound to respect. De Sable was made much of by the French voyageurs, and even by the English when they came into

possession at Mackinac long years after. De Sable did a lively fur business, and was eventually bought out by a Frenchman, whereas, had he hung on to the trade, taken out a patent for his lands and lived long enough to spring a Myra Clark Gaines suit on Chicago today, the chances are he would have

been worth some money—a few billions more or less—but he seems to have lacked the gift of foresight. The Anglo-French war resulted in favor of the bold Britons, and from having started in life under the lilies of France, the infant colony at "Checagow" drifted under the flag of St. George, and there it nestled practically unheard of and unknown through the years



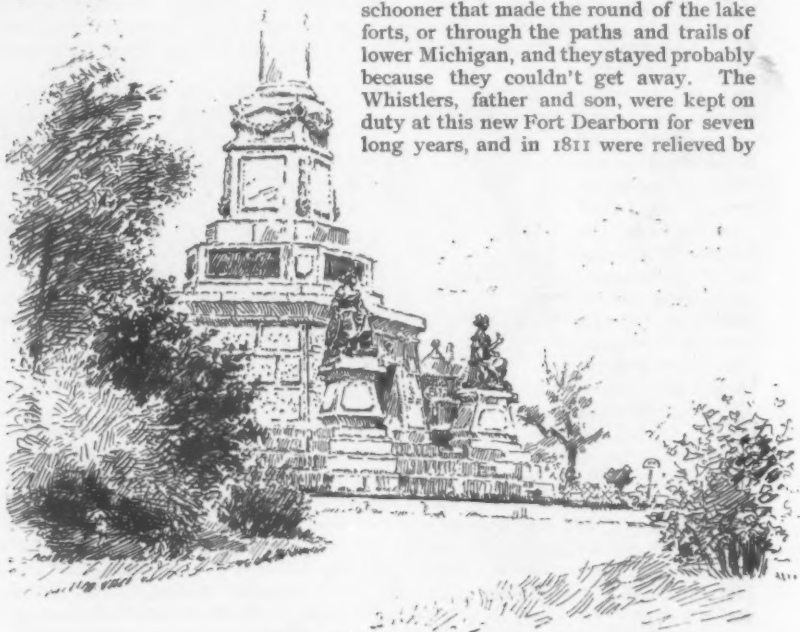
THE LA SALLE MONUMENT.

of border strife and Indian warfare that followed, even through the war of the revolution, that expelled the soldiers of King George and set the American eagle ascream from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. "Territory north-west of the Ohio," they called the great sweep of untrodden forest and prairie now embraced within the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin; and, not content with that, the young nation went further and bought of Napoleon the Great the vast possessions just ceded him by Spain in 1800—the territory of Louisiana, which stretched, practically, from the Gulf to the sources of the Mississippi and beyond. And then it was, in 1803, that the authorities at Washington began to see the need of building a fort there at the mouth of the "Checagow;" for, now that Americans were drifting thither, emissaries of John Bull were doing their best to stir the Indians into warfare against the newcomers, and a very little such stirring goes a great way.



Six miles square was the tract ceded by the aborigines to the government around the mouth of the Checagow river, and hereon began the work of the frontier post that stood farthest west, most isolated of all. We had forts and troops at Detroit and at Michilimackinac (modern Mackinaw) at the time, but it was a venturesome duty that brought Captain John Whistler of the old revolutionary army to the western shores of the lake. It was on July 4, 1803, that he arrived off the entrance to the river, and, struggling ashore through the weeds and underbrush, in the midst of a thriving village of three huts, and in the solemn presence of a host of silent, wondering Pottawatomies, half a dozen French trappers and half-breed children, with only one or two officers at his back raised the flag of the United States over the site of the future city, and two ladies of the old army were the first white women to set foot upon its soil.

There for several years the little garrison dwelt, isolated from the world. The village of three huts expanded speedily into three dozen. Trappers and hunters came drifting to the spot with the supply schooner that made the round of the lake forts, or through the paths and trails of lower Michigan, and they stayed probably because they couldn't get away. The Whistlers, father and son, were kept on duty at this new Fort Dearborn for seven long years, and in 1811 were relieved by



THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

another detail, about whose sojourn there hangs a tragic interest. By this time, too, the first real and prominent Chicago settler was come to stay. John Kinzie—"Shawneeawkee," as the Indians called "the silver man" long after, was living with his little household almost under the walls of the fort. Burns and White were the names of the other families. Times were getting squally. Inspired by the British, the great Shawnee chieftain Tecumseh was stirring up all the western tribes to war against the American whites. The war of 1812 opened as did that of '61, with many a humiliation for the United States. Michilimackinac struck its flag to Great Britain. All Michigan, with the post of Detroit, went under in one wretched collapse—that of Hull's surrender—and word came by friendly runners of these disasters, and Captain Heald, now commander of the fort and post at Chicago, found himself practically alone in a wilderness with but two officers and sixty-six men to "hold the fort" and protect the lives and properties of a few score settlers whose farms were already spreading out along the north and south branches of the "Checagow." It shook Heald's nerve. He had brave followers in Lieutenants Helm and Ronan, and they would have stood and fought as long as a drop of blood was left. Kinzie and the friendly chief Winnemac said "Stand to your guns;" so did the officers; so thought the men; but Heald, after temporizing until all dangers of a move were trebled, decided on evacuation, destroyed all surplus arms and ammunition, distributed his provisions among the Pottawattomies in vain effort to placate them, and finally, on the 15th of August, marched forth with his command, with his women and children in wagons, in the desperate hope of making a way through the wilderness to Fort



PRAIRIE AVENUE.

Wayne, but, as it proved, to certain and brutal massacre.

The story has been too often told to warrant repetition here. Sometimes, though, as we go whirring out along the line of the Illinois Central, skirting the shores of that ever beautiful lake, I wonder if people gazing idly from the plate-glass windows of the parlor cars of the Michigan Central express, or the Washington special of the Baltimore and Ohio, ever think of the desperate battle for life that began right here among the sand hills at the foot of Eighteenth street and continued for a mile down the shore; of the officers and men, one by one, falling dead from the ambuscading bullet, of—worse than all—those poor, terrified little children hiding their heads in their mothers' laps, only to be dragged forth by howling, exultant, brutal savages and mercilessly tomahawked to death before the mothers' maddened eyes. Some of our women fought that day like tigresses in defence of their young. Some scorned and spurned the mercy proffered them, wishing rather to die with husband and children. Brave John Kinzie left his family at the settlement and went with the troops, hoping to the last that his influence among the Indians would induce them to spare those helpless babes—there were a dozen families represented among them; and when words were of no avail

he fought like a hero in their defence and perilled his own life and the lives of all dear to him. It was a black day for Chicago. Fort, garrison and settlement were practically wiped out then and there, and for two years nothing more was heard of it. Kinzie with his family was spared. Several of the garrison, especially among the women, became prisoners of the Indians but were eventually restored to liberty. In 1814, however, the government sent out a new force. Again the regulars raised the flag. Again the trappers, hunters and settlers swarmed about the new stockade, built upon the site of the old, and Chicago again began her career, rising like "that feathered incombustible" to which she has so often and with such good reason been compared. In another year she was reaching out across Illinois to see what it meant that Illinois towns were dealing with that half-French settlement down on the Mississippi—St. Louis—and in three years more, 1818, Illinois became a state.

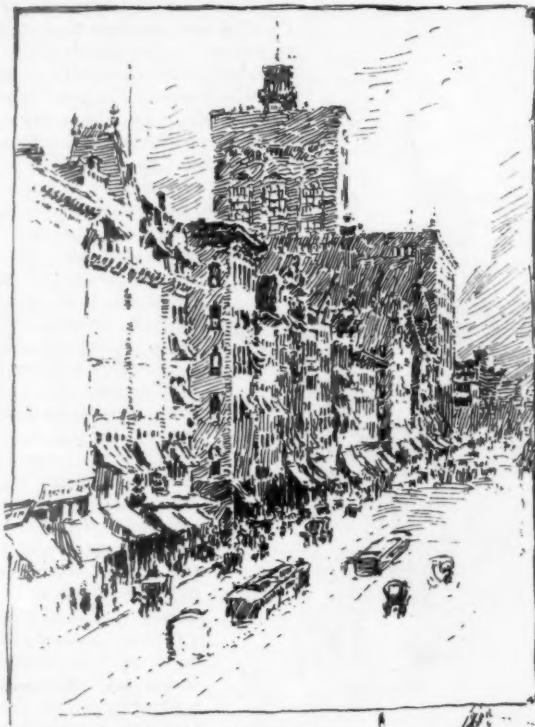
As has been intimated, Chicago was considered by her present envious surroundings as a growing town that really needed help. Neither St. Louis nor Milwaukee ever referred to her except in terms of compassion and sympathy until along in the 'forties. When incorporated as a city in 1837, however, the performance was looked upon by her sisters as decidedly forward on her part, or, as she herself would have expressed it, "cheeky," seeing that she had only about 4000 people.



ENTRANCE HALL, ART INSTITUTE.

In ten years she had 16,000, and Milwaukee waxed almost rabid in explosive remonstrance and explanation. In ten years more she had 90,000, and talk and remonstrance were alike unavailing. She had come to stay. She was building railways everywhere. She was beginning to rob Milwaukee's henroosts and kitchen patches. She had the insufferable impertinence to speak of herself as "the Garden City." She was the most barefaced, ugly, independent, impudent and altogether unapproachable town in the West. Unapproachable only in one sense of the word—her railways rendered her approachable from every point of the compass, and people came in swarms. We all envied her, we all reviled her, but we could not persecute her. She positively thrived on calumny.

What a picture of ugliness she was in those days along in '57! Up to that time she had been squatted on the prairie, and people derided her for being flat, low, unhealthy. She could no more have a cellar than could New Orleans. "All right," said Chicago, "let's raise the grade;" and what did she do but ladle in enough of surrounding counties to lift her streets about eight feet out of the mud, and for a year or more half the houses in Chicago were on stilts undergoing this process of local elevation. To go one mile along State street in those days a man had to walk up and down about two miles of stairs—every other 100 feet or so being already lifted. To proceed with her figures, however, let us say that she had 100,000 residents at the outbreak of the great war in '61; 200,000 at its close; 300,000 in 1870; 500,000 in 1880, and a round 1,000,000 in 1890. If, therefore, she keep doubling her population every ten years as she has for the last half century, London, Paris, New York, Vienna and Berlin will have to look to their laurels. North, south and west, Chicago can grow without impediment of any kind except occasional town or village; all is open prairie. What she cannot survey and declare town lots, she simply annexes, and there's an end of it. In this way within the past few years Hyde Park, Englewood, Montrose and others have been quietly engulfed, and these once sweet and smiling suburban townships smile as of yore, but they are only gems to-



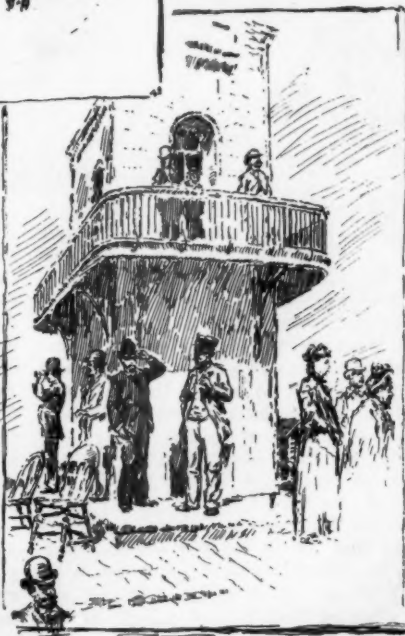
LOOKING TOWARD THE AUDITORIUM.

day that adorn the flashing corselet of Chicago.

And now it is of the new Chicago that The Cosmopolitan would tell its readers who may never yet have seen this far-spreading city of the prairies. The Chicago man today sails skyward with his casual visitor in the elevator to the lofty lookout at the tower of the Auditorium building, and from this dizzy height he discourses of the present grandeur and future certainties of the city of his pride and love. Future possibilities he does not allude to—everything is possible to a Chicago man, and in his opinion most of the good things of life are already his—everything he wants is actually probable. Take a Milwaukeean's word for it, Chicago reporters and Chicago drummers can no more be shaken off than one's skin, and if you still doubt, ask St. Louis.

In the bright lexicon of Chicago there's no such word as fail. When a merchant is unable to meet his obligations he "busts" and sets up in business again around the corner. When a fearful conflagration sweeps over the entire city, turning its great hotels, its railway stations, its immense wholesale blocks, its entire business district and fully half its home section into smouldering ruins, the

Chicago man skips to the suburbs and wires New York: "We're on deck again, direct descendants of the fellow who told Noah to 'go to grass with his old ark, it's nothing but a shower anyhow.'"



AT THE TOP OF THE AUDITORIUM.



THE BOARD OF TRADE.

Standing here on the roof of the Auditorium about a mile up in air—if one's sensations are any criterion—your Chicagoan points far out to the southwest, past dozens of lofty towers, past business blocks fifteen stories high, past mammoth elevators and wholesale storehouses that seem built to outlast the Coliseum, and, through the haze of smoke and steam, your eye can almost discern the very spot where, on that windy Sunday night a score of years ago, Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked the bucket in the shanty stable back of DeKoven street and upset the lamp that set a western world ablaze. Three hundred thousand people were within Chicago's gates at the moment, and very few of them missed a sight of that fire. A hundred or two were burned up through over familiarity with the specta-

cle, for it is a characteristic of the Chicago populace that it is no respecter of persons and isn't afraid of the devil himself. Even one who has seen the San Francisco hoodlum in his palmiest days is compelled to declare that the average Chicago citizen is infinitely his superior in impudence and independence. The one-man's-as-good-as-another, yes-and-better-too spirit pervades the whole town, and I

never saw it so thoroughly exemplified as on the occasion of President Cleveland's visit in '87. For some reason that passeth all understanding the authorities put their big police force in the procession instead of distributing it along the line of march to keep the streets clear. When the presidential train reached the point where the party was to take carriages a dense mob of toughs and gamins occupied the spot. It was all the escort of regulars and National Guard

cavalry could do to force a way to the position assigned them; and when the train rolled in and the massive form of the executive appeared on the rear platform, with howls of jovial greeting the dense mass bore down upon him—the most fantastic mob of tatterdemalions ever seen outside of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Mrs. Cleveland's sweet, smiling face blanched at the sight (it was soon after the Haymarket slaughter), and the greeting, though doubtless well meant, was the most unconventionally democratic affair ever seen. "How are you, Grove?" "Come down off your perch, old man, and give us a shake," yelled the playful populace. Even Colonel Dan Lamont's aplomb seemed staggered for a moment; but in a twinkling the party was transferred to carriages and then "the regulars" bored a way through the crowd

and moved off at a brisk trot, the escort clattered alongside, a motley array of butcher carts, buggies, grocery wagons and the like fell in behind, and so began the triumphant progress of the official head of the nation through the most thoroughly democratic municipality on the face of the globe. Everywhere it was the same along the line. Thousands of people had crowded into town that day; hundreds of thousands greeted their chief with cheers and acclamations, but here and there and everywhere the Chicago "gang" seemed to be prominent in the crowd, and, mingled with the more respectful plaudits, were frequently audible the loud-mouthed personalities with which the unwashed hailed the national leader. It was too much for Mrs. Cleveland. Brave and buoyant as she proved herself wherever she went, the reception at the hands of the populace of our western Babylon was evidently a nerve-racking trial, and she found it necessary to quit the procession before the march was half over. The president gazed aloft at the towering buildings that border La Salle street with wonderment in his eye, and smiled benignly at the huge canvas screen swung out at the office of one of Chicago's greatest journals, the inscription whereon was as typical of Chicago as was the greeting at the hands of the people: "How are you, Mr. President? You will find no flies on this town," were the words one could read a quarter mile away. Sainly Boston! What would The Transcript, The Pilot, The Advertiser have said to the Chicago Herald as expressive of Boston views on that piece of slang? What would the Herald care what Boston might think or say? If there be any truth in Professor Totten's prediction of the approaching end of the world, the trump of Gabriel will not have half sounded the universal assembly before a Chicago reporter will be tugging at the angelic robes demanding an interview, and Chicago drummers will invite the celestial

party to invest in corner lots or take a drink.

"All roads lead to Rome," said the Romans in the days when, from her seven hills, she ruled the world. All roads lead to Chicago, say the western men today, and it's practically true. We have a belt line, to be sure, which transfers freight cars around the city by a long day's journey, but no passenger gets across without paying tribute. Baggage may indeed be checked through, but no matter whither the owner may be bound, he must change cars. Six great railway stations has Chicago, and one of these, that recently built by the Wisconsin Central, is unsurpassed



A BOX IN THE AUDITORIUM.

in the country—Vanderbilt's Grand Central in New York being but a train shed beside the Grand Central here. Of this fact I have been assured by Chicago men on four different occasions within the last six months. One gains a fair conception of the magnitude of Chicago from this superb lookout of the Auditorium, from the tower balcony of the Board of Trade, from the tower of the Grand Central, the Chamber of Commerce, the Tacoma or the



THE PULLMAN BUILDING.

only does the immensity of the subject receive its adequate treatment. In flights of descriptive eloquence that seem to traverse the empyrean with wings of boundless spread he tells you what she has done, what she can do, what she will do. That she has sucked Milwaukee dry as a discarded orange he does not hesitate to assert; that she has not yet annexed her is mainly due to the fact that we live within the borders of another state, he says—a matter to be rectified in the near future. One after another, he points out, our railway officials, who for years kept their headquarters in the Cream City, have packed up bag and baggage and moved southward. Man after man, he says, our grain and produce merchants pull up stakes and join the throng eighty miles away; those who stay have branch houses or else partners on the Chicago Board. Milwaukee's big business blocks show a beggarly array of empty offices; Milwau-

Rookery building; but to know Chicago one must hear the after-dinner remarks of the Chicago commercial traveller in the sanctity of the Pullman smoker, for then

kee's residence blocks, score upon score of houses decorated with the inscription "For Sale" or "For Rent." Everything within a radius of 100 miles is being lured into that municipal maelstrom at the head of the lake. That, says the Chicago drummer, is nothing. He firmly believes and unflinchingly declares that it is only a question of time when the Capitol will be removed from Washington to Chicago; when an elevated air-line, double-track electric road will connect Chicago with the seaboard, bridging Michigan, tunnelling the Appalachians and landing passengers at Central Park or the Cunard or Inman docks six hours after they have breakfasted

at the Auditorium, or at daybreak after a late supper. "Why not?" he says. "Did you ever see a city that could make water run up hill? We did. When everybody got disgusted with our river because it couldn't carry the sewage fast enough into the lake, what did we do? Turned it t'other end to, sir, and made the lake run through the town and carry the sewage out to enrich the soil of Illinois, sending a small ocean of fresh, clear, cold water through the heart of Chicago every day, sir. And if there's any trouble building our eighty mile of bridge across to the Michigan shore, we'll drain the lake; we've got engines and fire boats that suck it nearly dry whenever we have a sizable fire now." The commercial traveller is the peripatetic essence of Chicago herself. No obstacle can daunt him; no story outdo his. Once and once only have I heard of his being temporarily silenced. A quiet-looking man was among his auditors and listened long and intently to his glowing descriptives; at last, as he paused to relight his cigar, the quiet-looking man inquired:

"What did you say was the name of the place?"

The drummer stopped with the lighted match applied to the end of his weed and simply stared. The match flickered and went out. A bystander snickered and also went out, but only so far that he could still hear what followed. At last the drummer recovered voice and replied impressively:

"I said Chicago."

"Chicago?" queried the quiet man in the corner, pensively. "Seems to me I've heard the name. What road is Chicago on?"

This time the drummer dropped his jaw and cigar.

"What road? Shade of G. Washington! Where have you lived, man? Why, every road!"

"That so? Odd, I don't seem to recall it. What's the name of the hotel in Chicago?"

And then the drummer fled. Accosting the porter as soon as he could regain breath he inquired:

"Who on earth is that blear-eyed, red-nosed microbe sitting there by the window—the man who never heard of Chicago?"

"That, sir," grins the porter, "why, that's Mr. ——— of St. Louis; he's vice-president of this road, sir."

But this is mere digression from our purpose. Telling of Chicago, one who has watched her wondrous growth with eyes of envy and who finds perennial delight in listening to the tales of her travellers is unable to resist the temptation of setting before his readers in turn these illustra-

tions of the exuberance and buoyancy of Chicago's sons. Her daughters have been seen portrayed through many a volume in the satirical pages of *Life* and the crabbed and jealous paragraphs of the *St. Louis journals*. Milwaukee has long since learned the wisdom of silence on the subject; besides, Milwaukee admires Chicago women, for some of her prettiest girls have been transplanted thither from time to time and more are going, so we deprecate the incessant allusions made by the *St. Louis papers* to the size of Chicago feet. Who but a *St. Louis journalist* could have said such a thing as this: "A Chicago girl while bathing at Atlantic City yesterday suddenly stepped into a shark's nest. Only two of the dreadful monsters escaped." Chicago and Milwaukee are about as far apart as New York and Philadelphia in point of time and distance, but in point of enterprise, dash and bustle the contrast is so infinitely greater that when one returns to the Cream City after a day on State street or Clark or Madison, it is like going from Broadway to Jamaica or Patchogue. The Chicago man brags of the fact that Chicago is barely fifty years old as a city,



VIEW IN MICHIGAN AVENUE.



AN ELEVATOR.

yet in his innermost soul he wonders how the United States could have got along without her the other fifty years of their existence. It was a Chicago boy who, glancing over the list of the presidents of our great republic, naively remarked that they all seemed to be named after the Chicago streets. It was a Chicago girl who assured Miss Knickerbocker that Worth and Redfern would lose the opportunity of their lives if they failed to remove to Chicago at once so as to be in possession before the opening of the World's Fair.

The World's Fair! Who that witnessed the destruction of New York's beautiful Crystal Palace in '59 would have dared to prophesy then and there that the World's Columbian Exhibition, the greatest of the century, would be opened in 1893, not in the Empire City, but in that far-away, frame-shanty metropolis, spreading like dandelions over the prairies of Illinois; yet what Chicago man ever doubted for an instant when the question came up for discussion that there was the proper spot; that they were the people to bring it to a successful and fitting climax? What

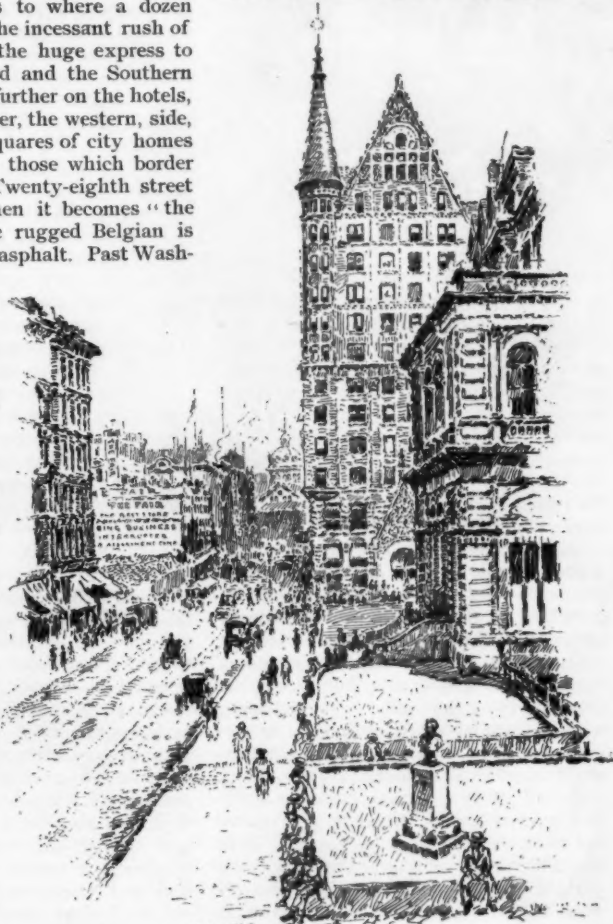
chance had New York when once Chicago put her shoulder to the wheel? It is time for easterners to realize the fact that, howsoever her citizens may differ in politics, in religion or style of their hats, where the advancement and

glory of Chicago are concerned her business and professional men become a magnificent and unanimous mass. Anywhere else we would speak of them as a unit, but units are too small for Chicago. Nothing less than seven figures is worth alluding to.

Standing here on the lofty lookout of the Auditorium one gains a remarkable view of Chicago thoroughfares and an idea of their peculiarities. The streets of lower New York are crooked lanes, and the one great central artery, Broadway, is ever overtaxed. The streets of Philadelphia are narrow slits, crossing each other with rigid distances and rectangular austerity. They are all divided longitudinally by a single car track, and there is no room for more. Chicago's business section, Old Chicago, that section which might be termed "the City," as London designates her heart of hearts, is as rectangular as Philadelphia, as bustling as New York, but as broad and roomy and airy as her eastern rivals are narrow and contracted. Wide and sunshiny and breezy are the great thoroughfares that traverse the town from north to south,

from lake to the western horizon, paved with solid, enduring Belgian and veined by the double tracks of the whirring, rattling, gong-banging cable cars. Nearest the lake lies Michigan avenue, stretching from the main river near its mouth far to the southern verge of the latest acquisition; at first hemmed in by wholesale warehouses, then bordered by huge business blocks and hotels on the west, by the big armory and the adjoining "Exposition," then by smooth, grassy lawns stretching lakewards to where a dozen parallel tracks bear the incessant rush of suburban trains, or the huge express to the Atlantic seaboard and the Southern gulf. A few blocks further on the hotels, which are on the other, the western, side, give way to whole squares of city homes and flats much like those which border Fifth Avenue from Twenty-eighth street to Murray Hill. Then it becomes "the Boulevard," and the rugged Belgian is replaced by smoother asphalt. Past Washington, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk and Taylor—those east and west streets from which, according to the Chicago boy, our presidents took their names—the great avenue runs due south in unbroken line to Fifty-seventh. At Fifty-fifth it crosses the broad, beautiful Garfield boulevard and finds itself in the fair suburb of Englewood, a long mile away from the lake it so closely skirted at the northern end, and with many a wealth-bordered street, with two more boulevards, Grand and Drexel, and two beautiful parks, Washington and Jackson, be-

tween it and the long, concave curve of the shining shore. Here, in the lower end of Washington, and all over the admirably watered area of Jackson park, is to be the main location of the coming World's Fair, though some of the buildings are plotted around the site of the Exposition of the old days. Once below the barrier block at Fifty-seventh street the avenue again appears, and, despite frequent breaks and broad railway crossings, it holds its way far out of sight from



VIEW IN ADAMS STREET, SHOWING THE OWINGS BUILDING AND THE POSTOFFICE.



CUPID'S FOUNTAIN.

our perch—farther than field glasses can distinguish even on a Sunday, when the smoke is not belching from the myriad chimneys of South Chicago—far southward until it strikes the Little Calumet, and Kensington and Pullman and Fernwood—sturdy Fernwood that, like a modern Sparta, holds out against her surroundings and maintains her autonomy despite Chicago's frowns. It is a gallant fight, yet the result is but a matter of time. One-hundred-and-thirtieth street borders the southern edge of Lake Calumet, across whose placid surface ran the old Indian boundary line which, starting from the mouth of the Grand Calumet on the shore of the Big Water, took a due southwesterly course into what was then a wilderness of stunted trees and prairie hummocks and slow, curdling streams; what is now a wilderness of factories, brickyards, lumber yards, railway shops, steel works, rolling mills, blast furnaces and suburban village sites and pretty suburban homes. Michigan avenue has its frequent breaks, but not so its western neighbor—State. From the lower edge of the beautiful Lincoln park, a mile above Chicago river, straight away to the south until it too is lost in the Little Calumet, State street runs its unbroken course. "Seventeen miles without a bend or break, sir," says your Chicago cicerone. "What city can beat it?"

Here, a few blocks northwest of our perch at the Auditorium, just at the crossing of State and Madison streets, is probably the very heart of Chicago, the very centre of its vast business system. New York city may cover Manhattan Island from Spuyten Duyvil to the Battery and consider itself a big thing, but Chicago has room for two cities as long as New York between her northern and southern boundaries. New York city is really quite broad from river to river at Twenty-third street, but it's a ten-mile walk in Chicago from the lake to the western limits, either along the Eighty-seventh street boulevard on the South side or Fullerton avenue on the North. As for its superficial area, Chicago authorities are just now divided as to whether it is 185 or 175 square miles. The former will probably prevail. As for the boulevards themselves, let some famous eastern regiment undertake to make the circuit from the lake front at the Auditorium around to Lincoln park by way of Washington, Gage, Douglas and Humboldt parks, and it will need an early morning start and probably frequent rests before the goal is reached. It is a day's march, a good twenty-four miles. Some of the outlying boulevards are not yet completed, but those which, like the Grand, the Drexel, the Ashland and the Washington, are nearer the centre of population or the lake could hardly be in finer condition. Paved with asphaltum or the finest Macadam, smooth, stoneless, bordered by bridle-paths under overarching trees, divided longitudinally, many of them, by beautiful ribbons of greenest turf and fairest flowers—"esplanades" they would be called in New Orleans—paralleled on both sides by shaded promenades, these boulevards of Chicago, leading from park to park, are thronged every bright afternoon with every variety of equipage. Family teams and coaches are there, as staid and sombre and slow of movement as those of the ancient Knickerbocker households that still hold court around New York's old Washington square, or those of Quakerdom at Rittenhouse; but these are rare, and are looked upon with laughing wonderment by Chicago's critical populace, whose breezy taste is far more attuned to the dashing drags and dogcarts, the whirling road-wagons with blooded spans of

bays, or even more by the rush of the professional trotters, monarchs of the western turf, who can be seen day after day showing off their paces along the race-course of the Grand Boulevard. There is abundant room for every kind, for from curb to curb the roadway lacks but two feet of 200.

A dozen articles double the size of this might well be written of Chicago's streets and boulevards, of her lavish park system, her lake shore drive on the North side, curving at the very edge of the breakers that come tumbling in from old Michigan on days when the wind is in shore, dashing their blue-green rollers in clouds of hissing spray upon the sea-wall, cooling, fanning, blessing the flushed faces of the thousands who drive, ride or stroll hither for such pure enjoyment of the shaded pathways, the plashing fountains, the rippling lakes—imprisoned arms that the Big Water has thrust inland only to find them seized and held as Chicago seizes and holds everything that comes within her gates—of the ferneries, hot-houses, greenhouses in so many of the parks; of the statues and memorials to the great men of Illinois, Lincoln, Grant, Douglas and Logan; of the Indian group, the tribute of one wealthy citizen; of the La Salle statue, the gift of another; of the Schiller monument, erected by German residents of this utterly un-Teutonic city; of all that has been accomplished through energy, public spirit and that "long pull and strong pull and pull all together" system that has made Chicago what she is, and that has transformed a sandy, swampy flat, a stale and unprofitable barren, into a chain of beautiful parks and pleasaunces. Utterly lacking the rolling contours, the bold, rocky heights and picturesque glens that have been used to so admirable advantage in the great Central park of New York, Chicago has shown her indomitable enterprise and daring spirit in nothing more than in her determination to make grace and beauty spring into being where nature herself had set her ban.

It would take a week to visit and half appreciate these parks. One can spend hours in watching the animated scene of a Sunday afternoon along the lake front of the South side, where the populace swarm for air and recreation, where rapid-running steamers, white-winged yachts and myriad rowboats, canoes or tiny sloops bear their living freight across the plashing waters; where for nothing the laborer can get his Sunday share of God's sunshine and cooling breezes, sparkling waves, the blessing of freshest, purest air, and for a dime the treat of an excursion to the great government piers, to the crib of the intake of the waterworks two miles out to sea, to the sandy flats at Jackson park, fast being transformed into



IN WASHINGTON PARK.

dikes, roads and driveways, and broad, smooth, cleared spaces on which are being traced the foundations of the mammoth structures of the coming World's Fair. All North Chicago, that portion of the great city which lies above the river and east of the shallow, tortuous North branch, does its driving along that beautiful lake shore road, or the Sheridan drive beyond. All South Chicago gathers on the broad boulevards toward the southern parks. All West Chicago, if it decline to traverse the intervening miles of shop-lined thoroughfares and the massive iron bridges, takes the air on broad Ashland, Washington or Douglas boulevards, or in Garfield, Douglas or Humboldt parks. Crossing the river, especially from north to south, is something of a problem; the



DERBY DAY, WASHINGTON PARK CLUB.

millions, "but what are these among so many?"

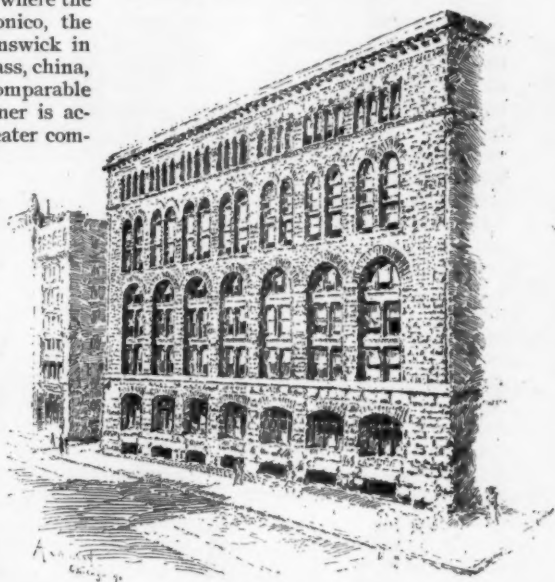
bridges open incessantly, and despite the fact that there are six of them over less than half a mile of stream, they are so jammed with horse or cable cars, with huge trucks, "busses," carts and coal-wagons, that private conveyances are apt to suffer. The boulevards are sacred to these latter, and already Chicago has hit upon her plan. She tunnelled the South branch at Washington street; she lifted the Twelfth-street roadway by a mile of magnificent viaduct across all the maze of railway tracks that enter the heart of the city from the south, across the South branch, through which Lake Michigan sends her cooling waters out to the interior and hundreds of lake craft to the great docks and canals and to the lumber yards, elevators and manufactories in and opposite Bridgeport; and now Chicago declares her lake shore boulevards shall know no break even at the river. At present the southern limit of the north shore drive is at Elm street, a mile above the mouth. Chicago ordains that that boulevard shall be swung out into the lake itself, passing around the great granite waterworks, striking the beach again at the foot of Ohio street only four blocks above the river, and there be lifted bodily over on a high steel truss or trestle whose swing will open to only the tallest masted ships. It will cost

An enterprising publisher of Chicago has prepared a project by which the visitor to the erstwhile Garden City may see it all and know it well. He estimates that thirty-one days must be given up to the undertaking. If it require thirty-one days of unremitting sightseeing to "take in" Chicago, it is useless to try to tell much about it in the limits of even a double magazine article. "Let us hear about its streets, clubs, churches, theatres and libraries," says the editor; and even that means more than weeks of travel. Chicago hotels were famous the world over not long ago, but though mammoth to-day they are little better and certainly much dingier than they were a dozen years ago. Then the Palmer, the Grand Pacific, the Tremont and Sherman were referred to as "palatial," but now they are utterly dwarfed by their towering surroundings. The western front of the Palmer and Tremont, the eastern front of the Grand Pacific and Sherman are still blessed with a few hours of sunshine; but in all of them there are halls and passages and rooms dark as Erebus even at mid-day. Over on the lake front the Leland and the new and beautiful Richelieu are breezy and sunny, but they, too, are threatened by overshadowing piles soon to be built. It is only the Auditorium that rises superior to all its neighbors. Its roof overtops the church spires, or would if there were any. Its tower pierces

the zenith like the Babel of old. Its scale of steps to the signal halliards is declared to be the highest in America—the only thing to match it is its scale of prices. One pays six dollars a day for an ordinary room without bath on the seventh floor if living on the American plan, and five dollars for the same if choosing the European. If the first be the choice one dines in a fine, airy, sunshiny hall at the top of the house, whither one is lifted in the twinkling of an eye and served promptly and fairly well. If the choice be the second the guest is politely shown to the restaurant on the ground floor, where the prices parallel those of Delmonico, the Hoffman, the Plaza or the Brunswick in New York, but where neither glass, china, napery, cuisine nor service is comparable with that to which the easterner is accustomed. One can live in greater comfort and luxury at the Plankinton in Milwaukee for half the money.

So, too, in some of Chicago's theatres has the eastern scale of prices been introduced and the very best of eastern companies play here to crowded houses months at a time. Augustin Daly fairly packed Hooley's beautiful house on Randolph street from pit to dome, but then its seating capacity is only about 1500. Over opposite the mammoth court house on Washington street is the more modern Opera House, built in '85, one of the finest theatres in the West if not in the world, seating comfortably 2300 people, lighted entirely by electricity, claiming to be as nearly fireproof as human ingenuity can make it, possessing no less than fourteen exits, which enable it to be cleared in a twinkling, and a veritable mammoth of a stage whereon all manner of mechanical effects are possible. This is one of the greatest popular theatres of Chicago and one where the admission fee is within general range. The Columbia, on Monroe, matches it in almost every respect and under its present management is also extremely popular. McVicker's theatre on Madison, close to the city's heart, has long been the home of the refined drama, and

has never lacked for "star" attractions or the support of the more critical and cultured classes; but twice it has been ruined by fire and is even now in process of reconstruction. "It soon reopens at the old stand, however," says our Chicago guide, and with every promise of maintaining its old and well-won standard. These four are in the city proper—the old city, bounded by the river, lake and Twelfth street. But farther down, at the corner of State and Archer avenue, is still another big and beautiful house built only a year ago, Moorish in architecture and



MARSHALL FIELD BUILDING.

finish, most appropriately named the Alhambra, and seating 2500 people without counting the theatre parties in its twelve boxes. Farther down on Sixty-third street, in Englewood, is the Timmerman Opera House, a new and luxurious theatre fitted up with every modern improvement and largely patronized by the populace of that beautiful suburb. Over on the West side the great mass of the people find abundant room and pleasing entertainment in the new Haymarket theatre on West Madison street, the Standard on Halstead and a dozen minor temples of Thespis; but the North side is practically

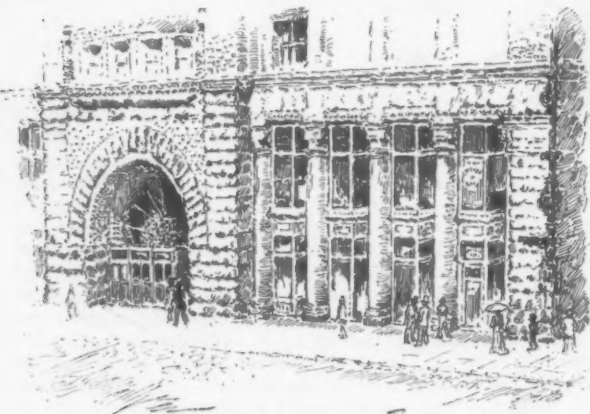
destitute. Here are the homes of hundreds of wealthy and influential citizens, here are hosts of patrons of the drama; but they have to come, one and all, far down to the city proper, across the dark lanes of old Kinzie and Michigan, the restless river, and so on to the playhouses of old Chicago, grandest of which in every respect, richest, best equipped, most perfect in acoustic properties, most comfortable in seating capacity, wonderful in stage expanse and stage mechanism—in fact “the most magnificent temple of amusement on the face of the globe,” most Chicagoest of undertakings, most lavish of space, light, air, money, properties; monarch of theatrical monarchs, caster into the shade of La Scala of Milan, putter to shame of the Grand Opera of Paris, owner of a stage on which all other stages would be but as shreds and patches, seater of 4000 spectators; stager, if necessary, of 3000 players, is Chicago's latest phenomenon—the Auditorium.

Here Patti warbled on the opening night and raved over its manifold beauties and perfections; here Lilli Lehmann and our own Albani and Nordica have lifted up their thrilling song to its echoing vault; here America's greatest orators have spoken with ease to listening thousands, and Bob Ingersoll nearly turned the great republican convention into a howling wilderness when he wound up a telling speech by the declaration that it was their duty to nominate his favorite candidate, who happened not to be that of New York

or Indiana; here the name of Benjamin Harrison went before the people as the standard-bearer of republicanism in the coming contest; here De Witt Talmage has exhorted and Chauncey Depew has charmed; here Strauss has led his Vienna orchestra and Tamagno has held spell-bound the lovers of grand opera; and here Chicago sits enthroned in this year of grace and tells you the wide world can show nothing to match her great playhouse. If ever the time should come when the nations of the earth unite to beat it, she will simply turn it into something else and build anew.

Not only has she theatres in abundance, but Chicago has permanent panorama courts where in great circular paintings her people can see and almost hear the very climax of Gettysburg, can see the tumbling cataract and almost feel the spray and be deafened by the thunder of Niagara. A few squares farther down Wabash avenue, behind the most artistic castellated wall stands, room for room, door for door, window for window, even brick for brick, old Libby prison, lugged here bodily from the banks of the James that Chicago, as Chicago expresses it, might “set 'em up again” for all comers—another thing Chicago never tires of doing. This transplanted Libby has a war museum that is crammed with pictures, documents and objects of absorbing interest to every son of America, North or South, that lives today.

Clubs? Dozens of them. Biggest and most impressive from without and vastly comfortable and well arranged and lighted within is the Union League on Jackson street, across the way from the postoffice. Organized on the same basis and for the same avowed purpose as the Union League of New York or Philadelphia, it is a head centre of



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE ROOKERY.



HALL OF THE ROOKERY.

loyalty to the general government and of hospitality to Chicago's visitors. It has 1200 active members with hundreds still knocking at the doors. The Chicago club, staid, sombre and eminently respectable, is a western edition of the New York Union. Its dark front rises across the way from the Palmer House on Monroe street. It is the sanctum sanctorum of the men of heaviest calibre in Chicago's professional and business circles. It is conservative and more like the effete East than anything in the city except possibly that occasional scale of prices. It is, of course, the most expensive, and its membership is limited to 450 resident and 150 outsiders. The Calumet, down on Michigan avenue at Twentieth street, owns a beautiful house with hall, staircase, stained windows and pictures that would adorn any city on the globe. It is the old settlers' home. It is the depository of the archives of the early days of Chicago. It is emphatically a South side club and one well worth a dozen visits. The University has as yet no doors of its own to open "on the ground floor," to the college men who swarm to the city; but it is very com-

fortably and cosily housed in the University building on Dearborn street, in the heart of the town, and here, in roomy apartments, with abundant light and air, with a kitchen out of sight and smell, but by no means out of range, with a capital chef and a supply of Falernian that belies the statement that it lacks a cellar, the Chicago University is the rendezvous of a host of genial men recruited from the same rolls that grace the list of the famed University on Madison square in Gotham—and equally good judges of Burgundy.

Then there is the Washington Park, Chicago's famous jockey club. There is the Standard on Michigan avenue and Thirteenth, which might not inaptly be renamed the Semitic, and which owns one of the finest clubhouses in the West. There is the Press club, 250 strong, made up almost entirely of the keenest-witted, sharpest-scented and most indefatigable gang of news gatherers that ever swarmed, to use a Chicago expression, "about a fire or a free lunch." There is the Whitechapel, whose membership is made up of literary and professional men, whose quarters, from all accounts, are a veritable cham-

ber of horrors and whose respected selves are sometimes referred to as "holy terrors." There is the Forty club, composed of twoscore journalists and their kindred sharps, the lawyers, that gives a famous dinner once a month and bids to its board many a favored outsider. There is the new Fellowship, a western edition of the re-

nowned Clover—the Clover that so rejoiced the heart of Max O'Rell. The Fellowship has but just started, yet its every guest may deem himself in big luck on obtaining an invitation until he gets upon his feet to speak, and then he has no motto but Dante's "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." There are the political clubs; the world-renowned Iroquois, that western centre of democracy that takes Tammany in one hand and the Manhattan in the other, says the Chicago man, and knocks their heads together when they squabble; the La Salle, which essays both politics and sociability; the Woman's club; the Girls' club, and family clubs; boat clubs, yacht clubs, tennis clubs, dinner clubs, dancing clubs, singing clubs, social clubs, riding clubs and ball clubs without number; even a church club, made up entirely of ecclesiastics, and an amphibious affair out at the end of the great jutting pier, a club that is neither afloat nor ashore and yet seems both, the Argo, whose members are distinguished from the famous Forty-Niners of San Francisco by the title Chicargonauts. Chicago has more clubs than churches, though these are well-nigh countless; yet one of the first things an eastern man remarks is the apparent absence of churches from the city. He may stroll a mile or more in any direction from his hotel and see not a sign of such a thing. He may stand here on the tower of the Auditorium and, north, west and south, until lost in its veil of smoke, the city lies before his eyes, almost beneath his feet. If church spires are pointing



BEAR PITS IN LINCOLN PARK.

the way to heaven anywhere within the limits of his vision they are as a rule hidden by immense fifteen-story business blocks. In fact, there are no churches in the heart of Chicago, though this is only one reason why she is called the Wick- ed City. Before the great fire there were a few, but the ground on which they stood was of such commercial

value that the sanctuaries sold out, realizing substantially on the transaction.

Let the visitor take the cable cars (referred to as "the grips" until the malady of that name devastated the West and made the term unpopular) and go in any direction away from the nest of hotels, wholesale blocks, banks and counting houses in the old city and in twenty minutes he will find himself in the midst of embarrassing plenty. If southward, he will find on Wabash and Michigan avenues and many a side street church edifices that are attractive in design and finish. Northward, Dearborn avenue will remind him of New York's Fifth avenue above the reservoir except that it is broader, roomier, cooler, more beautifully shaded. It is adorned here and there with churches that are numerous if not remarkable, and that as to architecture are utterly unlike old Grace or Trinity. Over on the West side Ashland and Washington avenues abound in fine large churches for every conceivable denomination: the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans (English, Danish, German and Scandinavian), Methodist Episcopalians, Unitarians, Universalists and Hebrews all and many more having their sanctuaries; while such eminent divines as David Swing and Doctor Thomas hold forth, the one in the new central Music Hall on State street, the other in McVicker's theatre when that improvised house of worship is not undergoing the process of combustion or consequent repair. There are famous



HALL OF THE UNION CLUB.

names among the clergy of Chicago: Bishop McLaren of the great cathedral on Washington boulevard, Clinton Locke of Grace on Wabash, Bishop Fallows of Saint Paul's Methodist Episcopalian, Rabbi Hirsch of Sinai congregation, which worships over against Doctor Barrows of the First Presbyterian on Indiana avenue at Twenty-first street, and the Reverend F. W. Gunsaulus of Plymouth Congregational on Michigan avenue, are all distinguished men whom thousands flock to hear, but who form only a little squad in Chicago's strong battalion of leaders in the worship and service of God. There are some fifty-five Congregational churches, forty Baptist, sixty Lutheran, twenty-five Episcopalian, twelve Reformed Episcopalian, seventy Methodist Episcopalian, forty-five Presbyterian, seventy-five Roman Catholic and fifteen Jewish synagogues. Nevertheless, Chicago's temples

to the glory of God are decidedly dwarfed by those she has built for the worship of Mammon.

On the other hand, the new Masonic temple now rapidly rising above all surrounding objects is a building that will cast into the shade anything of its kind in the world. It stands on the northeast corner of State and Randolph streets. It is no less than twenty stories in height, with a dormer roof above all that. It is built of granite, brick and steel, absolutely fireproof, resting on foundations of cement and iron that burrow far under the adjoining blocks and streets. It will be finished in plenty of time for all to see who may attend the great World's Fair, and when it is said that in height it will overtop the gallery of the Auditorium tower, the uselessness of attempt at further description in an article of this size will be manifest.

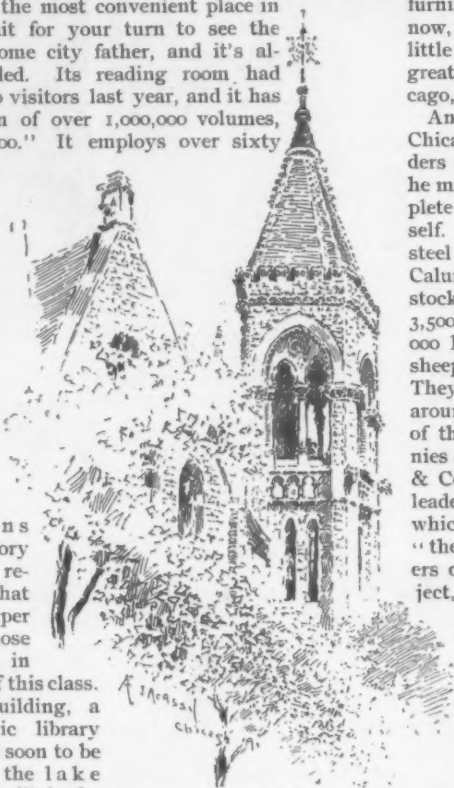
As for libraries—"Well," says your Chicago guide, "you must remember what hustlers we have had to be and how little time we've had to read. Oh! there are fine private libraries, of course, and then the clubs have theirs; but the public library was not founded until after the fire, yet now it occupies the whole fourth floor of the city hall, convenient for everybody. In fact, it's the most convenient place in town to wait for your turn to see the mayor or some city father, and it's always crowded. Its reading room had over 700,000 visitors last year, and it has a circulation of over 1,000,000 volumes, yes, 1,250,000." It employs over sixty people as librarians, assistants, etc., and has 20,000 volumes of English fiction, 17,000 of German literature, 6500 French literature, and, as Chicago taste runs mainly to story books, it is recorded that sixty-two per cent. of those taken out in 1890 were of this class. A new building, a great public library building, is soon to be put up on the lake front; this will be far from the centre of population, but every other foot of ground within the old city is covered sometimes fifteen and twenty deep. It is only recently, you must remember, that the attention of Chicago has been called to the fact that she has nothing like the great libraries of New York and Boston. But this matter, says our Chicago friend, is to receive immediate action. The lamented John Crerar, who died a short time ago, bequeathed a sum of almost \$2,000,000 for

the foundation of a library to be named for himself and built on the South side, and the Newberry library, similarly endowed by the late W. L. Newberry, is to occupy an entire block in front of Washington square on the North side. The latter has already a most valuable collection of rare works and some 50,000 volumes, "all solid learning." The public library furnishes the fiction. Just now, therefore, Chicago has little to show in the way of great libraries; but, says Chicago, just wait.

And now, if the visitor to Chicago desires to see the wonders outlying the city proper he must visit Pullman, a complete little municipality in itself. He must see the great steel works along the Grand Calumet, the mammoth Union stockyards where, in 1890, 3,500,000 horned cattle, 7,500,000 hogs, and over 2,000,000 sheep were brought to market. They cover 400 acres, and all around them are the "plants" of the great packing companies of which that of Armour & Company is probably the leader, though there are others which, with this, constitute "the Big Four," the promoters of the new stockyard project, an enterprise that promises to give birth to a new ward, if not a new city, of 100,000 people or more, along Chicago's southeastern border at the Grand Calumet, though across the present Indiana line; while at the same time the old stockyard

company is expected to sell out its present plant at vast profit to itself and move southwestward, some six miles or so, to a 2000-acre tract, if they need that much; and from these two, Chicago proposes to supply the world with dressed meat. She can nearly do it now.

A mile away across the flats to the northwest and at the edge of the South branch are the great works of the McCormick Harvesting Machine company—the com-



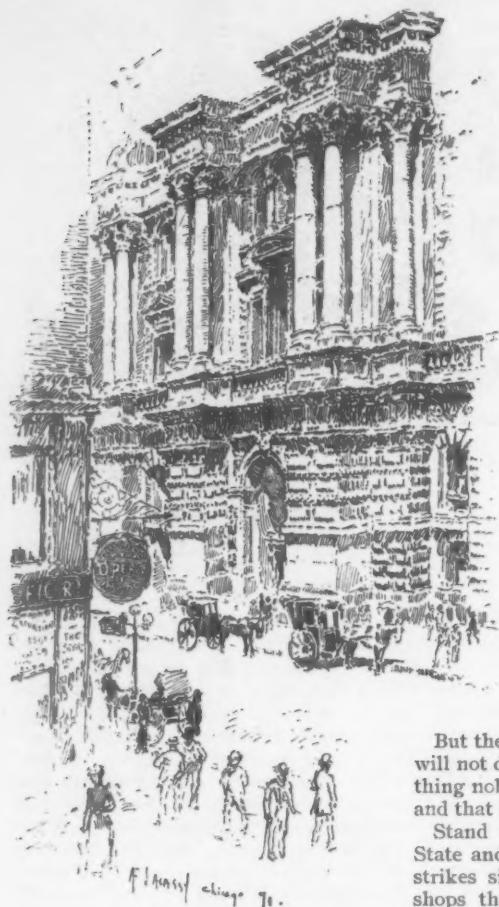
SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



RESIDENCE OF JUDGE TREE.

pany that sold over 100,000 of one kind of machine only last year—that covers what would be a dozen blocks in the heart of the city and is one of Chicago's mammoth industries today. Its great rival, the William Deering works, cover a space of no less than forty acres with closely packed buildings at an almost corresponding position on the North branch; but there is no possibility of more than alluding to either. Chicago is fairly cordoned by a great chain of mammoth manufacturing plants, stretching far out across the prairies, and beyond these are dozens of the brightest, fairest, sunniest or shadiest suburban villages ever seen, interspersed with parks and groves, winding streams and perfectly kept driveways; and in every direction, north, west and south, at all hours of the day and night the great trains of twenty different railway companies are shooting like meteors across the level plains. One can go anywhere in America from Chicago—that is, anywhere worth going—without change of cars. A man is now exhibiting a machine which actually seems to lift itself in mid-air without bursting a boiler or starting a bolt, and he claims that next year it will be whizzing through the sky like a

big mallard, making several trips a day to and from St. Louis. Last week the verse of the topical song which brought down the house at one of the theatres wound up with the words, "And next she annexes the moon and Milwaukee." Such is the spirit of Chicago. No handsomer trains, even "the Ghost" to Boston or the B. & O. Bluebird, run from Gotham than those which speed every day from Chicago, north, south and west, over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, or the Alton, the Monon and the Santa Fé. And as for street railways, Chicago beats the world. Horse cars, except on a few short lines, have almost disappeared. The whirring cable takes you skimming over the rails in every direction with a speed little short of the elevated roads of New York and with no climbing up stairs to reach them. Chicago, too, will soon have her "L's," but when she does there will be lifts at every station. No one in Chicago condescends to climb from story to story. Every great building has its equipment of elevators—its vertical railways and cars—some only for through passengers, others ordinary "accommodations" that stop at any floor you wish; but these latter are too slow for men who wish



A BIT OF THE COURT HOUSE.

to see the manager of a railway in the Rand-McNally building and then get a bite at the Pullman restaurant, which is, of course, at the top floor. They are five squares apart only, but the Chicago man jumps into a cab. Away it darts, dumps him at the Pullman portals; he tosses cabby a quarter and up he goes in the waiting cage. Now the stranger within her gates cannot do that with the average cabby. The best rule is to patronize the "grip" roads wherever you are going. Now one other thing about Chicago and these admonitions cease. It resembles Milwaukee in just one particular. No one

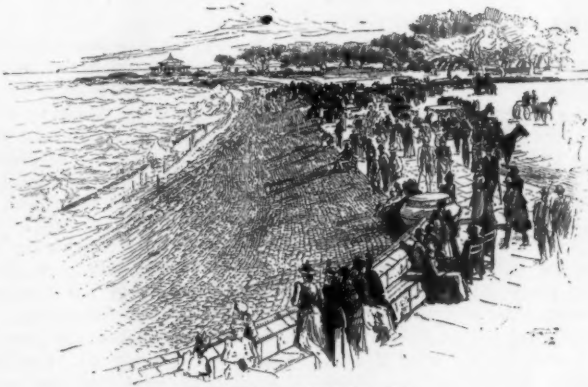
ever can predict what in the way of weather a day may bring forth. You may be broiling in cloudless sunshine at eight A.M. and shivering in a northeaster off the lake at ten. You may sigh for palm leaves and pajamas at three P.M. and jump for your furs at five. You may sally forth in ulster and overshoes in the teeth of a blizzard after breakfast and before noonday you are bathed in perspiration, and a Chicago friend will tell you they are baking flapjacks on the flagstone front of the city hall. It is this meteorological uncertainty that has given rise to another recent boom for Chicago as a summer resort. "If you want change of climate," says the Chicago man, "here's your place; we can ring all the changes on the barometer in twenty-four hours; we can give you more changes of climate for a dollar than you can get elsewhere for a thousand."

But there is nothing Chicago cannot or will not do when she tries. There is one thing nobody can do in a dozen chapters, and that is adequately to describe her.

Stand with me here at the corner of State and Madison as the evening clock strikes six. From all the huge retail shops that line the great thoroughfares swarms of men and women, girls and boys are pouring forth upon the crowded pavement. Along the rows of parallel tracks of the main avenue, far as the eye can see, north or south, a long perspective of cable cars, crowded with passengers; mothers with children two deep upon their laps; men with newspapers, oblivious to the dozens of tired-looking shop women who cling desperately to the hanging straps; bevvies of men and boys perched on the footboards and hanging on by the skin of their teeth; probably a hundred human beings on every car, four cars on every train, four trains in every block, all banging, clanging, whirring and, once loaded, stopping for nothing and nobody; all

bristling with people. Around the corner into the side streets, slipping, struggling, clattering, plunging at their collars, panting horses tug the ordinary street cars, jammed with passengers whom the conductor vainly strives to pack into closer mass. Between the tracks and the curb run and scurry hundreds of men, women and children, dodging the rushing cabs, ducking under heavy, slow-moving trucks, skipping around huge wagons of the express companies, jeering at the cockaded "top hat" of some hapless private coachman, guying the big policemen, hoarse and red in the face with vain shoutings at stolid or laughing drivers. Never in the palmiest days of Fulton street and Broadway was there a scene like this. Never were such desperate chances taken. Never such risks were run. Cabs dash madly through gaps not big enough for a Shetland. Parmelee's great busses and baggage wagons thunder across over the Belgian. Cabs, carts, hacks, wagons, trucks, grips, gongs, gamins, bells, yells, shouts, swear words, shrill-voiced newsboys, dago fruit sellers, rushing street urchins tumbling over everybody; gum-chewing, giggling shopgirls; bewildered, bundle-laden rustics; pallid, weary-looking typewriters; elbowing, jostling, toe-treading clerks and counter jumpers; hulking street loafers, furtively eying the club-brandishing policemen; everyone going full tilt, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Collisions, shocks, wild plunges for hats that go skim-

ming among the tramping feet; crash in the street, locking wheels, cracking whips, plunging horses, declamatory policemen, blaspheming drivers, slang, billingsgate, uproar, clatter, ear-piercing screams—some woman's small boy under the wheels—no, he isn't, only stooped to pick up an apple. "Evenin' Journal, full account of the murdurr." "Nicea banana—tree for a nickel." "Stop that car, somebody!" Clang, lang, lang. "Who you shovin'?" Clang, lang. Bang, bang, bang. Yells. Shouts. Furious clangor of gongs. Rush, uproar. Hi! hi there! Look out! LOOK OUT! Bang. Bang. Clang. OUT THE WAY! Rush—scurry. A volcano on wheels bounds across the railway tracks; behind, plunging, whip-lashed, panting horses. Men in blue cling to the hand-rail of the red hose cart that whirls in its wake; choking coal smoke darkens the street; flames leap from the benzine-fed furnace of the glittering engine that thunders by. Crowds rush into the void behind it. "Back there—back!" Clang, clang, clang. Bang. Look out! LOOK out! Crack. Crash. Clatter. More gong: more thunder: more furious plunging. A long hook-and-ladder truck thrashes madly round the corner, "slues" within an inch of the huddling throng and tears away down the echoing Belgian. Once more the crowd surges into the street. Once more clang, bang, whirl and whiz. Once more shout, uproar, push, squeeze, hustle, rush and clatter. That's Chicago!



THE BEACH, JACKSON PARK.



MY FATHER'S LETTERS.

BY MINNIE EWING SHERMAN.

THE world knew him as a leader of men and of armies, as a brave, wise man in war and peace; one whom all men loved and respected, whom his friends, and even those who were his enemies, united to honor, both in life and death. No man could be more deeply or sincerely mourned by his friends. No fame could be brighter or more undying than his. But not even his best and nearest friends could know him as his children did. I would like the world to hear some of the kind, loving words this great, good man sent home from the field of battle to those he left behind. He never made any difference in his children; what he wrote, said, or felt to one he did to the others. I can only offer his loving words to me as an example of all this. I have tried to save every word he wrote to me even from a child. To his young daughter he was the lover and the hero. When another love took the place in the daughter's heart even before such a father, he was the kindest, best, and dearest friend woman ever had, loving and devoted always, appreciating and sharing my joys, sympathizing with and comforting me in

my sorrows. His memory is a life-long treasure.

We had lived in New Orleans in 1853, and my first letter from him was written there in 1859, where he had gone to buy furniture for the new college in Alexandria, of which he was president.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA,

December 7, 1859.

MY DEAR LITTLE MINNIE: I have just come from our old house on Magazine street. I went there on purpose to tell you that I had seen it, the place where we lived when you were a very little child, and where Lizzie was a little baby. The house is there still, but nobody lives in it. There is a paper on the door telling all the world that it is empty. Instead of the grocery store on the corner there is an apothecary store, but everything else is the same, and it was hard for me to realize that so many changes have occurred since, and so many events have passed of deep interest to us all. I walked along the pavement and saw the candy store where you used to make me get you candy

and toys, and I saw that awful place where you used to cry and call for me to lift you over. Were you to see it, you would laugh and bound over it at one leap, for it is nothing but a grating made over the pavement to prevent the heavy wheels of coal carts from hurting the pavement.

YOUR PAPA.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA,

January 22, 1860.

DEAR LITTLE MINNIE: I will soon have a good house, so next year you and mamma, Lizzie, Willy, Tommy and the baby will all come down to Louisiana, where, maybe, we will live all our lives. I think you will like it very much. There is no snow here now. We had snow only two days this winter, and there is plenty of wood—but today it was so warm that we did not need fires at all. The grass is beginning to grow and the trees begin to look as though we would soon have flowers, but generally the leaves do not sprout till about March. Your mamma tells me that you all expect me this winter, but I am counting on staying here, and bringing you all down next winter. Give my love to all. Tell Willy that as soon as he can read I will write to him very often, for I know he loves me very much—more than he does anybody else unless he has changed. He has had nice times with his boots and sled. When he comes here he will have no sled, but I will get a pony for him to ride. You may believe I would like to see you all in your

snug little house, but I know I am too far off, and there is no chance of my coming for a long time yet.

YOUR LOVING PAPA.

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING,
ALEXANDRIA MILITARY ACADEMY,

December 15, 1860.

DEAREST MINNIE: . . . The house is all done, only some little painting to be done. It looks beautifully; two front porches and one back one. All the windows open down to the floor like doors, so that you can walk out on the porch either up stairs or down stairs. I know you would all like the house so much; but, my dear little Minnie, man proposes and God disposes. What I have been planning so long and patiently, and thought we were on the point of realizing—the dream and hope of my life, that we could all be together once

more in a home of our own, with peace and quiet and plenty around us—all, I fear, is about to vanish, and again I fear I must be a wanderer, leaving you all to grow up at Lancaster without your Papa. Men are blind and crazy. They think all the people of Ohio are trying to steal their slaves and incite them to rise up and kill their masters. I know this is a delusion, but when people believe a delusion they believe it harder than a real fact, and these people in the South are going, for this delusion, to break up the government under which we live. You cannot understand this, but mamma will explain it to you. Our governor here





has gone so far now that he cannot change, and in a month, maybe, you will be living under one government and I under another. This cannot last long, and as I know it is best for you all to stay in Lancaster I will not bring you down here at all, unless some very great change takes place. If this were only a plain college I could stay with propriety, but it is an arsenal, with guns and powder and balls, and were I to stay here I might have to fight for Louisiana against Ohio. That would hardly do; you would not like that, I know, and yet I have been asked to do it. But I hope still this will yet pass away, and that our house and garden will yet see us all united here in Louisiana. Tell Lizzie and Willy and Tommy. Mamma tells me all about them in her letters.

YOUR LOVING PAPA.

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,

Sunday Morning, July 14, 1861.

MY DEAR MINNIE: I received your good letter the other day and have got up early this morning before I have to go out on duty to write to you. War is a terrible thing, especially when, as now, we are

fighting people like Mrs. T. and Mrs. P. and thousands of others whom I used to know as kind, good friends, and they thinking they are defending their country, their houses and families against foreign invaders. So, my dear child, don't get in the habit of calling hard names, of rebels, traitors, but remember how easy it is for people to become deceived and drawn on step by step till war, death and destruction are upon them. I am now in a pretty cottage with fine gravel walks lined with flowers and boxwood, but the fences are down, horses tied to beautiful cedars, tents pitched in among the roses and everything trodden down by soldiers from the North. A large fort is built where the barnyard was, the stable is a guardhouse and the corn crib full of flour. All around for miles fences are torn down and hogs, horses and cattle roam at will through clover and wheat and corn fields. No

matter how much officers may wish to protect, soldiers will take rail fences for their campfires, and it is miraculous how soon a fence disappears and yet nobody did it. Thus wherever an army goes there will be destruction of property. . . .

Tell Aunt H. that I have been so busy of late that I could not go to see her father and mother but that I will do so yet if we don't start tomorrow. Tell her not to be too unhappy, for that I say there are plenty of officers who feel very kindly to all the people. We must fight and subdue those in arms against us and our government, but we mean them no harm. We have not disturbed a single slave; even the slaves of Colonel Lee are at Arlington cultivating the farm and selling vegetables and milk to the soldiers for their master and mistress, who are with the Virginians. This is a strange war, and God grant it may never be felt near you all. In the quiet of Lancaster I believe you are better off than anywhere else and I am glad you all like it so. You and Lizzie must write often. Tell Willy I would like to show him some real soldiers here, but he will see enough of them in his day. Love to all.

YOUR PAPA.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE,

August 16, 1862.

MY DEAR MINNIE: I received your letter on my arrival here, now two weeks ago, and have been so busily employed in matters that could not interest you that I have hardly had time to think of dear mamma and the children that hardly know me. It is only when the crowd is dispersed by night and the gentlemen of my staff go to bed that I can sit and think of you all in quiet Lancaster. Mamma says you continue to grow and are already as tall as Aunt Sissy, but sitting here this moonlight night by the dark and flowing Mississippi I think of Minnie as she was when we carried her a baby down its whole length to New Orleans, rather than as the tall young lady of our present home. How I remember leading you about the boat as we passed the high bluff where now lies the camp of my men, armed and accoutred for war, and where more than a thousand slaves are working on a fort to take Memphis from its present owners for the new race of men from the colder and more inhospitable climate of the North. How much better it would be if we could come here in peace and purchase one of the thousand of beautiful cottages that environ the town and live as we once did in St. Louis. But no, you are in Lancaster and I am here, the stern and cruel tyrant, slave of a despotic master, Lincoln! Hundreds of children like yourself are daily taught to curse

my name, and each night thousands kneel in prayer and beseech the Almighty to consign me to perdition. Such is war. The people here look on us as invaders, come to rob them of house and property and even life. We tell them we want nothing they have. We don't want their houses, their farms, their niggers, anything they have; but they don't believe us, and I fear that this universal bitter

feeling will cause the very result they profess to dread. I have been forced to turn "families" out of their houses and homes and force them to go to a strange land because of their hostility, and I have today been compelled to order soldiers to lay hands on women to force them to leave their homes to go to join their husbands in hostile camps. Think of this, and how cruel men become in war when even your papa has to do such acts. Pray every night that this war may end; not that you want me home, but that our whole people may not become robbers and murderers. It now requires all my energy to prevent our soldiers from robbing and plundering

the houses and property of supposed enemies; but our enemies are even worse than we, for they shoot our men if they go outside our lines and fire on steamboats as they go up and down the river. Instead of sitting out on the guards now, as we used to do on the steamboats, the passengers lie behind bales of hay or goods to shelter them from rifle balls that come from the green bushes which line the shores. Indeed am I thankful that you



all are not here; bad enough that I am; but that you are safe and at home keeps me contented. Your mamma and grandpa think it is a great thing to be a high general. I would in any war but this, but I cannot but look on these people as my old friends. Every day I meet old friends who would shoot me dead if I were to go outside of camp and who look on me as a brutal wretch. I am in hopes Uncle Charley will come here and join my command, for all with me are strangers to you. All my staff know you and Lizzie and Willy and Tom, for I have told them of you all. Poor little Elly and Rachel are not known in foreign parts, but it will not be long before they too are tall young misses. I want you to write to me often and Lizzie too. When I do get home you will both be able to read to me and tell me all the stories in your books, and in time I will drive you out and tell you all about strange countries and about the war. Give my love to mamma, to Lizzie, to Willy and Tom, and kiss the babies for their



DEAR ABSENT PAPA.

HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION OF MEMPHIS,

Memphis, October 4, 1862.

MY DEAR LITTLE MINNIE: Mamma has written me that you have gone to school. . . . I know you will be lonely enough away from home, and whenever I have leisure I will write to you, although I can tell you little that will interest you, except that I am thinking of you always, and how hard it is that I am separated from you all this time. You were left at home when we went to California, and again when I went to Louisiana, and now again in the war; but, my dear child, I am

most happy that this war does not reach you. In after years you will know all about this war from books, and may remember that I was one of its actors, but do not think that I feel in this war as I would if England were the enemy opposed to us in battle. I feel that we are fighting our own people, many of whom I knew in earlier years, and with many of whom I was once very intimate. . . . When you study, study hard; learn to apply yourself so that when you are at work you think of nothing else, and when you are done with your books let your

mind run free. I have seen a great many young ladies, and know that such are most interesting who are not forward or bashful — the truth lies between. Modesty is the most beautiful feature in a young girl, but should not degenerate into bashfulness. Think yourself as good as any, but never think yourself better than the poorest child of all. If this horrid war should ever end, how happy we could all be in some good home at St. Louis or Leavenworth, or even California. Write to me often, and try and write like mamma. Nobody can write better than she. Think of me as

YOUR FOND FATHER.

COLLEGE HILL, MISSISSIPPI,

December 8, 1862.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: It is now nearly two weeks since I left your mamma in Memphis and mounted my little mare Dolly to come here, as we thought to fight a mighty battle with the enemies of our country. I commanded about 20,000 men, and came to meet General Grant, who had 40,000 more, and with these we thought we would have a terrible battle in crossing the Tallahatchie river, which you will find

on the map as the main branch of the Yazoo. The weather was fine and the roads good, so that in four days' marching we were at the small town named Tchula, within ten miles of the Tallahatchie. A part of our plan was for General Hovey to march from the Mississippi river at Helena towards Grenada with about 1200 men, the object of which was to break the railroads to the south of the enemy, and thus prevent their receiving provisions, stores or more men. The whole proved perfectly successful, and as soon as General Grant's army and mine approached in front and General Hovey's in rear, they abandoned their forts and camps and retreated south faster than we could follow them. Our cavalry, however, followed them about forty miles, and have killed some and taken about 800 prisoners. You are too young yet to understand these things, but sometimes battles are won by strategy instead of fighting, and all this was pure strategy.

. . . I suppose mamma wrote you all about her visit to Memphis and how Tommy was made a corporal in Uncle Charley's company, had a uniform and wore it home, looking like a real soldier. He thinks he is a real soldier with a leave of absence for seven years, till he becomes fourteen, when he must join his company. Nobody can tell what may happen in the

next seven years, and therefore Tommy was very prudent in getting a seven years' absence. I wish Willy had a chance to see a large army because I know he would remember it in after years, but if this war lasts as long as I suppose it will he will have many a chance. Since I commenced this letter General Grant has sent for me to Oxford to consult on future plans. I will take this letter with me and send it from there. We are all very friendly here, no jealousy, no trouble. General Grant is a brave, good gentleman. The newspapers abuse such men because they are intent on saving their country instead of dabbling with newspapers. General McPherson is also there, a great friend of mine, and you can remember us all three as Ohio generals. Good by. God bless you, little children; I know you love me as I do you, and that, though far apart and danger surrounding us, I know you never sleep without thinking of your papa. I am proud of you both, and as long as I live you shall want for nothing; but, as Minnie says, you must study hard and diligently because we expect so much of you. . . . I must go on in this current till peace is restored to our country, and until no man will dare again to insult our flag and national honor. Believe me always,

YOUR LOVING FATHER.





FOR me nature is enjoyable chiefly through the sense of isolation; I do not know how it may be with others. I love to be alone—to feel that I am alone; that the world does not know where I am and could not come to me if it did. I like to bathe in solitude as in a sea, and know that I am king of a realm no other lives to dispute with me—a realm with no fixed boundaries, but protected from intrusion by desert or mountain, the changeful expanse of water, the umbrageous shelter of a bosky glen—no matter what, so long as I am sure no prying eye notes my movements and no human ear listens to my words.

That is my idea of a vacation—to be alone with nature and ask any silly question of "the dear old nurse" that I may choose without fear that anyone will criticize my knowledge or take ex-

ception to my lack of it. I do not trouble myself about the Latin names or scientific character of what she shows me; indeed, I hardly care whether the birds and flowers have any names at all. I do not ask their habits or habitats; to what species they belong; who are their neighbors or whether they happen to be in or out of place. I do not wish any man's translation, but like to read the book of nature for myself and in my own way. If I come to a passage too hard for me or which I do not care to read, I like to sit like a tired boy and idly turn the pages, look at the pictures or tear the leaves, just as I choose. In short, I love to take liberties with the good dame which one would not dare attempt in good society—do things that would be accounted silly if not actually reprehensible by any onlooker of social position or scientific attainment. For me, the fable of Antæus is still true, and I



Albion Winegar Tourgee, LL.D., lawyer, novelist and political writer. Born Williamsfield, Ohio, 1828. Graduate of University of Rochester. Enlisted in 27th New York volunteers, April 1861: badly wounded first battle of Bull Run. Lieutenant 105th Ohio volunteers, 1862. Prisoner of war 1863. Removed to Greensboro, North Carolina, 1865. Elected to constitutional convention of North Carolina, 1867, and again in 1875. Code Commissioner, 1868. Elected judge superior court, 1869-1874. Resumed practice of his profession, 1875. Removed to Mayville, New York, 1880, where he now resides. His first novel, *A Royal Gentleman*, was published in 1875; followed in 1879 by *A Fool's Errand*; *Figs and Thistles*, and afterwards by *Bricks Without*



Straw; *John Rex*; *Hot Ploughshares*; *Black Ice*; *Button's Inn*; *The Veteran and His Pipe*; *With Gauge and Swallow*, *Attorneys*; *Factotus Prime*; *Murvale Eastman*, and numerous other professional works, short stories and magazine articles. From 1882 until 1884 he was the editor of the *Continent Magazine*. Since 1886 he has written weekly for the *Chicago InterOcean*, "*A Bystander's Notes*." In addition to his literary work, he is a popular lecturer and a professor in the Buffalo Law School. He has but one child, a daughter, Aimée, born in North Carolina in 1870—whose portrait accompanies this note—and who gives promise of great excellence as an artist. The illustrations of the article are from her pen. The judge is a devoted fisherman and the picture of "The Captain" is a portrait of him in his "fishing rig."

grow strong by contact with the earth. But I love to touch it in my own way—to worship in nature's temple barefooted as well as bareheaded, if I list.

I remember once spending a whole hot summer afternoon on a little lake a hundred miles from civilization, filling a canoe with water lilies, just to take them to the head of a long, dashing rapid half a mile below, where, sitting on the bank, I threw them in and watched each one on its perilous voyage through the boiling maze. It was the silliest of child's play, but somehow it rested me, and when I saw the trout leaping now and then in the foaming eddies where my lilies had lodged, I laughed at the quaint conceits which crowded my brain, and for once had no inclination to drop a fly where it would tempt the speckled beauties. That night, the water and the lilies, the placid lake and the foamy waterfall, were mingled in my dreams with the mist that hung over the eddies, the moonlight that kissed it, and winged fays that trooped out of the forest and disported themselves in the silver sheen. It was as if there had been a "new heaven and a new earth;" my dreams were of laughter and love, and when the morning came I found that time had been winging a backward flight, and the coils of many weary days had been unravelled while I slept. It lived with me for years—the memory of that little emerald lakelet studded with white and yellow blossoms, and I have often dreamed of going back again to fish in its dimpling waters, albeit I do not know whether a trout ever hid beneath the leathery lily-pads which shade its pellucid depths or not. I certainly took none that day. I shall not go, however. I might not find again the golden sunshine or the silver moonlight; and I would not lose that memory or have its brightness dimmed even by a breath.

One, two, three days of the right sort

of vacation are better than a month of human-fringed semi-civilization. It matters not where one may be if he but knows he is alone, if the air is pure and the scenery something different from that which meets the eye on its accustomed daily round. Two or three of these little respites from the tax humanity lays on the individual, judiciously distributed through the season, will give an over-worked man more body and nerve rest and result in the renewal of more gray brain matter than he can compass by spending the whole heated term at a watering place. The great enemy of rest is man. The human face divine is a battery which



THE DESERTED DEN.

shocks every soul it meets and takes more or less out of its reserve of strength. That is the true philosophy of life. It is intended that night shall build up the day's wear. We renew our fortitude and self-respect by retirement and seclusion. Herd men together and they become brutes. Separate man from his fellows and he grows reserved, self-contained and self-reliant. The city crushes out vitality. Others crowd into the realm of self-hood and make us carry the burden of their consciousness. Someone is forever looking over our shoulder and reading our most secret thoughts. Men are conscious that a thousand eyes are focussed on them and are afraid or ashamed to live their own

lives. So fashion rules and cowardice abounds. One who asserts himself on his way down town asks advice on the way home. In the morning he is a man; when the crowd has trodden on him all day he is only a battered ganglion.

But if one appeal to nature he must comply implicitly with nature's laws. He who seeks relief in her court must first do equity to her best work—himself. The business-beaten brain cannot gather strength while it remains under the buffeting of business and social requirement. Air and exercise alone will not bring back the vigor and elasticity which make life enjoyable and labor a delight. The ear and eye are the avenues by which the soul is attacked and nerve destroyed, and the first thing nature demands is that they shall be closed—hermetically sealed up—so that no challenge may be sent to the citadel of life. She prescribes the silence of solitude, which is never still, and a repose which demands nothing from the loiterer; these are her specifics for nervous overwear—the weakness which means that the multitude is crushing out the man.

This was my condition, when one of those poems that "sing themselves," and so are rarely worth another's while to sing, ran off my pen's point, and showed scratchy and vague upon the pad that lay upon my desk. I do not often write verse, and have so seldom been betrayed into its publication that the world has even forgotten a sin of long ago of which none took note at the time, the very evidence of which is now fortunately lost, but this time the Queen of Hearts picked up the pad and read:

"Into the mist that lay
Over a silent stream
We sailed and sailed away
Into a golden dream;
Into the fleecy mist,
Over a waveless stream,
Into a cloud, sun-kissed,
Into a peaceful dream.

"Hidden from shore and sky,
Afloat on a boundless lea,
Alone in the world was I,
And yet there was one with me—
Afloat in a sunless day,
On a silent, shoreless tide—
For earth had faded away
And only twain did abide.

"What is that?" she asked sharply.

"Nothing," I answered evasively.

My wife has been my helpmeet from the first, always willing to bear her share of the domestic burden and anxious that I should not carry too much of it. So, while she allows me to walk the quarter-deck of our common craft in undisturbed and unquestioned authority, she quietly assumes the rudder and lays the course at her own sweet will, seeking always to propitiate the Fates in my favor and steering ever towards the Fortunate Isles.

"What does it mean?" asked the Queen of Hearts, reading the ragged verse again and knotting her brows in puzzled uncertainty.

"I don't know," I guiltily responded.

"You don't?"

I shook my head.

"Well, it isn't good, whatever it may be. It sounds like a 'realistic' regurgitation—a product of morbid self-consciousness, and evidently unhealthy, as self-dissection must be. Something is always wrong when one takes to writing 'introspective verse'—sounding the shallows of self-hood with a loaded plummet and bringing up the sediment it finds, to show to the world as the sole and only truth there is at the bottom of the well of human nature. In fact, it is only moral sewage—the refuse which humanity casts away because the good in it has been consumed and henceforth its touch means defilement. What does the world care about the vagaries of a tired brain? Why should one abuse his soul by asking the world to gloat over its lesions? You are tired and must have a rest. Where shall we go?"

There is no gainsaying the Queen of Hearts when she adopts this tone. I knew what was coming. She wanted to go to some resort where people herd together in search of rest—going in crowds in order that they may not get lonely on the way. Her idea of heaven is of a place where fair women and brave men do congregate. She takes the apocalyptic vision literally, and counts the New Jerusalem a fact as hard and glittering as the prophet's memory of the old one. To her the haven of eternal rest is nothing less than a city with glistening walls and burnished pavements, set hard by a glaring crystal sea, with only one green thing in it—the Tree of Life, with leaves of magic potency. It is the mirage which a son of the desert

who knew nothing of verdant meads and the opaline shadows under thick-leaved branches, interlocked above cloistered forest paths, saw in his Sabbath vision. To his seared eyeballs glory was only gold and glitter, riches and display. The glare of the temple's gilded roof was his supreme type of magnificence. On this model, therefore, his fancy fashioned the Eternal City.

As for me, I am a dim-eyed, heavy-lidded child of the forest, who hates the des-

praise and the joyful clamor of unnumbered hosts. To my thought, the blessed abode is exactly the reverse—a quiet place full of the tender light that distils through half-grown leaves and falls upon brown elastic mould—the dark, fragrant treasure with which dead ages bless the unborn forest-life—of sheltered glens, gray, silent peaks, shelly shores, reedy banks and foamy waterfalls. Instead of hallelujahs, I would have it full of worshipful stretches of silence, where every soul might hide

away with God and be invisible to all save those to whom one might reveal himself.

"Why not go to the seashore for a while?" the Queen of Hearts suggested.

"The seashore!" I groaned, with every nerve a-quiver. "The seashore! Pure air and good society combined!"

"Well, why not? What is the use of burying yourself when you might go where people are? I should think one who writes about life would want to see life."

"Life? Good heavens, my dear, do you call that life? If business is a mask with us, 'pleasuring' has become an absolute unreality. The people one



THE QUEEN IN HER BARGE.

meets there are not men and women, but shams, washed and gilded pretences, or victims of that queer delusion we call society. Of course, under the surface there are sometimes strong hearts and true lives, but they are hard to discover, being hid beneath so much that is only tinsel. I love to go and find them out and see the curious play that goes on in the light and in the dark, in the parlor and the kitchen during that rushing 'season' when men make a business of diversion and women of dissimulation. You know I love to

meets there are not men and women, but shams, washed and gilded pretences, or victims of that queer delusion we call society. Of course, under the surface there are sometimes strong hearts and true lives, but they are hard to discover, being hid beneath so much that is only tinsel. I love to go and find them out and see the curious play that goes on in the light and in the dark, in the parlor and the kitchen during that rushing 'season' when men make a business of diversion and women of dissimulation. You know I love to

see it, dear, but it is not rest—and I am tired."

"Why not go to some of the summer schools—some Chautauqua, where rest is combined with intellectual improvement?"

"Don't, don't! A brain which has been sweating and travelling for a twelve-month does not want any 'intellectual improvement.' It wants rest!"

"I am sure you ought to rest at any of those quiet places, say the Thousand Islands; you know how picturesque the scenery is there—besides, there is the fishing."

"But the land and water are covered with men and women," I protest impatiently. "You are no more alone there than if you were on Broadway. One cannot find a chance to pray without having his petition criticised by some scores of experts long before it reaches the Lord's ears. Besides, the water is 'fished-out,' and of all things a sportsman hates a fished-out stream."

"Well, why not go up the lakes?"

I pointed to a table on which were a heap of books and a pile of pasteboard sheets, headed with chapter numbers and names of people and places. She knew what it meant. It was a novel in embryo.

"Can it not wait?"

"It is promised, you know."

"You might do some work at Petosky. The sailing is very good there, you know."

There is a wistful look in the loving eyes. Dear gentle deceiver! How well she knows my weakness, nor ever dreams that I suspect hers! She knows I love the tossing yacht and the fresh breezes of Lake Michigan, but does not suspect that I understand that it is the bustling life of the gem-lined shore which attracts her.

Yet I have always longed to share with her the delights of the wilderness. They have even lost much of their sweetness because this was denied me. How often I had wished her with me—not to relieve the solitude but to share it! How many delights would have been a thousand-fold more rapturous if I could have noted her pleasure in them! My friends think I am foolish, because I love to go into the woods alone, and sentimental, because I sometimes care little for the sports of the

day or the jollity of the camp at night. What would they say if they knew that I felt charged to enjoy for two—myself and the staid matron who is waiting for the story I will tell on my return—and that half the pleasure of many a perfect day is lost because a certain pair of calm gray eyes do not see the things which I behold. I need not say that I am old. The man who will admit such feeling for a woman who has made the race of life with him is something even a thousand times more reprehensible, according to the canons of today—he is old-fashioned.

Never mind—she likes it; and in her efforts to gratify my desire she has encountered some peril and endured uncomplainingly not a little discomfort. As a rule, I am forced to admit that my attempts to enhance her pleasures by inducing her to share in mine have not been altogether successful. Yet I think she would hardly like to miss some of these experiences from the pages of her memory. Even the nameless fear attending a scramble along a slippery cliff and crawling through a narrow passage into an ice cave, underneath which the waves beat with threatening roar, while half a hundred feet of frozen wall shut out the light, was, I think, forgotten in enjoyment of the rare beauty of the crystal chamber I had illuminated and adorned in honor of her coming. But I had never dared ask her to face the discomforts of a camp, and one of the pleasures I had long regretted she had missed was a solitary bivouac—a night under the summer stars.

The longing to have her enjoy this sweetest rapture which nature offers her worshippers came over me with renewed force as a result of this discussion.

"Why not go with me to the woods and have our long-talked-of night in camp?" I asked at length.

"Oh dear! Don't speak of it. I should just spoil your pleasure and get none myself."

"Try it once, won't you, dear?"

"Just once? You will never ask me to go again?"

"Just this once: I will never ask you again; s'help me—Polyphemus!"

"There, there," she interrupted, laughing, "I don't want any protestations. I am sure I shall be drowned or a tree will fall on me or my clothes catch fire, or a

rattlesnake bite me or a fish-hook get in my eye, or I shall be shot or fall over a cliff or get my death of cold, but if you will promise never to ask me again—and only expect me to stay one night—I'll go!"

I was sorry on the instant that I had asked her, for I thought it more than likely one or more of the evils she an-

ticipated might befall. However, I made light of her fears, and a fortnight was filled with pleasant anticipations while we selected the scene of our outing. Then work was put aside; the "den" where so many happy days had been passed was deserted, and we set out to verify our hopes or realize our fears.



PART II.



HERE is an island—let me not tell its name nor reveal what coasts it confronts, but rather give it the vague description with which the conqueror of Gaul veiled his

own ignorance, and say that it lies "under the seven stars." It rises sheer out of a green, sparkling, unsalted sea, which beats it with sand and wave as if angry because it breaks the line of rippling foam that bears down upon it with equal impetuosity whatever way the wind may lie. It is large enough for a duchy if it lay off the coast of the old world; but too barren to attract and too inaccessible to hold for long the liberty-loving and gold-gathering American. Once it was inhabited—just long enough to be shorn of its forest or the better part of it—the sand and the second growths struggle now for its possession. Crowded saplings compete for the places left vacant by the ancient monarchs; the sand mocks at them, heaps itself about them, strangles their life and invites a new growth to begin again the unequal conflict. Sometimes the forest wins and sometimes the sand; but man does little to aid the one or discourage the other. The old roads by which the woodmen drew the forest giants to the shore have grown to be deep, yawning scars; but the clustering maples hide the rocks laid bare by this erosion, which reveals how

firm a substructure the little islet has. A few huts, now fallen to decay, tell where the lumbermen once dwelt; and the timothy, self-seeded from the hay on which their teams were fed, grows rank and green in the clearings. The wharf is fast crumbling away; the inhabitants have departed—only one family and the crew of a life-saving station remain. Horses and sheep wander almost at will in the dense chaparral or crop the rich grass of the clearings. There are no mountains, little ruggedness, indeed, and few springs. It is just a great rock covered with clay and heaped with sand, on which a forest once grew and another is striving now to grow.

It is a part of the domain of the United States. Once a week a hardy fisherman brings a mail from the nearest shore. If the winds are contrary, he now and then intermits a week. Sometimes, under protest and with many a murmur of discontent, a steamer, whose route lies a dozen miles away, rides into the offing, blows her whistle angrily, is answered by a red flag by day or a red signal light by night, and the lifeboat puts off from the station, taking any who desire to leave and bringing back those who may have come.

It is a ghostly, silent shore, seen under the moonlight, and the people have the peculiar reticence which isolation gives.

Yet there are warm hearts and warm welcomes for those who care to step upon its wreck-strewn beach.

The cocks crow as the steamer blows her whistle and turns back into the darkness, and as you approach the shore, the long oars of the lifeboat rising and falling in perfect time, you hear the foxes bark upon the wooded hills. In the morning you feel a strange loneliness. It is like being a castaway, only there is no fear of want. The one farm upon the "island" makes profusion. One may live in comfort here, made all the more attractive by certain discomforts, but he is lost to the world and may bid it defiance as safely as if he were in the middle of Sahara. No telegram can reach him, and the most urgent of letters must stop respectfully upon the mainland a week or a fortnight, unless it chance to come at the right moment, before it can disturb his equanimity with a single word of worrying woe. One feels as if he were on an orb in space, with other worlds hurrying by and only enough of his fellow mortals within reach to afford the pleasure of talking his symptoms over with them. Of the world's life there are but two types accessible—farmer and fisher—and hardly a score of both. Of

"Merchant, lawyer, doctor, priest,
Rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief,"

there is neither hint nor suggestion.

It was here we went for our vacation. A friendly greeting and a roomy, ancient dwelling with no occupants but ourselves, against which the sand beat when the wind blew, and in sight of whose windows the green waves broke angrily upon the shore, awaited us. The booming of the surf lulled us to sleep. How silent the world was when we awoke! The sand made every footfall noiseless; the waves and the wood muffled every tone. The gulls screamed. An eagle sat undisturbed on one of the piles of the crumbling dock. A drove of fly-stung horses rushed madly over the cushioning sands into the waves to escape their tormentors. The watchman in the tower of the station was looking down at another of the crew catching whitebait with a pin-hook and throwing them back into the placid sea. The chipmunks were playing about the doorstep; the stillness seemed Sabbatic and we instinctively spoke in hushed tones. The

tinkle of a distant reaper suggested profanation.

In the middle of this mystic island a little lake is hid, not large enough to attract the sportsman nor small enough to make the name inappropriate—a mile long, half a mile wide and of a depth to cause one to shudder at the thought of the force by which its basin was reft. Pine and hemlock giants are scattered on the eastward hills, with thickets of maple and birch, fir and balsam interspersed, with grassy clearings here and there. On the western shore lie hundreds of acres of marsh, filled with cedar and tamarack; beyond that, sand and silence and the echoing shore. Sloping gently from a narrow beach for a little distance, its sides plunge suddenly down as sheer as a crater's edge to unknown depths. Ten thousand acres, more or less, of forest and thicket surround it, on the outermost verge of which are half a dozen houses.

The foxes and half-wild horses alone know all the bypaths through the crowding chaparral. The little sapphire lake lies in an emerald setting, broken only by gray rocks here and there, and glimpses of gleaming birchen boles when the wind parts the clustering branches.

To this hidden spot we came, the Queen of Hearts and I, for a day's sport and a night under the stars—the day and the night so long anticipated. The August day was hardly well begun when we reached its verdant shores. Our supplies and equipage were carried to the point selected for our camp; the lumbering wagon that brought us turned back over the rough, echoing road and we were alone. The next day at eventide they would return. Till then we would be alone.

"How strange it all seems," said the Queen of Hearts, as she sank down on a mossy bank. "It is like being in a special world which only comes in hail of the rest of the universe now and then in its course through the heavens. Are you sure there is nobody on the other shore?"

She looked across at the reedy margin where a blue heron was just alighting.

"It seems as if there might be somebody peering out of the bushes at us," she continued nervously.



A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

"But you know there is not ;

" 'From the centre all round to the sea,
We are lord of the fowl and the brute' "

I quoted.

"Of course ; but it does seem so strange to be all alone and know we are all alone out of doors. How long do you suppose it has been since any one was here ?"

"Some weeks, perhaps months. That shows it has been a good while ;" I pointed to an eagle which had just lighted on a dead hemlock within easy range. "He would not rest there if he had visitors often. I am half a mind to shoot him !"

My hand closed about the stock of my gun nervously. The civilized man is the worst sort of savage. He kills for the pure love of killing. There was no reason why I should wish to slay one of a species already almost extinct, even if he did prey upon our host's lambs. Yet the piece was at my shoulder, my eye seeking the wing-joint along the gleaming barrel, almost instinctively, and the noble bird would soon have been a memory had not my companion interfered.

"Oh, don't !" she exclaimed, "I should feel as if you had committed murder. I am sure I could not sleep a wink tonight. It is bad enough to be alone without being haunted. It is so near our camp, too ! Oh, don't !"

I lowered the gun with a laugh, nothing loath to spare the veteran, though, of course, being a man, I made light of the remonstrance. The eagle, which had been

watching us critically, his wings once or twice half-spread, seemed now to realize that he was safe, and settling down upon his perch, tucked his head between his wings and eyed us with patronizing composure.

There was but one boat upon the little lake—a flat-bottomed scow, which in style and condition was the climax of the unromantic. It did not take long, however, with a woodman's craft, where firs and birches were abundant, to transform its interior, making the bottom a fragrant carpet whose springy pile of mottled green and silver was fit for a queen's footing. The disgust which my companion had been unable to conceal when she first saw the dirty punt gave way to a smile of pleasure as I handed her over the bulwarks into a seat cushioned with fir-branches and upholstered with silvery birch. So when, with rod and gun and bait safely stowed, the captain took the great lumbering oars, the big Newfoundland, El Muyo Cid, of blessed memory, sprang to his place upon the poop, and we pushed out to find a fishing ground, it was with the feeling that only good fortune was needed to insure a perfect day. We were a happy company—I with my rod, the Queen of Hearts with her book, if sport were dull, El Cid nodding on his narrow bit of deck if the strikes were rare ; over all the golden sunshine or the soft cloud shadow, around the verdure-circled shores, the deep sapphire-tinted waters, and the silence broken only by the dull

boom of the surf on the island's outmost verge.

What a curious instinct it is that teaches the sportsman the best place in which to ply the angler's art even in waters he has never tried before! There are those who need always the skill of a guide to pilot them to the choice grounds, but I think half the charm of an outing is to find nature's secrets for oneself. I had visited the little lake but once and then in company with a lad whose knowledge was of the vaguest, but I had learned one thing however, that, contrary to the usual rule, its bass were most abundant in deep water. It was not long, therefore, before we anchored just at the edge of the offset, where some boulders, dimly seen, showed us that we hung over a rocky ledge.

The angler who has not taken black bass in forty feet of water knows little what sport the *Micropterus dolomieu* can really afford. There are not many places where he feeds at such depths, and in those he does not usually rise readily to the fly except on cloudy days or at early morning when he feeds in-shore.

I had provided myself, therefore, with a supply of live bait of a silvery whiteness, found in the crevices of the old dock. They were strong-finned and vigorous, and in the dark green depths of the little lake shone like flashing stars. Unlike most live bait, the capture of one of these on a ten-foot leader is no light task even for a bass whose strength of fin is matched with a power of curve which makes him almost unrivalled in those sudden changes of direction which add so much to his quality as a stanch fighter. Two hooks were laden with the flashing lures, not without protest from my companion and whining remonstrance from the big Newfoundland, who, being accustomed to share my sports, regarded himself as very ill-used because compelled to remain a boat's length away from the scene of action.

By the time he had been quieted and the silver scales of the bait had disappeared in the blue depths, the Queen of Hearts, with the charming inconsistency of her sex, began to wonder why the fish did not bite. I laughed, with the conscious superiority of manhood, and explained that they must have time to become accustomed to our presence, the shadow of the boat and the strangeness of the lure. She looked around with a sigh of contentment, settled back upon her fragrant cushioned seat and began to read the book upon her lap. I watched her face, lighted up by the reflection of the water which crept under hat and sunshade, and gave it that tender, tremulous glow which only the face of a woman

afloat ever catches. It is not strange that women are fond of yachting, especially fair ones, for there is no place where (golden-tinted hair, blue eyes) and fair cheeks show with such surpassing loveliness, even when the gold has given place to silver.

"Whir-rr!"
The Queen of Hearts looks up in



A 11

"THE CAPTAIN."

surprise and asks:

"Why, what is the matter?"

The dog, with more experience, starts from his nap, gazes intently into the water, first on one side of the boat then on the other, then, whining and trembling with excitement, runs daintily along the narrow bulwark, leaping half over the Queen and lands in the bow, where he places his feet on the gunwale and leans over with utter scorn for the trim of the craft or the comfort of its other occupants.

With the first click of the reel the captain is on his feet, kicking the campstool on which he has been sitting back into the boat, lest it should fall overboard, while with hand upraised he follows the movement of the startled prey as it makes the line hiss through the rippling water, back and forth, now on this side, now on

that; plunging now into the shadow of the boat, then sinking stubbornly down into the depths until half a hundred feet scarce measure his soundings. Then slowly circling upward the taut line draws him gently to the surface, showing a dull red as we look down upon him; and revealing a glaring eye and golden side as he shakes his head angrily and leaps above the water, scattering the bright drops from his writhing form and shooting down again into the darkness, vainly dreaming that he has escaped. Again and again the exciting play is repeated. The Queen of Hearts leans, flushed and eager, over the gunwale. El Cid rushes from side to side. The fisherman has eyes only for his prey and voice only for angry but quite useless remonstrance with the dog, who reckes nothing of the danger and inconvenience of the shifting from side to side of 100 pounds of animate ballast. He always enjoys a douche and cannot be made to understand why others should not. Half to quiet the confusion and half to allay her own fears, the Queen grasps him finally by the collar and holds him, trembling and whining, while the exhausted fish turns on his side, beating the water now and then angrily with his tail, and is gently entreated to approach; the landing net is slipped deftly under him and his golden side shows its swiftly changing hues among the glistening leaves of the fir carpet of the awkward craft. The great dog lays his foot upon the prize in playful restraint and licks his master's perspiring face as he stoops down to unloose the barb. The savage instinct of slaughter brings man and brute upon a level, and his familiarity goes unrebuked.

Through all the sultry morning the sport goes on, and always the same scene is repeated, though not always with like result. To the sportsman an escape is often more exciting than a capture. The Queen of Hearts has long since forgotten her book, which has slipped through the fir carpet to the bottom, where it lies drabbled and soaked. El Cid, nodding in his sleep on the high poop, to which he had been forced to return, fell overboard and, amid much laughter at his mishap, scrambled back again dripping and shiny, but cured of dreaming on such a perch. She has forgotten all about the story she was reading and watches with equal pleasure the re-

curing struggles and the flapping string of fierce-eyed captives, pinioned by their gills, who hang in the water securely fastened to the thwart, still angrily protesting against their imprisonment. The string has grown heavy as one by one and two by two new victims have been led with gentle persistence from the dark caverns of the ledge below to share their bondage. There is no haste, no brutal force; only the quiet compulsion of the gossamer thread, the unceasing pressure of the swaying tip, the watchfulness of the alert eye and the yielding of the supple wrist. The click reel was soon changed for an automatic recovery, which I then learned to be almost an essential of enjoyable deep-water bass fishing.

As the sun approached the meridian I felt my hand growing tired, and could see, despite the flush upon her face, that sport was beginning to pall with the Queen. As for El Cid, like his namesake the Campeador, he is never weary of slaughter; with every strike his frenzy is the same; between whiles he dozes on his perch or watches with furtive eye the gold-brown scales of the captives, starting now and then with apprehension as he imagines they have broken from their bonds; still he gloats over every new capture and gazes into my eyes with sad reproachfulness at each escape. Even the old eagle seemed to take an interest in our sport. More than once he has soared above us and sent his broad shadow down upon the water, shrieking approval of some fortunate catch, and swooping down as if for a nearer view at the finish, then flying



THE DECK HAND.

back to his perch on the dead hemlock to await another strike.

"I believe he knows what you are doing," said my companion as the great wings swished over us, and startled by his harsh cry we looked up to see the yellow eyes glaring down, the great, coarse talons extended and working nervously as he swept past. The dog drew back his lips, showed his white teeth and burst into an angry roar.

"No doubt he approves; he is a sportsman himself," responded the fisherman as he bent on another leader. "Now," he added, as he threw out three shining beauties, dropping them gently forty feet away, just breaking the rippled surface with their fall, "now for triplets—just let me get three at a cast and I will quit."

We had not long to wait. There was a gentle thrill, a steady pull, then an interval when the line hung relaxed and motionless. Looking down in the shadow of the boat we beheld a spectacle not often seen even by fishermen. Twenty feet below a great bass was poised, his reddish-brown form seeming strangely dull in comparison with the mingled green and gold he shows at nearer view; his fins and tail moving slowly, while on each side of his mouth gleamed a bit of silver—the head and tail of the bait he held transversely—occasionally shaking his head like a dog who has captured his prey but is hardly sure it will not seek to escape. Presently he loosed his hold on the stunned and mangled bait, but instantly dashing forward, he seizes it again, this time by the head, and it wholly disappears. The time has come for action. The tip is sharply raised; there is a sudden jerk; the barb shoots through the tough lip, and the fisherman smiles grimly at the surprised victim's struggles.

"A good one and well-hooked," he says with confident satisfaction.

"Look! look!" cries the Queen excitedly, pointing down into the water.

The sight was one to stir a sportsman's blood to fever heat. As the enraged fish started on a wild rush for liberty, another and an instant afterwards yet another seized upon the bait attached to the other leaders and were securely hooked by the impetus of his dash.

Then followed a scene which may be imagined but can never be described.

Three gamy bass, the least not an ounce under three pounds, pulling each their several ways for escape! The fight was a long one—now above the water and then hidden in the depths, the bonny prey kept up the struggle. It would not do to lose the touch, nor yet to add a feather's weight to the strain upon the hissing line.

They worked out into deep water, and despite the fisherman's efforts seemed bound to make a journey to the other shore. The breeze had risen and the little lake was covered with sparkling ripples. It took off the captain's hat; the Queen landed it with the gaff before it floated out of reach. The three captives kept well together, showing now and then their golden sides upon the surface of the waves, now sinking as by one accord and pulling like a team of Conestogas all the time. The eagle, evidently aroused by the unusual excitement, flew over us with a scream.

"Seems to like the fun," said the fisherman, not relaxing his attention.

Just then there was a break, another and another, and we saw the three flashing beauties at one time in the air. With a gasp of rapture, I shot a glance at the Queen. Her sunshade had fallen backward in the boat and was saved from going overboard only by one of El Cid's great feet resting on the silken lining; she was following every movement of the line with breathless expectation. For a moment the catch disappeared from view. Then a fin flashed on the crest of a wave sixty feet away and a gleaming side turned up on the one that followed. There was another scream above our heads.

"Look out!" cried the Queen.

The big Newfoundland leaped overboard with an angry roar. There was a rush of wings and the great bird swooped down and clutched one of the prizes with a single talon. As he rose he lifted the fish upon the second leader above the surface. Sweeping down again, the greedy thief caught it with the other claw. El Cid, resenting this interference with his master's sport, was drawing near with long, swift strokes of his black webbed feet. With a shrill scream of triumph the eagle rose swiftly, a fish in either claw, the dog just snapping at the wing-feathers that brushed the waves before him. As he

sailed away, the fish upon the third leader came into view and hung splashing and wriggling twenty feet below.

"Aha, old fellow, that is more of a load than you bargained for!" I exclaimed.

"Why don't you shoot him?" asked the Queen, quite oblivious of her former plea for the life of the bird.

The captain dropped his rod—the line had already parted—and caught up his gun. As he did so the eagle, which had risen perhaps 100 feet, watching with down-turned, twisting neck the wriggling fish upon the leader—which would have snapped long before if subjected to such strain under ordinary circumstances—suddenly shot down, seized the third fish in his beak and turning a complete somersault, though he fell almost to the water hardly an oar's length away, recovered before the excited dog could reach him, and sailed back to his perch with my champion catch in his possession. I wondered how he would manage to alight, cumbered as he was, but he seemed to have no difficulty in doing so.

I could only guess at the weight of the fish, but I am sure it was more pounds

of bass than I ever had upon a rod at one time before or since. Whether the hooks and leaders agreed with the bird's digestion I do not know, but despite my pride as an angler, I would rather have beheld that vision of gray wings, flashing eyes and savage talons than have landed the catch myself. Only El Cid was disappointed; he followed the shadow of the great bird to the shore and bayed fiercely at him until called away; and not once did he afterwards hear his discordant scream without responding with an angry snarl.

When we had drawn some wondering breaths, looked into each other's eyes, the Queen had raised her sunshade and I had donned my dripping hat, we drew in the captives, counted them, guessed at their weight—only a sportsman who is utterly reckless or quite destitute of moral sense will carry scales—and reserving a few for our evening meal, returned the rest to their native element, pulled up the anchor, went ashore and lunched under the shade of the trees with the waves softly lapping the yellow sands at our feet.

PART III.

WHAT an afternoon that was! The sport of the morning had given appetite and inclination for repose; the verdant canopy shut out the sunshine; the breeze crept in over the lapping waves; the silence told of solitude, and the booming of the distant surf attested that the world was far away. The delicious, indescribable sense of isolation settled down upon us—a feeling strangely akin to that of possession; it was our lake, our sky, our solitude.

It is curious how the duality of human nature attests itself under such conditions. A man and a woman, if their natures are harmonious, are more thoroughly alone when with each other than when absolutely isolated. If the Queen of Hearts had

not been with me I should have been thinking at least half the time of her—of what she would feel and do and say if she were with me. As it was, I had no curiosity about her sensations, or, rather, assumed that hers were as agreeable, as languorous, as vague and as boundless as mine.

"Alone in the world was I,
And yet there was one with me—"

I quoted as I lay upon my face on the un-pitched tent, my head resting on one arm, and looked up at her where she sat with her back against a tree, the soft leafy shadows dancing over the fair face with its crown of clustering silver, a spray of spicewood in her hand and her lap full of ferns. What

pleasure it had been to gather them, she following in my footsteps, knowledge making my eye keen to discover what she would have missed, and the curious instinct of woodcraft prevising what each thicket would reveal. I did not wonder what she thought; I simply felt her sweet content, and the talk flowed on, sometimes smoothly and again with long silences, but always of other things.

After a time we set about preparing the evening meal and the camp bed. The day gave promise of a cloudless night, and I determined to risk a bivouac rather than spoil Elysium by the intervention of canvas. A sandy hillock twenty feet above the waters of the lake, which had washed away its side, pitching outward the young second growth upon its edge, and making a network of green branches that overhung a bit of white sandy beach bounded by the trunks of two great forest monarchs, stretching like piers out almost to the blue water, marking the sudden plunge the shore takes to the level of the lake's bed, was the place I had chosen for the camp. A little rift in the verdant curtain gave a glimpse of the sky. A great cedar stump upon the landward side offered a fireplace; a moss-covered slope, inclining gently away from the lake, was already a fragrant couch. Twenty steps away rose a steep cliff covered with evergreens and birches whose white boles showed like ghosts amid the shadows that fell upon the lichen-covered rocks. What ravages I made with knife and hatchet among those treasures of the wildwood! Why is a woodsman—at least the civilized woodsman—always so proud of his ability to make nature minister to his comfort? Why should he be prouder of cooking a meal in the forest, which may be eaten if the appetite be good enough, than his wife would be of preparing one that would tempt the most sated desire in a kitchen? Never mind—he is; and only the woodsman can guess the pleasure of those hours of toil.

Supplies were abundant—our host had been careful that we should lack for nothing—and in good condition, thanks to our kitchen-cellar which was on the beach of white sand under the leafy shadows, where the cool waves kept our cans of milk and butter as fresh as if in an icehouse. There was only coffee to make, potatoes to roast

in the peaty ashes, fish to cook in bark cases buried in the hot sand, steak to broil on a forked stick before the blaze.

Do not think I did all, nor even the major part of these things. The Queen assured me that what I did not know about making coffee was simply phenomenal. Her idea of packing the fish so as to exclude the sand and yet allow the steam to escape was worth considering, too. But when it came to roasting potatoes in the ashes or planking a bass on a birch slab fresh cut from the tree she was simply nowhere. So too, in making the moss table covered with silvery bark, held in place with skewers, from which the meal was eaten. There was a hint of ashes about much that we ate; the smoke blew in our faces once or twice, but everything had the nameless flavor of unaccustomedness and the meal was sweeter than any can be which is prepared and eaten where the scent of the forest does not come.

The breeze crept softly in from the lake; the level sun shot its rays here and there under the leafy canopy; the birds sang in the woods above us; the crickets chirped, and the waves that pattered on the beach below were transparent gold, such as never was on land or sea before.

The bed was of moss and fir—only woodsmen know how soft and fragrant such a couch may be. There was the perfume of pennyroyal in it too, and the head-board of birch bark, which stretched between us and the lake, lest the freshening night breeze should visit the Queen's cheek too roughly, gave forth its sweet resinous odor to soothe our slumber. A row of cedar boughs screened the firelight from our eyes. One half the heavy canvas "fly," spread over the fir boughs, guarded alike from possible dampness of the earth and the pitch of the cushioning firs; the other half was security against the dew if any should find its way through the leafy canopy.

When we were ready to retire El Cid seemed greatly disturbed at the idea of his mistress occupying such a lowly couch. He minded nothing about me, but thrusting his nose under her arm seemed bent upon compelling her to rise. Finding himself obliged to abandon this idea, he finally curled down beside her, his nose resting on her hand, and all night long with jealous wakefulness watched over her



FAR FROM THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

slumbers. The chirp of a cricket, the splash of a bass in the lake below, the song of the whippoorwill on one of the great logs by which the scow was moored, the hoot of an owl upon the hilltop stirred him to growling remonstrance, but he kept faithfully at his post. If these things half-wakened us, the lapping of the waters on the beach below, the murmur of the cool night wind in the pines upon the hillside, the soft, mellow silence of the wood and wave, which is never hard and harsh like that of a sleeping city, wooed us again to slumber almost before we realized that we had wakened. The moon crept round and shone upon the Queen's face. She smiled and murmured in her sleep.

Then came the waking songs of the birds. She had never heard them in their native haunts before and could not sleep for the vibrant plaintiveness of some and the weird sense of remoteness in others. We wondered at the sequence of the familiar notes and still more at the strangeness of the others. Then we slept again. Just at daylight there came a swish of wings, the splash of water, and presently the air was full of contented murmurs

and the snap of busy mandibles. El Cid would have remonstrated, but I restrained him and waked his mistress. Looking over our bark headboard, we saw the water alive with feeding ducks. I reached for my gun. Just then the dog uttered an angry growl, we heard the rush of pinions above us, and the great eagle dashed among the unsuspecting covey. In the excitement I let off both barrels at the rising flock. I do not know whether the eagle got his breakfast or not, but the echoes had hardly died away when El Cid was in the water striking out with an impatient whine for the dead birds. A moment later he stood beside the bed with one in his mouth and, in response to a word of commendation from his mistress, shook out a shower of cold drops from his dripping coat which drove her to the shelter of the blankets with a shriek.

I covered her up snugly, ran out upon one of the great logs, took a header into the dimpling waters, swam a race with the dog, pretended to sink and made him tow me ashore, ran with him up and down the sands; then, having dressed, I carefully remade the fire, put the pota-

toes in the ashy bed, hung the kettle over the blaze, and taking my rod, with a brace of "dusty millers" and a sober "brown hackle," for lures, crept out on the old hemlock to the very edge of the submarine cliff and began very gently to whip the water. El Cid stood behind me watching each cast with eager expectation. The day was bright, though the sun as yet had only kissed the tree tops. A light mist was curling off the lake, which lay like molten silver beneath it. The shadows were still heavy along the wooded shores. A fox was stealing towards a bunch of reeds near which a covey of ducks was feeding. Again and again I softly dropped the gray lures through the silver vapor. All at once there was a rush. A splendid bass just missed the fly, turned and struck, and in an instant, another! I had hardly time to note that they were of exceptional size, as is usually true of early morning catches in deep water, when down they went—down until I wondered how deep the cliff must be on the side of which they no doubt had their lair. I wondered, too, what peril of jutting rock and sunken limb my line would have to encounter. It touched nothing, but worked smooth and clear until they broke fifty feet away. As one after the other shot out of the water, I saw it was the best catch I had ever hooked, save the triplets of the day before, and that great care would be necessary to take them, especially as I stood upon a hemlock log set full of branching limbs, six feet above the water and fifty feet from shore. To land them unaided under these conditions would be an achievement worthy of the occasion. I took out my watch and noted the time. Forty minutes afterwards I stood beside the cedar couch and held them up for the Queen's inspection.

"Have you been asleep?" I asked.

"No; just lying here dreaming. What a sweet night under the stars! I had no thought it could be so delightful. I wonder if I shall ever have another?"

The Queen supervised the breakfast, which is perhaps the reason I remember its excellence. Was it because she

cooked them or because they were killed out of season that the ducks were so fine? But I forget; where there is no law there is no offence, and there was no law upon our island, or, at least, no representative to assert it.

I did not make another cast that day. The desire for sport had been sated and the achievement of the morning was not to be diminished by comparison. All day long we wandered about, enjoying the solitude, prying into nature's secrets, talking of old times, feeling the oneness which had grown with years and is God's sweetest gift to man. Thus may we walk on the celestial floor, "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," hand in hand, alone, beyond the ken of other souls. For such is life's uttermost expansion and fullest perfection—that every soul shall fill infinity and occupy eternity.

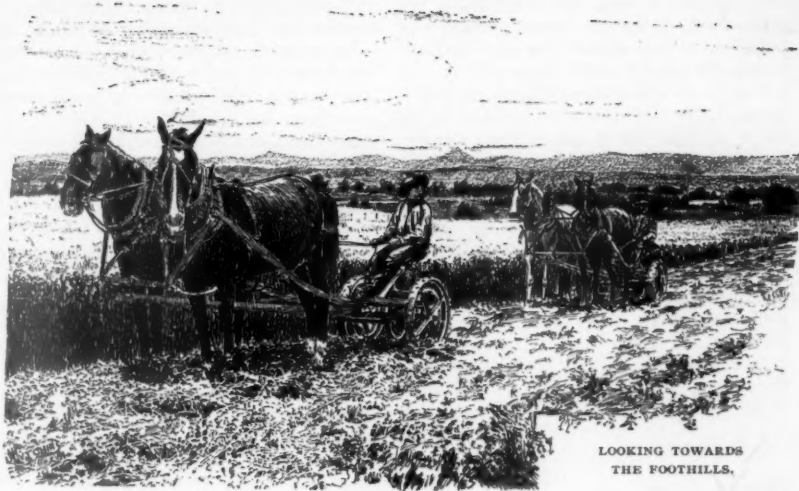
The sun was low when we heard a hail from the point below. The wagon which was to take us back had come. As we drove away in the twilight we turned for a last glimpse of the little lake. It was still a sapphire set in emerald but silvered now by the reflection of the western sky. The eagle on his lofty perch gave a shrill scream and we waved him a laughing good-by.

In the morning twilight we hear the hoarse call of the steamer, and take our places in the lifeboat. The crew run down the ways and leap to their stations. There is a sharp order and the tholepins rattle to their places; another, and the oars are poised, then drop noiselessly in the water. The green billows of Lake Michigan swell under the keel. The steamer's hull looms out of the mist. We clamber on board; the adieus are said, and as the island's soft outline sinks into the bosom of the great inland sea, the Queen murmurs:

"Is it any wonder the Indians called it Manitou—the island of the God!"

The engine grinds hoarsely as we speed over the water. Our outing is over, and the Queen of Hearts seems strangely fair as the questioning dawn comes leaping over the bright waves.





ALFALFA FARMING

AT THE FOOT OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

THE night of the 8th of June. It is a busy evening. Tomorrow a full force of forty men is to be put into the field and all the complicated industries of an alfalfa farm will be in full operation. Two days ago everything was ready to begin the opening work, and the alfalfa stood bending and waving in the breeze that swept down from the Sierras. As night settled down there came a cloud out of the northwest and with it, for an hour, rain. Later on, in the darkness, the rain changed to snow, and next morning every tree and every green field and every roof was covered with a white mantle; and off on the foothills and away up on the topmost edges of the peaks, everything was white.

The scene might have been in eastern midwinter; but when the morning broke, the clouds had disappeared and the sun arose as bright and warm as if the morning were in August. The just purpling alfalfa tops had bent under the weight of the snow, and now, as the sun turned the snow to water, reeled back again into place and stood upright as before.

To one just fresh from the East, these

snowstorms that come at the last of May, when everything is warm and green, seem almost startling; they are the product of the cold night, and the Coloradoan merely congratulates himself upon the fall of so much moisture and knows that there will be no serious consequences. Within a couple of days every particle of snow has disappeared, the ground has dried out, and first one and then another broad gauge centre-draught mower goes down into the greenness and moves backward and forward, leaving a level carpet of green where but a moment before the wind gently swayed the ripening tops.

"Alfalfa;" that was a Moorish word, and then Spanish and then South American and then Californian—finally Coloradoan. It is not known in the eastern states except to those who have travelled through Europe and, having an eye for agricultural operations, have wandered through green fields. To such it is "lucern." More than 2000 years ago it was well known at Rome and grown on the plains of Lombardy and furnished fodder in Switzerland, and in the hot, dry coun-

tries of Africa was, par excellence, the cattle food. When the Moors crossed over into Spain they carried the seed of their wonderful clover with them—for it is a clover, with this radical difference, that it grows taller and somewhat woodier in the stem, and the leaf is serrated and narrower. But the chief departure lies in this, that it has long roots to which are attached infinitesimal rootlets which very commonly go down into loamy, sandy soil twenty feet. Reports exist that roots have been found fifty feet in length by persons who have had occasion to dig wells or where there have been great wash-outs in sandy soil.

In this deep root lies the great value of the plant where water is scarce. With the eight or ten inches of soil near the surface it has but little to do, taking nothing from the top soil, but rather bringing up

and enriching from below. Here comes in another great advantage of the plant: besides resisting the drought it does not exhaust the soil, and while it takes at least two years to reach a full crop, yet it is said that there have been fields where in fifty years there was no diminution of product.

Estimate the nutrition in six inches of soil as being equal to ten years without manuring; now multiply these six inches by the nourishment in twenty feet as representing the most moderate reaching-down of the alfalfa root, and see for how many years a crop may be depended upon. One begins then to understand the marvellous qualifications of this plant for the soil of about one-quarter of the United States and perhaps one-fifth of all the land on the globe.

These roots ramify and loosen the lower strata of soil and, when killed after years of production, leave a vast network of a rich vegetable fertilizer. The soil, worn out with wheat or corn, becomes reënriched and capable of producing larger crops of grain than when first broken by the plough. It is of this crop, growing nowhere in the world more luxuriantly than in the rich soil below the foothills of the Rocky mountains, and the methods by which it is planted and watered and harvested, that I propose to give a brief description. This purpose can be attained in no simpler way than by taking the round of duties which the farmer finds for his men during the five months' season which has opened with the beginning of June and closes with the beginning of November; by which time snow has again fallen, perhaps covering up the few belated haystacks which await the slow curing process of the colder days.

We began with the evening of the 8th of June, not that there has been no work preceding this time. Two months ago small forces of men were at work clearing

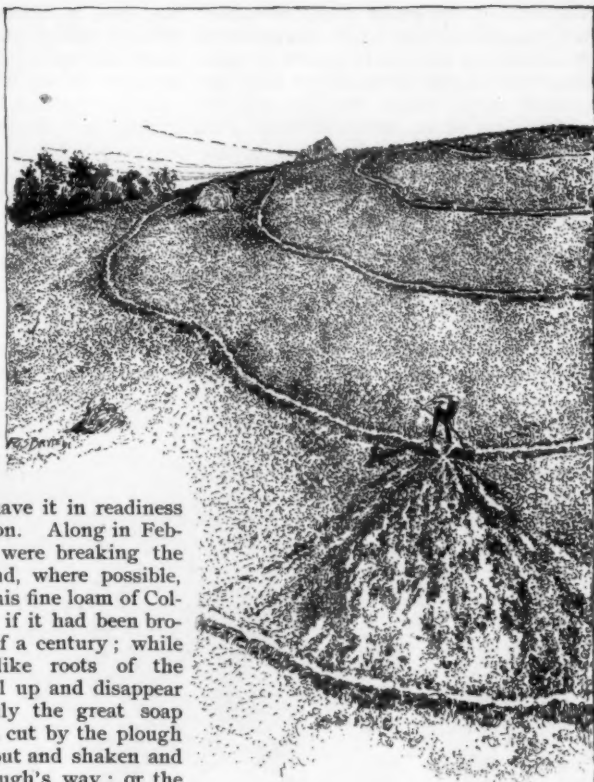


OPENING THE SLUICES.

out ditches and putting in new water boxes and making all arrangements so that if, by any chance, there should not be the usual rainfall of the spring, water could be "turned in;" that is, turned into the ditches and turned out upon the fields.

Off to the north-east lie 160 acres of newly ploughed field with a tinge of green relieving the brownness. That is newly seeded ground and will be mowed this year simply to clear away the weeds and have it in readiness for the following season. Along in February heavy ploughs were breaking the soil eight and ten, and, where possible, eleven inches deep—this fine loam of Colorado rolling over as if it had been broken every year for half a century; while the slender, thread-like roots of the gramma grass shrivel up and disappear under the sun. Only the great soap plant, or yucca, when cut by the plough requires to be pulled out and shaken and pitched from the plough's way; or the sage brush, tough to cut or still clinging to its roots, needs to be carefully removed by hand, and afterwards, with the soap plant, hauled off and burned.

This deep ploughing, which in new soil is almost impossible anywhere else than in Colorado, is important, for the reason that it creates an earthy sponge through which the seed, started by the spring rains, slips its rootlets down with ease and rapidity, and in which is held every drop of moisture falling from the skies. Two weeks of hot, dry sun coming at this time scorches the soil down to a depth of four or five inches, and if the hard subsoil begins at that depth, the root is destined to die before it has strength enough to bear the rushing waters let loose by the irrigator; but, ploughed to the depth of ten inches, the spongy bed below has plenty of moisture to carry the root through the dryer spells and start it down into the



HILLSIDE IRRIGATION.

soil below. Then it is safe, and later on is rushed to deeper growth by ample irrigation. Some years ago, while visiting Utah, I asked a Mormon elder what were the principal religious tenets preached by Brigham Young in the early days of the colony. "Well," he said, after some consideration, "I think it might all pretty much be boiled down into one text, 'Plough deep, and sow alfalfa.'"

Deep ploughing is a slow, expensive process, but, after all, means not more than perhaps two dollars an acre of additional cost, and in the difference in crop which is created with each recurring year means many times that sum, because of the peculiar conditions. The farmer who plants a wheat crop badly, or makes a mistake and has patches where the seed has failed to take, loses his crop for that

year only, as the result of his mistakes ; but, once seeded with alfalfa, the mistakes of seeding are difficult to correct, because three times a year all the heavy farm machinery moves across the field, and the young plant is too tender to resist such rough trampling of machines and horses.

Ploughing once done, the steel-toothed harrows move up and across, until the furrows left by the plough have been smoothed out. Care has already been taken in the ploughing to avoid "back," and their complementary "dead," furrows ; but if that has not been done the leveller and scraper must be called into

its level is determined ; experimental lines of stakes are run in various directions, and again the study of the situation must be thoroughly complete, because a mistake means an error that is likely to run through the years, and can be corrected only at great disadvantage after the alfalfa is up and growing. If the slope of the ground should be considerable, an irrigator and good engineer will determine to run contour lines, making the fall sufficient so that fifty inches of water, perhaps, will pass easily through a ditch which may be crossed by a mowing machine—the amount of water a ditch of given size



A MAIN SUPPLY DITCH.

requisition, and leave no height over which the water cannot run, no furrow from which it will not run off.

Finally, a wagon moves down with fat, heavy sacks of golden-yellow seed, and deposits them along the lines previously laid out by the foreman. Behind the wagon comes a four-horse seeder, with great spring teeth, which reach down into the earth after the seed has dropped, and bury it. The remaining work must be done under the direction of one who knows at least some of the simpler elements of engineering. The field is carefully gone over, and if of uncertain slope

will carry depending, of course, upon the fall. Later on, it will be explained what is meant by an inch of water.

If, upon trial, the ground is found comparatively level and the slope sufficiently regular, straight ditches may be ploughed at right angles to the supply ditch. The stakes once in for the line which the ditch is to follow, a man takes his place between two strong horses, and keeping his eye on the line of stakes, the plough is drawn as the first work in the construction of the ditch, the earth being thrown down the hill. Perhaps a second or even a third time this is necessary, and then shovellers are

put to work cleaning the ditch out carefully and in regular curves, and pressing the earth in the bank down with their feet, so that by its compactness percolation will be prevented when the water is once turned in.

Then the field is deserted and left for the snows and rains which come in April and May, and the sunshine and the winds, until, presently, walking across the field, the farmer perceives countless little green specks breaking through the crust. After a few days the green specks become double-leaved, and a week or two later on, if the season be favorable, he will find that the main stalk has risen an inch above the earth and the little green cotyledons have given place to leaves with serrated edges. Another week or two, and the brown field has become green; side stems and branches have developed, and the plant seems so hardy and the roots have gone so deep that the irrigator no longer fears that in turning even his strongest stream upon it he may sweep it out into the withering sun, root and leaflet.

Meanwhile, there has been other work on the farm. The mowing machines which were stored at the close of the last season have been brought out and carefully cleaned; new "sections" put in the sickles; new bearings and new washers where the wear has been heavy; rakes have had new teeth put in; a long line of hay wagons has been inspected and broken slats repaired; cracked double-trees have been replaced and "reaches" strengthened; half a dozen grindstones have been overhauled and repaired; new sickles purchased; "sections" bought by the gross and repairs laid in to cover any possible accident to machinery.

At last the eve of the 8th of June has come. Around the table of the messroom on that night forty men are gathered. Some, perhaps, who have been on the farm in previous years and have been spending the winter in the mines up on



THE FIRST CURING PROCESS.

the mountains, or at work in the smelters, are glad to return to the pleasanter, though harder, work of the open plain. About one-third are the "regulars" who have been engaged in hauling hay during the winter, and perhaps one-third more are new arrivals—young men from Iowa, Pennsylvania, or the New England states who are out seeing the world or looking for farms or perhaps earning a few months' wages while en route to California.

All sorts and conditions of men turn up on a Colorado farm. The ex-professor who is a graduate of Heidelberg; a younger son of a noble English house, but too poor to do anything else, too proud to let his relatives know his condition; men who have been banking-house clerks, threatened by consumption and told by their doctors that they must live in the open air of Colorado, or die; but chiefest and best workmen of all are the sons of the Iowa or Nebraska farmers, or from Kansas or Illinois; strongly built, rugged, familiar with farm life and farm machinery, intelligent as to their country and her laws and her politics, conscientious in the discharge of their duties and looking forward to the time when they will themselves be employers of men on their own farms.

There is no roughness, no quarrelling or fighting. Perhaps the very fact that forty revolvers are lying in as many trunks is one of the causes of the good nature and kindly friendship. Out of the forty men there are one or two that in their life in the Far West have "killed their man." If they have at any time been disposed to



PRELIMINARY TO "COCKING."

bravado, they understand that this is no place for its display. These men are here for business and they want no foolishness. It is easy to understand that nothing of the kind will be tolerated.

The farmer himself is in his office after dinner with his foremen. He himself must after all be the real foreman, making up the detail of work, selecting the men for their various capacities, riding the fields to determine the condition of the growing plant and the conditions of the ditches, and closely scrutinizing the minutest points of the work before him. But there is a foreman of the machines, a foreman of the cockers, a foreman of the irrigators and a foreman of the stackers, and lastly, the assistant to the farmer, who in his absence takes his place and to whom all report.

The foremen of the machines and of the cockers, the stackers and irrigators, are simply chief men who work with the others, giving directions from time to time, and again, in the absence of the farmer or his superintendent, assuming control; men of long experience and good judgment, who have been tried repeatedly and found equal to emergencies. Before the farmer is a list of the farm hands, new and old, and a discussion is going on with the superintendent and the foremen as to how many men will be required on each branch

of the work and as to the peculiar fitness of the men whose names are on the roll, for particular duties. Perhaps a ditch must be extended and it is necessary to detach as many as even a dozen men from other branches of the work to "rush it through."

The work is always changing, constantly varying, and each night the detail must be made—so many men for this, so many men for that. Suppose the weather has been averaging a moderate temperature for two or three weeks, and that the hay has been requiring a couple of weeks to cure thoroughly before going into stack. The thermometer rises, the winds become peculiarly dry, and hay that required two weeks to cure in cock, cures in three or four days. Machines are stopped, irrigators are taken off ditches, all hands put at work removing cocks from the field and getting them into stack before being dried to that degree which would make the hay like chips.

Again, a shower comes up. Cutters and cockers are suddenly stopped in their work and other duties must be assigned to them. So that the work of putting this small force in place, each man in his proper position, every man to the work for which he is best adapted and all where they can work to the best advantage, is no slight one and requires much careful study.

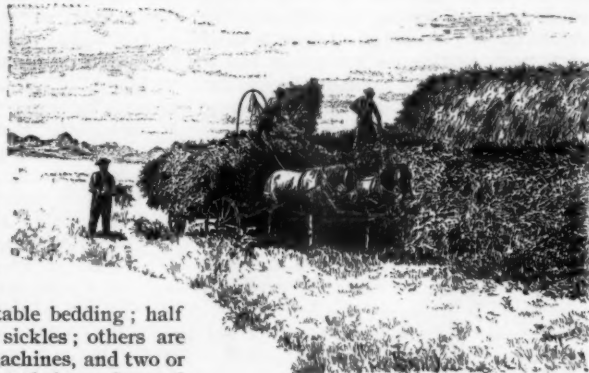
But finally the arrangements are made for the morning; each sub-foreman goes back to his quarters with the names of the men who are to work under him, and the superintendent with the special instructions which are required for the day's operations. In the long twilight the men are standing around under the trees, chatting and getting acquainted, talking about their morrow's work, or perhaps listening to a banjo or violin; some few are looking after horses, seeing that they are properly bedded for the night. Presently, as the last halo of light disappears from the highest peaks of the Rockies the group begins to lessen and the iron cots and comfortable mattresses receive their burdens. If a man is to work well, it is necessary that he should sleep comfortably. At nine o'clock not more than three or four are still out of bed.

The morrow comes. Five o'clock. The sun is casting roseate shadows beneath the summit of Mount Rosalie, and away off on the sides of Long's Peak, sixty miles away. The farm bell rings until it can be heard far down in the valley of Clear Creek. Men in flannel shirts and overalls begin to come out of the bunkhouse and go into the stables. The twenty-six horses, many of them splendid grade Normans and Clydesdales, are taken in hand with currycomb and brush; some men wheel out the stable bedding; half a dozen are grinding sickles; others are oiling and cleaning machines, and two or three irrigators mount their ponies and ride off to ditches that can be reached comfortably before breakfast—the running water may have gotten out of bounds during the night and every hour is valuable. The hour passes; the stables are trim, the horses' coats look shiny, the harness is on and the great farm bell rings for breakfast—a substantial meal of beefsteak, coffee, potatoes and hot rolls.

Half-past six—the last man has gone and the teams are already beginning to move in procession into the fields. One of the wagons carries thirty shovels, so

that in case a rainstorm should interfere with the work among the hay, a large force could be thrown on to the ditches. There are always ditches to enlarge or ditches to strengthen on the farm; or there is a new road required; bridges to be put in or boxes for letting out water from the ditches to be taken out and replaced with larger boxes; or there are tiles to be placed as culverts under roads; or there are trees to be planted. One wagon has an outfit—an anvil, grindstone and repairs for machines; for on a farm nearly three miles in length it is important to have repairs in the field ready for every emergency.

As the procession goes out from the home establishment it begins to scatter. Wagons move off with their complement of pitchers and irrigators into that field to the right where the haycocks stand so thickly; cockers with forks move over into another field and begin to toss and pitch the heavy windrows into round shapes. The cocks are built three times as large as is customary in the East, for



FIRST LOADS TO THE STACK.

it is important that the alfalfa should go through its curing "sweat" before it is put into stack, in order to preserve that wonderful green color which makes it seem, even in midwinter, as if fresh from the fields.

The farmer has been compelled to rise at five o'clock with his fellow workers, and at seven he is on horseback in the field, keenly alive to the movement around him. Riding amidst the purple blossoms of the alfalfa bloom which cover the field



THE LAST LOAD.*

and fill the air with the most delicious perfume, he dismounts among the flat-lying alfalfa and, running his hand through its stems and leaves, finds it ready for the rakers who are to bring it into windrows. Off among the still standing alfalfa the machines have begun to move with their continuous wh-r-r-r, and so the work of the day has fairly begun.

You who are in the cities, shut up in dingy offices, or racking your brains on Wall street, or compelled to walk on streets walled up by dingy houses, you do not envy, perhaps, the very different work which these men have just begun—these men holding forks and pitching heavy loads of new-mown hay into the air and on to wagons or from wagons on to stacks. If you do not, it is because you do not know; it is because Providence has never permitted you to stand in a field with more than a hundred miles of snow-capped hills stretched out before you and wafting down upon you breezes the like of which blow nowhere else; where the sunstroke is unknown and where every breath is life. Around, the green plains and fertile valleys; above, an ever-changing panorama of dark slopes and snow-clad summits and rocky crags, never the same for two hours at a time.

The most interesting operation is going on in the fields where the cutting was first begun. The wagons, with their long

beds covered with thin hickory slats, have been driven down to the lowest side of the field dotted with haycocks, three men accompanying each wagon. A pair of forks wielded by stout arms catch more than a hundredweight between them and with a sudden lift raise it to the wagon side, where the driver, having fastened his lines, stands ready to receive and place it in regular order around his wagon bed—the art of putting on a well-balanced load being no small accomplishment. When a couple of thousand pounds have been loaded, the wagon moves off to the stack yard and its place is taken by that which has meanwhile been unloading. There are a hundred little economies of practice which depend upon the skilful handling of the farm force. At times three men can work to advantage in pitching upon the wagon, or an extra man may be used in unloading.

Meanwhile, the chief irrigators have galloped off to the main ditch boxes, which measure the water into the laterals, and have seen that the streams, in this country so precious, are pouring out in full volume. Every inch of water attaching to the soil by virtue of the constitutional rights affixed to priority of usage is becoming yearly more valuable. Many legislative efforts have been made to change the existing laws for the measurement of water, but that provided by the Colorado statutes, if properly carried out, is probably the best in the world. The accompanying sketch gives an idea of how the measurement of an inch of water is actually accomplished. The farm, not the farmer, acquires a priority right to a certain number of inches of water; an inch of water being the amount that will flow through an orifice one inch square, the water having the pressure which is given by a column standing five inches above the orifice—that is, a “five-inch pressure.” To accomplish this, double measurement boxes must be used, the first box regulating the supply into the scale box, so that the proper pressure shall be as nearly as possible constantly maintained.

After seeing that the ditch boxes are properly set, the irrigators, still at a gallop, ride to the sections being irrigated and

* Engraved from a photograph through the courtesy of Alfred Stieglitz.

turn the water into fresh channels; for while plant life in this country depends upon water, too much water is sure death to alfalfa. It is a nice question, this irrigation, and requires skill and excellent judgment. Four men out of five make poor irrigators, and one man out of a hundred will develop such skill that he will be able to handle, with well-constructed ditches, four or five hundred inches of water, where an ordinary man will succeed in looking after not more than eighty or a hundred. But unless the ditches are constructed in the first place with the highest regard for the principles of engineering which apply, there will always be waste of water and still greater waste of labor. A farmer laying out his ditches should be as anxious to consult a first-class irrigation engineer as a builder should be to have the services of an architect.

With the advance of the season the higher ground of the farm begins to be dotted with long, symmetrically built stacks. The four or five inches of hay next the surface of the stack is always changed to a crisp yellow straw after a week under the bright sun, and there is danger of rain penetrating and bringing rot, so that the problem of stacking becomes one of securing the greatest bulk which will turn the rain from its top. Eighteen feet has been found to be a maximum width underneath the Colorado sky, and the expert stacker works backward and across, trampling the centre, so that when finished the outer edges will settle farthest and the centre keep its height. These stacks are sometimes a couple of hundred feet in length. In building them they presently attain a height which is no longer possible to reach with a fork from the wagon. Two expedients are resorted to; the first is to drive the wagon just from the field to the highest part of the stack, using the greatest height of the load as a point from which to pitch—then moving the wagon to a

lower level of the stack and throwing off the remainder. After a time even this fails to work, and then a light but strongly built framework is brought into play, consisting of a double platform four feet wide and about eight long, the lower platform being about fourteen feet in height and the upper sixteen feet. On the upper platform stands a pitcher, who lifts the alfalfa from the lower platform, where it has been easily thrown from the wagon. From his vantage point of sixteen feet he pitches his heavy forkfuls wherever needed by the stacker.

It is skilful work, both stacking and pitching, and the man who practises it becomes a well-developed, all-around athlete. Great forkfuls of hay, which the college gymnast could scarcely raise on the end of a fork, are taken up by the expert pitcher with perfect ease and with a sleight of hand acquired by long practice, turned dexterously into the required place, while every muscle of leg, back and arm is brought into magnificent play.

When one part of the stack is finished, four men, one at each corner, easily move the tower along. Many inventions have been patented for raising and stacking hay, but they are usually so cumbersome and require so many men to operate them, and lastly, and by far the most important, drop the hay in such irregular shapes upon the stack, causing uneven settling,



A TOWER FOR HIGH STACKING.

that the high stacker is disposed to adopt the simpler tower, which is at once inexpensive to build and move.

Alfalfa should be put up in large cocks, and if so piled will, in the course of a week, go through a sweating process before it reaches the stack. Much skill is required in judging of the condition of the

alfalfa in cock and determining just when it is ready for stacking. If it has remained a proper length of time in the cock, the heat evolved in the stack will be too slight to cause damage, and after a few days will disappear, leaving a mass of sweet leaves and stalks which, when cut into during the winter, will appear to be nearly as bright a green as when standing in the field.

When the operations of the season close at the end of October, it is found that from every properly bearing acre of alfalfa there has been cut an average of about three and a half tons—one and a half tons from the first cutting, one and an eighth from the second and nearly a ton from the last. One of the economies of the plant for cultivation lies in the fact that for five months the operation of harvesting has been going on continuously, the second crop being ready for cutting, where the machines were first put at work, by the time that the last field of the first cutting has been cleared—this, of course, only when the area cultivated reaches to 1000 or more acres. By the time the last haycock is lifted upon the wagon, the winter demand from the adjoining city has begun, and every wagon is needed for delivering. Nor is the last stack hauled away in the spring before the cutting machines are again at work. Alfalfa growing approaches more nearly to being continuous work than any other agricultural operation.

Over at least one-fourth of the territory of the United States alfalfa can be grown to so great an advantage that it is doubtful whether any other crop can equal it in productiveness. Its long, deep roots, going far into the earth for water and nourishment, make it essentially a dry-climate plant, and in the years to come, when the farmers of Colorado and other dry-climate states and territories have begun to understand the importance of treasuring every bit of snowfall, an inch of water

will be made to give five times the service that is now required from it, while an area covered with alfalfa that is now undreamed of will be the result.

I have little doubt but that one good crop and another part of a crop can be obtained upon lands which are incapable of irrigation during the summer, but may be soaked with water in those winter months during which the water now runs to waste. So it is not an improbable thing that some day the now seeming deserts, such as Jornada del Muerto of New Mexico, will be vast alfalfa fields, giving one strong crop in the early summer and a short pasturage during the later months. Nor is it to be doubted that the East is destined to reap unsuspected benefits from this plant. The great sandy stretches of New Jersey and North Carolina and even Canada, which now seem incapable of vegetation, may, in the case of those lands which are thoroughly drained, become valuable property when seeded to alfalfa. Many experiments have been tried in different parts of the East, mostly unsuccessful from failure to understand the necessity of deep ploughing for the benefit of the young plant, and thorough drainage for the roots of the older. Nor have we yet studied the conditions under which the plant is cultivated in Europe. The matter is of such importance that it should receive the attention of the Agricultural department. If possible, a commission, consisting of at least one practical farmer from California and one from Utah or Colorado (the practice and conditions in the latter states being somewhat different from those of California) and one scientist should be sent abroad to make a thorough and careful report upon the European methods of cultivating and curing this marvellous plant. A few thousand dollars spent in this way might result in a gain of many millions to the farmers of our eastern, middle and southern states.



A LEGAL MEASURING BOX.



"But who is this, by the half-opened door,
Whose figure casts a shadow on the floor?"

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IT is a strange story that I have to tell, this story of five friends, all of whom were well known and dear to me, and three of whom, at least, are likely to be not soon forgotten by the world. It is not quite fifteen years since I met them all for the first time; and now the name of each one of them is graven upon a tombstone. The eldest of the five was Doctor Westland Marston, the dramatist. The others of my five were Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the son-in-law of Doctor Marston, and the doctor's three children—Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet; Eleanor, then Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and Cicely, the unmarried daughter. Arthur O'Shaughnessy was born in 1844, and when I first met him was a remarkably handsome man of thirty-two; Philip Bourke Marston, born in 1850, was at that time twenty-six; the sisters, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Miss Marston, were twenty-eight and thirty. And in this short space of fifteen years all of them have gone to that other

country of which we preach and dream and talk, and know—nothing.

Cicely died first, in the July of 1878; and that she should be the first to go was the literal fulfilment of a prophecy of which I shall speak later. Only seven months afterward—in the February of 1879—came the death of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. It was another bitter sorrow to the blind poet when O'Shaughnessy himself died, after a sudden and brief illness, in the January of 1881—two weeks less than two years after the death of his wife.

Philip Bourke Marston lived on after this six sad years more—years ghost-haunted and forlorn; and then, in the February of 1887 he went, in his turn, into the space beyond our ken.

It seemed strange that the father should have outlived all his children. It seemed doubly strange to me, because it was in the days when I first knew them, and when they all seemed as likely as anyone I could think of to live to a good old age, that Cicely Marston told me of a singular spiritualistic communication which had



Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton was born at Pomfret, Connecticut, April 5, 1835. She was married in 1855 to Mr. William A. Moulton, a Boston publisher, now retired. Mrs. Moulton's first volume, a collection of tales, sketches and verse, called *This, That and The Other*, was published in 1854. It was followed in 1855 by *Juno Clifford*, a novel long since out of print; in 1873 by the first of a popular and delightful series of children's tales entitled *Bed-Time Stories*; in 1877 by poems; in 1878 by *Swallow-Flights*; in 1881 by *Random Rambles*, a collection of sketches of travel; in 1887 by *Ourselves and our Neighbors*, a collection of essays and sketches; in 1888 by *Some Women's Hearts*; and in 1890 by Mrs. Moulton's latest and finest volume of poems, *In the Garden of Dreams*. Mrs. Moulton has contributed to all the leading literary magazines, is widely known as the correspondent to the *Boston Herald*, and is one of the leaders in Boston literary society.

purported to come from her dead mother and which had been addressed to herself in these words: "You will go first, Cissy, and then Nelly, and then Philip, and last of all your father." She often repeated to me this prophecy, and, improbable as its fulfilment then seemed, she herself trusted it implicitly; and though I put slight faith in it at the time, it was literally fulfilled.

Doctor Westland Marston is less well known in America than in England, though several of his plays have been successfully produced in this country. He was born in Boston, England, and was the son of a dissenting minister who had seceded from the Anglican Church, and was far more narrowly and rigidly evangelical than if he had been educated in the ranks of dissent. He had a horror of playhouses, as he called theatres; and he looked upon all actors as the legitimate children of Satan. It was a curious reprisal of fate that his son's chief delight should have been the stage, for which he began to write when still very young.

In fact, his first play—*The Patrician's Daughter*—was published before he was twenty-one, and also before he was twenty-one he had married, as it was to prove, wisely and happily.

When he was but twenty-three *The Patrician's Daughter* was brought out at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with Macready in one part and Phelps in another, and Miss Helen Faucit (the present Lady Martin) as the heroine. So cast, and being in itself a really fine play, it is no wonder that it met with a success which might easily have turned the head of a less earnest and less aspiring young man. I find in the collective edition of Doctor Marston's works, published by Chatto & Windus in 1876, no less than twelve plays, all of which were produced with success on the English stage, and he has left the manuscripts of three other dramas, written more recently.

Besides being a playwright, Westland Marston was also a poet. He published a volume of poems when he was but twenty-three, and the 1876 edition of his works contained much really noble verse. He wrote one successful novel also—*A Lady in Her Own Right*—and various shorter stories. He was, moreover, for many years a leading critic in the columns of the *London Athenæum*.

While Mrs. Marston lived the house of the Marstons was one of the best-known literary centres of London life. I have been told by many a friend of the family how delightful were the social reunions under this always hospitable roof. Browning was a frequent guest there; so was Bulwer; so were Dickens and Thackeray and Swinburne; and, among artists, Ford, Madox Brown and the poet-painter Rossetti and Holman Hunt. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, was the godfather of Philip Bourke Marston, and Dinah Maria Muloch (afterward Mrs. Craik) was his godmother.

It was in 1870 that Mrs. Marston died. She had been her husband's most sympathetic companion for thirty happy years, and at her death some spring of life seemed to fail in him. After that terrible bereavement he shunned rather than sought the world, and during the twenty years that he survived his wife his one really important work was the two large volumes of dramatic reminiscences published under the title of *Our Recent Actors* in the late summer of 1888. The *Collected Works*, published six years after Mrs. Marston's death, were inscribed to her beloved memory, and they contained, besides many other noble and beautiful poems to the socherished wife, this octave, hardly to be surpassed for dignity and pathos in the literature of love and sorrow:

"AN INVOCATION.

"I had thy love: whatever Fate
Has since denied I'll not repine.
What second joy could she create
Like that I knew when thou wast mine?
His blessing take, his faults forgive—
If ever earthward bends thine eye—
Who, having loved thee, bears to live,
And having lost thee, waits to die."

Not very long after the death of Mrs. Marston, Eleanor Marston became Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and the Regent's Park house was given up. Already the Marston salon was a thing of the past. While Mrs. Marston lived she had been reader and amanuensis for her blind son, but after her death Cicely took her place, and from that time on she and Philip worked together, travelled together, and shared each other's life until that summer day when Cicely died.

Was there ever any life so full of mocking promises and of swift and fatal calam-

ities as that of Philip Bourke Marston? I have never known one. Mrs. Mullock-Craik has told me how singularly beautiful his eyes were when he was a baby. It was then that she addressed to him her well-known poem—Philip, my King—beginning:

"Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king,
Round whom the enshadowing purple lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities."

Further on in the same poem she wrote:

"Thou too must tread, as we trod, a
way
Thorny and cruel and cold and
gray."

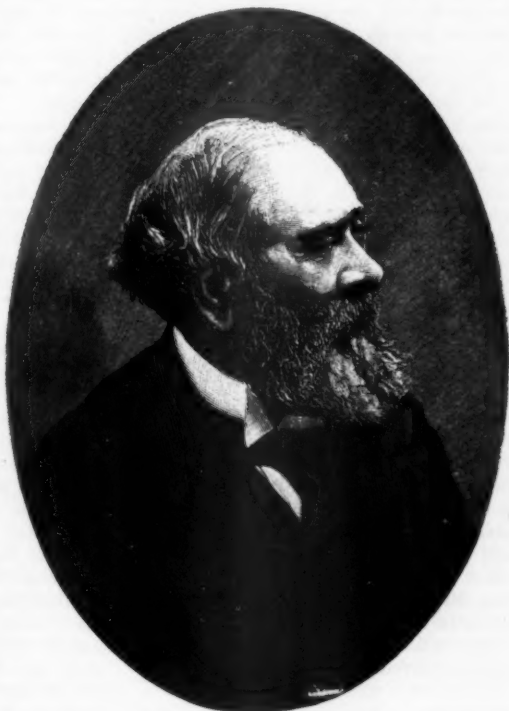
Ah, he began to tread that bitter way when the feet that bore him on were very young. He was only three years old when he caught an accidental blow while playing with some other little boys. The blow hit one eye and inflamed it, and the inflammation was presently communicated to the other, and he lost his sight almost entirely, and so began thus early to tread his path of thorns. Blindness is hard enough for anyone to bear; but it can be so hard to no one else as to a poet. "You do not know," he used to say to me, "you cannot dream what it is never to see the stars that shine on you, the bird that sings to you, the sea, whose music you love; never to catch the light in a woman's eyes or the smile on her lips; to sit all day with hundreds of books around you that you are starving to read and cannot."

While his mother lived she had been eyes for him, as I said, as far as one human being could be for another. I think she loved him best among her children, because he needed her most. But the awful night came in which his blind eyes met her last look of love with helpless tears, and she was gone. This was his second great sorrow.

Soon after this came for him the dawning of a new day. He loved Miss Mary

Nesbit and he won her love in return. He was gladder of it and prouder of it, I know, than even if he could have seen her beauty, since he, the blind and sorrow-stricken poet, had won in the face of happier and more prosperous lovers this prize which seemed to him life's crowning glory.

How happy he was in those first few glad months! He poured out his very soul in the fifty-seven sonnets to his beloved with which his first volume—Song-



DOCTOR WESTLAND MARSTON.

Tide—opens. The book was published, and a copy, specially bound for the lady of his love, was his betrothal gift to her. Ah, it is good to think that there was a brief space, at least, in which this man so scourged by fate was happy, though even in those brief, blessed months his vain longing to look upon the face of her he loved burned in his heart like a consuming flame. Yet the draught of happiness he quaffed in those swift, glad days was deep and full. His book received the most

cordial of welcomes from the critics of the leading reviews, and I have seen such private letters of praise from both Rossetti and Swinburne as would to many a poet have seemed the sufficing reward of a long life's endeavor. Thank God for this space, in which trouble masked his threatening face with smiles; in which the masters of song reached out their hands to the young blind poet and claimed him among their high kindred; while readers were clamoring for a second edition of his book, and the girl he loved had not shrunk from sharing his darkness. Still, even then, as he wrote once of himself, "the gods derided him."

In the November of 1871 his betrothed died, and the tears he shed for her quenched the last flickering flame of light in his sad eyes. Up to that time he could see the clouds redden with the sunset or the fire glow in the grate; but after this time night closed in upon him, impenetrable and hopeless. Henceforth he could see nothing.

After this Cicely devoted herself to him more utterly than ever, as if, indeed, she would be mother, wife and sister all in one. She used to say to me, sometimes, "It will be bad for him, poor boy, when I have to leave him. You know I am to die—first of us all." She copied out for him the whole of his second book—*All-in-All*—the tribute of his stricken heart to the lost lady of his love. It was a book fully equal to its predecessor in merit; but by reason of the sad monotony of its theme it failed of so immediate a popularity. One sonnet in it, that has already been often quoted, I must quote in my turn; for one hardly knows where to find a nobler expression of uttermost bereavement:

"NOT THOU, BUT I.

"It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine: if I, alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.

"And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep—
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine
weep:
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness
keep—
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain."

This sonnet was the cry of a sorrow that even a sister's tenderness could not wholly console. And yet was there ever another sister like Cicely? She had decided literary gifts of her own, as she proved by writing several distinctly charming stories; but she put aside, how willingly all that she might have herself accomplished, and read and wrote for her brother as if she were simply his eyes and his hands. Once they went to Italy together, and it seemed to the blind poet as if he saw it all, so full and so faithful were Cicely's descriptions, as they stood together in the Duomo at Florence or glided over the Grand canal in the gondolas of Venice.

A sorrow not like the loss of mother or sweetheart, but as bitter as friendship knows, came to Marston in 1874, in the loss of his most intimate and cherished friend, Oliver Madox Brown. Oh, does not one's very heart ache to think how many hopeless tears those blind eyes wept! Perhaps the bitterest grief of all was when Cicely herself died, in 1878. When his mother, his betrothed, his friend, one after another went out of life, there had always been left this sister of consolation, ready to live for him and in him, to be his help and his comfort. When Cicely died there was no one of his own left him save the father—sorely stricken himself, and far older than his years by reason of many sorrows—and the married sister, who had herself only a seven months' longer lease of life. The death of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, which came next, fulfilled the second clause of the strange spiritualistic prediction to which I have already referred. She died in February, 1879, and then a new fellowship of sorrow united the two brothers-in-law. Both were poets, and there was between them a certain kinship of song, though, in my opinion, it was Marston who struck the higher note and struck it the more perfectly. Yet O'Shaughnessy had in his imagination something singularly weird and suggestive, and he had also a charming lyric grace; read, for instance:

"I MADE ANOTHER GARDEN.

"I made another garden, yea,
For my new love;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.

Why did the summer not begin?
 Why did my heart not haste?
 My old love came and walked therein,
 And laid the garden waste.

"She entered with her weary smile,
 Just as of old;
 She looked around a little while,
 And shivered at the cold.
 Her passing touch was death to all,
 Her passing look a blight;
 She made the white rose petals fall,
 And turned the red rose white.

"Her pale robe clinging to the grass
 Seemed like a snake
 That bit the grass and ground, alas,
 And a sad trail did make.

She went up slowly to the gate,
 And there, just as of yore,
 She turned back at the last to wait
 And say farewell once more."

What a charming fellow O'Shaughnessy was, as I recall him, with his handsome, sensitive, clearly cut features, his bright, earnest eyes, his graceful, well-knit figure, and the noticeably small hands and feet, so well gloved and shod, in which he took such an innocent pride. He had such a healthy pleasure in things small and great. He would always have been the youngest man in any company. I really think he crowded more happiness into his thirty-six years of life than most men garner who live on to threescore and ten. He was keeper of the pressed butterflies and their bright-winged kindred at the British museum, and I always thought there was an odd suitability in his holding that post. He was as much at home in France as in England, and spoke and wrote the French language as if it were his mother tongue. He passed most of his vacations in France, and his keenest intellectual sympathies were with the younger school of French poets. His frequent visits to Victor Hugo were among his greatest pleasures; but he delighted in everything, and I have always been glad that his last illness was so brief; that he, who so loved life, had not, through weary months of fearful expectation, to wait for the approach of death. His last act was one of chivalrous courtesy. He

was going home from the theatre, one keenly cold night in the January of 1881, and had already taken his place in an omnibus, when a lady came to the door, saw that the stage was full, and was preparing to climb to the top. O'Shaughnessy with his quick instinct of kindness instantly sprang out, gave her his seat and made his own way to the roof. The theatre had been hot, and the poet took a chill from which he was never to recover. He did not go out again, and in a week he was dead.

During his lifetime O'Shaughnessy had



PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

published three volumes of poems—An Epic of Women, Lays of France, and Music and Moonlight. A fourth volume, entitled Songs of a Worker, was issued a few months after his death. It contained much noble and memorable verse, together with certain less finished work that I feel sure would not have been included had the poet lived to be his own editor.

With the death of O'Shaughnessy in 1881 my group of five friends had been narrowed to two. Of these two it would have seemed most natural that the son should survive the father; but I remembered the prophecy, of which two-thirds

had been already fulfilled. Moreover, there had been another prediction of different origin. In 1877 a novelist, a friend of both the Marstons and myself, who had studied astrology from pure love of the occult, cast the horoscope of Philip Bourke Marston and wrote it out very fully. Three times in the course of this singular manuscript the year 1887 was men-

quite "out of print" within three months of its issue.

Soon after this I could see that the poet's health was beginning to decline. How young and strong he was when I met him first in 1876! His wide-open brown eyes were so large and bright that you did not perceive they were sightless until you came quite near him. He was slight and tall, with a noble forehead and a singularly refined face. He had changed greatly when I saw him in 1884, a year after the publication of *Wind Voices*. He looked older and at the same time less strong; and each year after that, on my return to London, I could discern some perceptible failure in his health and strength. He used to tell me that his remaining years would be few and evil; but I could scarcely believe it even then, for he was so gay when he had any one with whom to make merry, so full of wit and fun and laughter.

In the early autumn of 1886 he had a serious attack of brain fever. I saw him soon after his partial recovery and the change his illness had wrought was terrible.

It was the very last of January when he experienced what at first seemed only a slight shock of paralysis. But the disease progressed so fatally fast that after the first two days he was not able to speak at all, and for the remaining fortnight of his life

his vain attempts to make himself understood were terrible to witness, until at the very end, when a strange calm possessed him, and, as his father wrote me, "he almost slept into eternity."

Of all Doctor Marston's many sorrows I think this loss of his son was the very cruellest. It left him utterly alone, bereft of all his loved and loving housemates; until to his solitude there came a strange and mysterious companionship. I am no spiritualist, yet I cannot help some sense of awe and mystery when I think of the prophecy that foretold



ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

tioned as the probable date of the poet's death.

In 1883 Marston, then thirty-three years old, published his last volume of poems, *Wind Voices*, which, beautiful as its predecessors had been, may justly take rank as, on the whole, his best work. It was an immediate success. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, imported an edition, of which not a copy was left on hand at the end of a month or two; and the London publishers were speedily selling the last copies of their edition at a premium, so that the book, which had not been stereotyped, was

the successive "taking off" of all the Marston household; and I was scarcely less impressed by what Doctor Marston told me of the presence in his life of his dead son. A night or two after Philip's death, overcome by a sense of his awful loneliness, he had bent his head upon his arms and had given way. At last, to the passion of his grief, when suddenly he felt a touch upon his arm, and he was aware of a voice that spoke to him. He was not frightened, and without lifting his head he asked, "Who is it?" "It is I, dear father," came the answer; "your own boy. You must not be unhappy about me for I am happy at last." The sense of his son's companionship was so real and so vital to the lonely old man that it strangely cheered the first year of his solitude. But gradually there came a change. "I feel his presence less often," he said to me very sadly, in the summer of 1888; "I suppose he has gone on—gone up higher."

The only literary task accomplished by the doctor after his son's death was the revision of his very important and interesting work, *Our Recent Actors*; the two volumes, published in England and in America in the summer of 1888.

In 1889 he said to me, "I miss my boy more than ever; he comes to me so seldom, now. He used to be with me all the time;

at least," he added with a sigh, "at least, I thought so." It almost appeared as if it was this spiritual companionship that had kept him alive, for when it was withdrawn his health began to fail very rapidly. When I parted with him in the November of 1889, he told me he believed it would be our last good-by, and so it proved. From time to time one friend or another would write, "I think the dear old doctor is failing day by day." Later on, just at the end of '89, the friend who tended his last days with the devotion of a son, wrote me that there was no hope; and on the 5th of January 1890 came a cablegram to say that all was over; and four days afterward, on the 9th of January, Doctor Westland Marston was buried in the populous cemetery at Highgate—that cemetery already tenanted by his son and his daughter Cicely.

How strangely empty London seemed to me last summer, with all my group of five gone from it! Of them all Arthur O'Shaughnessy was the only one whose life had been really gay and glad. Perhaps one ought not to repine that after so many bitter days and nights kind Death had soothed them to that last sleep whose waking we may not watch or know. And yet—and yet—they were, and are not—and who shall fill the void they left?



MILITIA SERVICE.

BY HORACE PORTER.

AMERICANS take a special interest in athletics and all forms of outdoor exercise. In this they partake of a habit of most of the northern races. The Englishman indulges in rude sports in the field, and in his hunting will travel as far as India to have a brush with the tiger or lion in his native jungle. In Germany, societies prevail everywhere for the purpose of physical training; and the German is fond of dashing into the forests to hunt the wild boar. The favorite diversion of the Americans in the West has been the hunting of the buffalo and grizzly bear. The excitement of such sports amply compensates for their danger. "It doth more stir the blood to rouse a lion than to start a hare."

The case is very different in most southern countries; in Southern Europe the sport consists principally in hunting small game, involving no very great physical exercise. The favorite amusement is billiards or cards, which can be played within doors without exertion or exposure to the elements.

Americans being among the most prominent people in pursuit of athletics and conspicuous in their disposition to indulge in manly sports, it is always an interesting question as to what training it is best to pursue in that direction. For youngsters the hoop, the top, marbles and tag answer every purpose. While young men are in college football and baseball furnish ample means of physical exercise. At West Point and Annapolis military and naval drills, swimming and occasional outdoor games insure the perfection of physical training, and send the graduates

of those institutions out into the world with muscles of iron and constitutions fitted for almost any strain. But after the college days the training ceases, a reaction sets in and a breaking down in health is often the consequence. Gymnasiums, bicycles and long tramps may serve a good purpose for a time, but these are soon given up, as there is little incentive for exercising unless the exercise be systematic, part of some well-organized plan and stimulated by association with one's fellows. In casting about we find no better physical advantages to be gained than those derived from the military exercises which young men undergo in the militia services. Camping out in summer in well-selected camps gives them an outdoor life which is a much needed change from the indoor life led throughout the long winters, during which so much vitiated air is breathed in crowded places of business and ill-ventilated sleeping apartments. Marching is the most rational exercise for the legs; the manual of arms always insures healthy chests and well-developed arms, and moving at the double-quick improves the breathing power of the lungs. Unlike the athletics in college there is here no over-training, which so often injures the subjects by excess, and no breaking down after the training has ceased. The marching and drilling under competent instructors improve the gait of the recruit and give him a firmer, easier step and a more graceful carriage. This is what old drill sergeants call setting up a man. In undergoing this course of training there is no waste of time, as the young soldier is



General Horace Porter was born in Huntington, Pennsylvania, and is a son of Governor David R. Porter of that state. He was educated in the scientific department of Harvard university and at the Military academy at West Point. He was a lieutenant in the regular army when the rebellion began and made his first reputation as chief of artillery at the capture of Fort Pulaski. He afterwards served on the staff of General McClellan, the staff of General Rosecrans and later upon the staff of General Grant. He was twice slightly wounded and received five brevets for gallant and meritorious services. He acted as assistant secretary of war while General Grant was secretary ad interim, served as secretary to President Grant during his first presidential term. He resigned in 1873 and has since been interested in the Pullman Car company and largely engaged in the construction and management of railways. He is the inventor of several mechanical devices that are now in use. His first published book was *West Point Life*. Articles from his pen have appeared in all the leading magazines and journals.

constantly learning much that will in the future be valuable to him. After he has completed his service in the militia he becomes exempt from jury duty, which is no small consideration in our community. He acquires a knowledge of the military profession which in case of war would enable him to secure the position of a commissioned officer instead of running the risk of being drafted as a private and serving in the ranks. The great number of officers furnished from the ranks of the New York Seventh regiment during the war of the rebellion is a striking instance of the force of this statement. It is usually very difficult for young men employed in business occupations to procure the time necessary to indulge in ordinary outdoor sports. Employers who have an eye single to the profits of the business and forget that they were once young themselves raise serious objections to their employes absenting themselves from work to visit athletic grounds and play baseball and football. But these same employers will not object to their young men joining the militia, for they know that upon such organizations they must depend almost solely for the protection of their property in case of mobs and riots, and they will grant leave of absence to enable their employes to perform the duties demanded by the militia service when they would not allow them to absent themselves for any other purpose.

Military service has many advantages mentally. It cultivates intelligence among young men and does much towards improving the memory and curing absent-mindedness. The necessity of being alert, listening for each word of command and acting promptly upon it, quickens the wits, and cultivates the habit of fixing the attention and concentrating the thoughts. Marching to the sound of music gives a young man a better idea of measure and rhythm and is calculated to make him more methodical in all things. His entering upon the duties of a soldier leads him to study military history, which embodies the chief history of nations; for it has been said with truth that a nation's history is the history of its military campaigns. It teaches him to assume responsibilities and makes him more manly. The sentinel becomes responsible for his post, the

corporal for his relief, the sergeant for his guard. The soldier at the same time learns to command as well as to obey. In serving with a regiment, a young man realizes the value of organization and unity of action and the true meaning of comradeship. He strengthens his friendships and largely increases his acquaintance. In this country particularly, where people are so dependent upon each other, there is no greater advantage to a young man entering either public or private life than a large range of acquaintance.

The hardest lesson to be learned in life is that of amenability to discipline. In a land like this, where there is very little restraint among young or old, where self-abnegation is but little heard of, and where the race of life is pretty much a "go as you please," there is scarcely any school in which subordination and obedience are taught except in the military service. When a young man goes into camp and is set to work with a policing squad, and with a shovel and wheelbarrow required to clean up the company grounds, pick up dead leaves, cigar stumps and the débris of the previous day's rations, he is not likely to suffer thereafter from notions of false pride or false shame. He learns to dignify labor, and finds that it is one of the duties of the most honorable of professions to take part in the most uninviting forms of manual labor. He learns that there are moral, as well as physical and mental qualifications required in the soldier; and that there is instruction to be received from the chaplain as well as the captain. It is a good education in patriotism, and even this requires cultivation. Bolingbroke says: "The love of country is not an institution of nature but a lesson of reason; and the value of a country can be measured only by the cost of saving it." The military life also teaches increased respect for the country's flag; that it is not merely a few yards of bunting, to be purchased for a few shillings in the nearest store and carried in holiday processions; but that it is the symbol of national authority, and calls for devotion and service from all good citizens, in its defence. A well-trained soldier learns to reverence it, to salute it as it passes, to realize that it is to wave over him in victory, to be his rallying point in defeat,

and that if he offer up his life in its defence its folds will be laid upon his bosom in death.

The training of the soldier teaches him to discard useless theories and look upon the practical side of life. While this has been called an age in which bayonets think, nothing is accomplished unless bayonets act.

I recollect a young volunteer officer who had just received his commission and reported for duty with the Army of the Cumberland, when it had fallen back from Chickamauga to Chattanooga, and was engaged in throwing up hastily constructed earthworks for its defence. The chief engineer was standing near the centre of the line, in mud up to his ankles, directing the work. He was known as an eminently practical man. The young officer in his new spotless uniform stepped up to him, and looking as "chock full of science" as Jack Bunsby himself, said: "Colonel, is not engineering generally worked out by means of logarithms?" "No," replied the chief engineer as he

planted a vigorous kick upon a soldier who was lagging in his work; "no, it's generally done with the pick and shovel and a boot."

General Taussier of the French army recently made some very sensible remarks regarding the importance of the morale of troops. He said in substance that he feared the administrative officers of modern armies, in the absorbing attention they were giving to the exploiting of scientific military inventions, were neglecting the importance of cultivating the morale of the soldiers; that whatever might be the advantages gained from the improved implements of war, the superiority in battle would depend principally upon the morale of the troops.

Whatever has been said about the service in our army militia is applicable to our naval militia. The organization of the latter force has attracted marked attention, and its necessity and effectiveness are not only appreciated by our people but have been handsomely acknowledged by the officers of the regular navy.

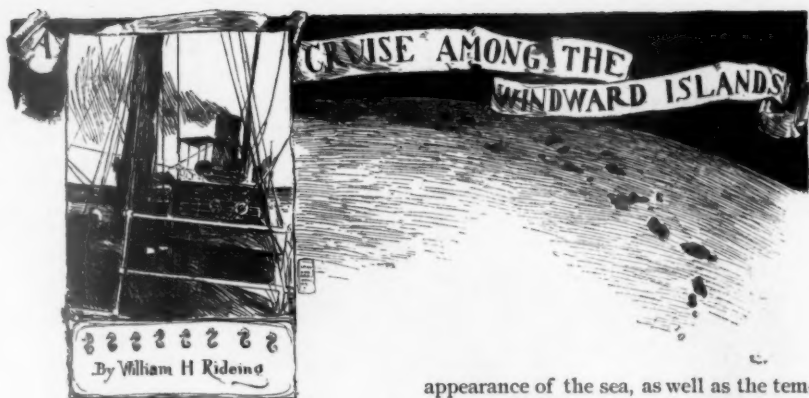


A MIDNIGHT LANDSCAPE.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

A GREAT black cloud from heaven's midmost height
Hangs all to eastward, roofing half the world,
Whereunder in vast shadow stretches furled
A waste, meseems, where never leaf nor light
Could be, but only darkness infinite,
Where the lost heroes of old dreams oppressed
Might still be wandering on some dolorous quest—
A land of witchcraft and accursèd blight.

Lapping the border of that huge distress,
A pallid stream from valleys gnarled and dim
Comes creeping with a Stygian silentness;
While yonder southward at the cloud's last rim
Antares from the Scorpion burns afar,
With surge and baleful gleam, the fierce red star.



It seemed like a make-believe story for the ears of a child: the Hudson was clogged with ice; Staten Island curved under the low gray clouds like a huge snowdrift; the line of breakers on the Long Island shore was indistinguishable from the ridges of snow on the beach and on the sand dunes—not a sign of relenting was there in the harsh face of winter.

The Caribbee had slowed up on the bar to discharge the pilot, and was swinging from sea to sea, rolling over to the leeward until the water gushed inward like a fountain through the scuppers. That in a day or two we should slip out of this icy grasp and find ourselves in a region of perpetual summer—that at this very moment the sun was burning down there on unfading verdure, and drawing out the perfume of roses and orange blossoms, was a little confusing, if not incredible.

Two days later the air was like that of an English June, soft and caressing, brushing the face with a silky touch, but the water was the same as in the North, whipped with spray and slaty in color. Four days later we were in July, and the

appearance of the sea, as well as the temperature, had changed. The water was no longer brittle and crisp as we see it in higher latitudes, but swept under us in long smooth swells like rolls of velvet unwinding from a cylinder; in the sunlight it was sapphire—in the shadow a paler blue, like turquoise. Floating upon it, like necklaces and tiaras of amber, were sprays and bunches of the exquisite gulfweed. Think of a crystal world floored with sapphire, domed with spaces of lavender and violet; not a cloud visible, not a sail—for these southern latitudes are not so busy with traffic as the route of the great transatlantic liners. The winter of our discontent was far behind us and almost impossible to imagine. In some secret way nature had administered a narcotic to us, and the hours were spent in dreams as the Caribbee steamed gently on her course for the Windward islands.

We have meant to read up Kingsley and Froude, both of whom have "done" the islands which we mean to visit; but the books lie unopened in our laps; the spell of the brier rose is upon us, and we see with half-shut eyes. A passenger has improvised a fishing pole and is hanging over the taffrail in patient endeavor to hook a specimen of the passing gulfweed.



American Review, and he holds a similar position on the staff of the Youth's Companion.

William H. Rideing was born in Liverpool, England, in 1853, of a race of seafaring men. His father was one of the pioneer officers of the Cunard service, and a great-uncle on his mother's side was Admiral Edward Walpole Browne, of the Royal Navy. Mr. Rideing came to the United States in boyhood, and plunged into newspaper work. At the age of twenty he was an assistant editor of the New York Tribune. He has since become widely known as a popular magazine writer, through his contributions to all the principal periodicals of the country. Indeed, so numerous are his magazine articles that he has been called the "Briarcliff of the Press." The books he has written include Thackeray's London, A Little Upstart (a novel), A saddle in the Wild West and Boys in the Mountains. The last-named works are narratives of camp life with the Wheeler Expedition, with which Mr. Rideing was connected during two field seasons as special correspondent of the New York Times. At present Mr. Rideing is the associate editor of the North



WOMEN COALING A STEAMER, ST. LUCIA.

A spray is presently brought dripping to the deck, and as it is shown to the ladies the tradition is revived that all gulfweed comes from the lost Atlantis—that, detached from the submerged continent, it has learned to derive nourishment without roots.

Then there is a ripple of excitement at the discovery of a flying fish. But flying fish are soon as plentiful as robins in June.

Their flight is like that of a dragon-fly, with the rapid vibration of transparent wings; some are no larger than grasshoppers, others are like fat mackerel, with the same flickering lustre of silvery blue. The more one sees of them the more confirmed one becomes in the belief that their motion is not a rush or a leap but as true a flight as that of a bird. As Charles Kingsley says: "The length of the flight seems too great to be attributed to a few strokes of the tail; while the plain fact that they renew their flight after touching, and only touching, the surface, would seem to show that it was not due only to the original impetus, for that would be

retarded instead of being quickened, every time they touched." They zigzag and even double on their course, now taking a sustained flight lasting forty seconds or longer, and then touching the surface with a skipping motion, leaving in their wake a long chain of elliptical rings.

All the world seems to have been dipped in blue; shadow and intensity of light vary the shades, but not the color, and for hours at a time we stand leaning over the rail at the blunt prow of the Caribbee, watching her plough through the great

sapphire slabs into which the sea has turned.

Six days after leaving the North we have fallen into dogdays, and are rooted in our chairs, finding every effort fatiguing.



DIVING FOR COINS, MARTINIQUE.



ing. At sundown a light that is not a star shines out on the starboard bow, and hills of burnished gold come forth, fold upon fold, out of the streaming splendors on the western horizon. These are the hills of Porto Rico, and between that island and St. Thomas we pass fifty or sixty miles farther south to Santa Cruz, the first calling-place of the thirteen on the route of the Caribbean.

When we go on deck in the morning the curtain seems to have been lifted on the second act of a Casino opera. Bobinette, Chopinette and the old Marquis have been whisked to the West Indies. The scene is the scene of a theatre—too fresh, too vivid, too sparkling for nature; it seems

to be bathed in new paint and limelight. The water is a peacock blue and washes on a strand as white as drifted snow, upon which some fishermen (the chorus, of course) are hauling a seine. Just beyond are the low houses of the little town of Fredericksted, pale blue, pink and cream colored, with sheltering verandas and arched fronts, edging street and strand with strings of arches and columns to protect foot passengers from the ardent heat. Beyond rise hills of sharp volcanic shapes clothed with every shade of green,

The engravings showing the Home of Josephine, the Barbadoes Fisherman, Women Washing, Nymph Bathing, A Steep Street in Martinique, and A Street Fountain, are reproduced from photographs through the courtesy of Mr. C. D. Irwin.



MARKET PLACE AT SANTA CRUZ.

as pale as the pea, as dark as the beech—the green of palm, of sugar-cane, of mangrove, of bread-fruit, of tamarind, of plantain, of orange, cocoanut, lime and banana. It is a scene of theatrical glitter, without atmosphere. When we go ashore in boats of rainbow hue, which look like palettes dropped into the water, we expect to hear an Amazonian march and to find the comedian of the opera, who has run away from a shrewish wife, disguised as the King of the *Caribbean Islands*. But it is a real town, with no music but the occasional ra-ta-ta-tas of the bugle calling orders to the Danish garrison of thirty-seven men—a kind of town with which we rapidly grow familiar in the West Indian cruise, with streets full of lazy, laughing blacks, the women in cotton gowns and turbans of gaudy hue, the men in rags, pinned, stitched and skewered in amazing patchwork—a town patrolled by many scarecrow curs and travelled by small, starveling horses, with scrappy harness patched up with pieces of rope and even with bits of string. The names of the streets are Scandinavian and the island is a Danish possession, but the speech of the people is a mixture of Danish, English and French, as incoherent to our ears as it is

voluble, pitched in a high key, dramatized by an unending variety of gesture—not a monosyllable that is not expanded and made eloquent by a sweep of the arm, the grimace of comedy, or the frown and threat of tragedy. There is not one white to a hundred blacks; the whites are custom house officers, shopkeepers, sea captains or planters, all dressed much alike in alpaca, duck, pongee or seersucker, with helmets or wide-brimmed hats of straw; the rest, including nearly all the officials and many of the most prosperous

merchants, are of African strain, darkening from the color of salmon to copper, bronze and ebony.

It is only a little town, this seaport of Santa Cruz. There is a custom house, a market place and a pinky-yellow fort which a single shell could reduce to ashes, so soft and friable are the walls. Today is market day, and in the square the market men and market women are gathered, with the produce of their small holdings spread before them on the ground. The stock of each is scant; here, all told, it is but a bushel of yams or a dozen unripe oranges; there, a few sapodillas or green cocoanuts; here again a peck of dubious strawberries—no, they are not strawberries, but native tomatoes. The dignity of the venders and their self-importance do not suffer from the poverty of their merchandise. Smoking and chatting, the women as well as the men puffing at pipes or at elongated cigars, they contemplate their stock with unruffled satisfaction and only lose interest in it on the appearance of the passengers from the *Caribbee*, whose dress and peculiarities are the objects of free, and not always respectful, criticism. The most important person in the place is the butcher; he alone has a

bench, and upon it slices of livid mutton are offered for sale. Watch him as he measures off a pound; a cigar between his lips, his head and shoulders thrown back, the scales held at arm's-length in his right hand, while with his left (the little finger curved outward, or "prinked," as the girls say) he marks with closest attention the tremble of the balance. The pose belongs to the dénouement of a drama, and it is characteristic of the histrionic temperament which finds expression in even the simplest and

least intelligent of these West Indian darkies.

The present Fredericksted is but the renaissance of a much more substantial town. There was an uprising of the blacks some years ago and the island was swept by incendiaries, scarcely a building or a plantation being spared. The reader who is unacquainted with them must not think of the West Indian negroes as being obsequious in their manner to the whites. Political agitation has sown the seed of discontent, and the spirit of false democracy with its insubordination and arrogance shows its forked tongue now and then. Unless something may be gained by "blarney," in which some of them have a Celtic fluency,



Barbados
Fisherman



Women Washing Clothes

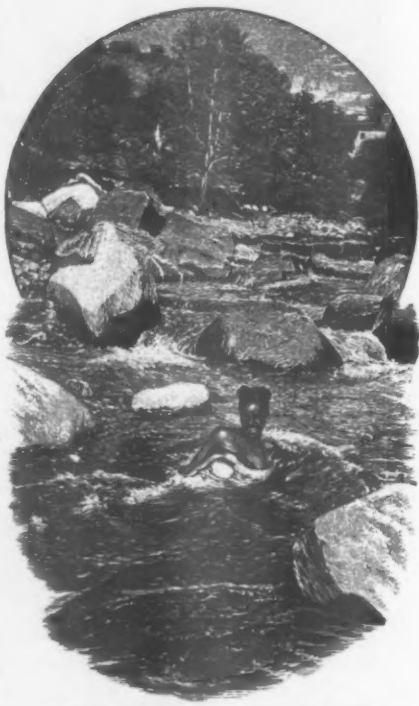


BOILING SUGAR, ST. KITTS.

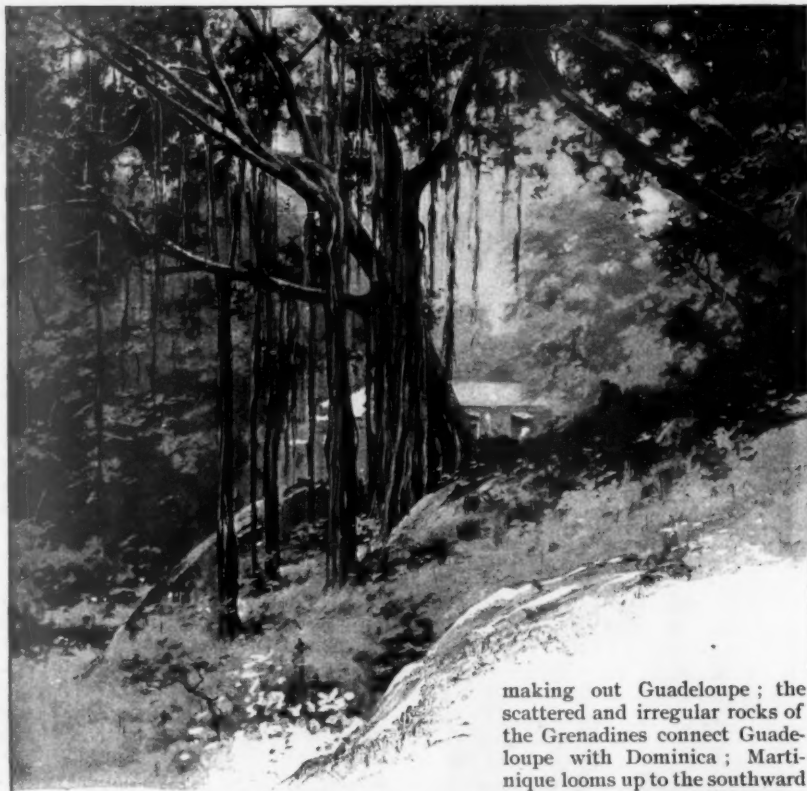
bare civility is the most one receives, and even that sometimes dwindles down into familiarity and insolence. But the climate and other natural conditions of the islands are adverse to activity of all kinds and even to the recreation of political agitation. If happiness is the satisfaction of every conscious desire, the unschooled and unthinking islanders are blissful beyond their more civilized brothers. There is no winter, so they need no fuel and little clothing. If they hunger, a sunny hour will yield them fish, and the tropical forest, with its bread-fruit and bananas, offers them abundant food without price—not fruit and vegetables only, but such dainties as the agouti, the land-crab and the wild hog. The fire of discontent smoulders slowly where laziness does not entail suffering, and though the white man has lost his supremacy his former bondsmen are too indolent to take the measures which would expel him altogether from their country. The present situation cannot be permanent. Shall the story of Hayti be repeated, and the people allowed to relapse into barbarianism, or shall a strong government take hold and save the negroes from themselves? The question is interesting, and it has been fully and ably discussed by Mr. Froude in *The English in the West Indies*.

In the flaming tropical sunset the Caribbee again starts on her way, and in the morning we are at another island, St. Martins, sugar-growing, palm-sheltered, blue-skyed, blue-watered, like all the rest of the group. We are like giants, and consume for a repast an island a day; with a few exceptions we are in port from daybreak, or earlier, until evening, and while the cargo is being loaded and unloaded the passengers are ashore sight seeing, climbing the hills on lean ponies, visiting sugar estates, regaling themselves on turtle soup and turtle steak, or swizzling "swizzles" at the "icehouses," of which more anon.

A little before or after bedtime we hear the clank-clank-clank of the cable in the hawse pipe as the anchor is weighed. The



NYMPH BATHING—A MARTINIQUE BRONZE.



BANYAN OR BEARDED TREE, BARBADOES.

night is still, and the only motion that of the long swells under us ; the engine is felt only in a soothing throb, for the distance to be travelled requires but a moderate speed.

Land is hardly ever out of sight ; one island no sooner turns gray in the distance than another unwreathes itself, with a repetition of the waving palms and close-ribbed hills, steeped in every shade of green, which we have just left behind. You cannot see St. Martins from Santa Cruz, or Barbadoes from St. Lucia, or Trinidad from Barbadoes, but otherwise the islands lie like a string of stepping-stones dropped into the sea. From St. Martins you can see St. Kitts and Nevis ; from St. Kitts Antigua is in sight, and from Antigua Montserrat is visible ; from the hills of Montserrat the eye has no difficulty in

making out Guadeloupe ; the scattered and irregular rocks of the Grenadines connect Guadeloupe with Dominica ; Martinique looms up to the southward of Dominica, and St. Lucia is in view from Martinique.

Quiet as the nights are, we are aroused at sunrise by an uproar which, when heard for the first time, shakes the nerves and fills the mind with fear. There is a mutiny on deck or alongside. We hear imprecations and cries of alarm and vehement protest. Blood is surely being spilled, and the men are swearing and struggling. Mingled with the voices are the rattle of the steam-winch and explosive sounds from the hold. Again and again a strange accent is heard : "Come back ! Come back !" We rush up the companionway to see the fray, not unprepared to see a terrific hand-to-hand encounter with cutlasses, and the crew retreating slowly to a refuge in the fo'c'sle. A moment on deck relieves us. All the hubbub comes from the boatmen alongside and from the men in the lighters who are

working the cargo. "Come back! Come back!" is but their way of directing the man at the winch to reverse the motion of his engine. No sooner are we seen than every boatman gesticulates at us, beseeches us, conjures us to hire him to take us ashore. We may give no sign, but each goes through the pantomime of making believe that we have singled him particularly out for our favor. He will struggle for the nearest place to the foot of the ladder and attempt to drive off the competitors. He points his forefinger at us with such vehemence that it seems to strike us like a dart and attracts our attention to the superiority of his boat. "Dis yo' boat, sir! Yes, sir, dis boat, the Louise, a nice, safe boat. I wait yo' convenience an' be tankful fo' yo' pat'nage." Meanwhile his fellows are bumping against him, threatening to capsize him and hurling shafts of satire and thunderbolts of defiance at him. He is not the man we have engaged; we have engaged them, not together, but

singly, and the conviction is open to us that we are to go ashore, not in one boat, but sectionally, in a fleet, like the famous Wangdoodle from South Africa.

On deck the bumboat women have spread their merchandise—caps, slippers and necklaces of mimosa beans, fragments of coral, pots of guava jelly and tamarinds; brooches and pins made of shells, bottles of bay rum, and unfamiliar varieties of fruit. We carry a selection of the fruit into the saloon for breakfast, and each passenger watches his neighbor to read by his countenance the effect on his palate of mango, sapodilla, soursop and avocado pear. Delight is not always the result of tasting. To eat a mango properly one must have skill, patience and experience. "Undress; fill your bathtub; get into it, then eat your mango"—this was the recipe given to us by a Jamaican, and unless it is followed the mango cannot be recommended, since the fruit leaves glutinous fingers and lips without any commensurate satisfaction of the appetite. The sapodilla looks like a russet apple, and is filled with a sugary brownish pulp of a queer medicinal flavor. The avocado pear resembles a ball of rosewood, within which lies a whitish, oleaginous mass of the consistency and color of lard. They call it "midshipman's butter," and perhaps it was palmed off for butter on the little fellows in the days when Rodney and Nelson won glory for the British flag in the Caribbean sea. Even a soursop does not create any eager desire for more; it can easily be counterfeited. Imagine a warty gherkin, cucumber-green without, a frosty white, like a sherbet, within; you scoop the inside into a tumbler and eat it as you would an egg; it is like a piece of flannel which has been soaked in sweetened starch and water, and flavored with mint. But the green cocoanuts and the oranges are delicious. The former are not easily handled; you must use a saw, an axe or a butcher's knife to penetrate the shell; then, however, you have a treat in a cup of ambrosia, followed by a feast of the snow-white, emollient jelly which clings to the walls of the nut. Only those who have eaten oranges freshly plucked from the tree know what oranges are, and the rapture of lying in the shade of a tropical day and sucking from them a nectar which has been distilled in Paradise.



Early in the morning oranges are a penny apiece, but they cheapen as the day wanes. When at last it is time for the bumboats to cast off, they may be had for next to nothing. A few cents will purchase a hatful or a basketful—even more—as we saw on one occasion when a passenger who could find neither a basket nor a hat out of use opened his umbrella and lowered it into the boat, where it was filled to the tips of the ribs with the alluring golden fruit.

Only at one port (St. Lucia) do we lie at a wharf. At the other islands the anchorage is from one to three miles out in the roadstead, and we must bargain with a boatman to pull us ashore.

At Trinidad, Martinique and Barbadoes there are large towns like Port of Spain, St. Pierre and Bridgetown, in which the customs of the mother countries have been modified in transplantation to suit the altered conditions. In Martinique we are in a tropical France; it is the most picturesque of all the islands, and the people are more voluble and declamatory than elsewhere; the women are like human tulips in the red, yellow and purple of their gowns; the names of the streets and the restaurants, the signs in the shops, the white houses with green blinds, remind us of Paris and Havre—Paris and Havre with a population varying in color from a seal brown to a pale lemon; with flooding sunshine and a painful blue sky; with tangled mountains sweeping up



COCONUT PALMS.

thousands of feet from the streets and wharves; with the din of a clipped and slippery patois that eludes interpretation; with shrines, crucifixes and chapels on every road leading out of town; with a Jardin des Plantes in which it is not safe for the visitor to wander aside from the main paths, so numerous are the deadliest of serpents; with high-crowned palms that look like huge spiders descending upon us from the brazen sky, and with enclosed gardens diffusing a drowsy sweetness from unfamiliar flowers.

Guadeloupe also is French, but it has



STREET FOUNTAIN,
MARTINIQUE.

no such mountains as Martinique, and its principal town, Point-à-Pitre, is slovenly by comparison with St. Pierre, though here again we find such color and vivacity as the sombre Englishman neither brings with him nor encourages, even when he colonizes a region of perpetual summer like this.

Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes, is busy enough, however. It is like a bustling western town, and the blazing sun, shining down on coral buildings and coral roads, does not cripple the energy which his example spurs. All the English islands have suffered a change in fortune from the days when their sugar was sold at five or six times the price it brings now. The planter prince is a tradition, and the mansion in which he dispensed his prodigal hospitality is in ruins; he was so extravagant a personage that even though beet root and the bounties paid by the French and German governments to his competitors had not harassed him, his reckless manner of living would have bankrupted him. He has dematerialized into a memory—into an amiable ghost

who appeals to the imagination as, very likely, his living presence would not have done. But the Englishman, whatever his condition may be, is an Englishman everywhere, and though shorn of much of the splendor with which he formerly domineered Barbadoes and the other British possessions in the archipelago, he leaves his mark and his national traits upon them as visibly as the French leave theirs on Martinique and Guadeloupe. At the foot of a hollow we see a little Norman church with a square, crenellated tower, which, but for the foliage around it, might be in some vale of Warwickshire. The culvert over the ditch and the bridge across the stream are built for centuries. Amid the fields of waving cane we come upon the entrances to mansions, flanked, as they would be in England, with pillars of stone and heraldic figures, though the avenue leading to the house is bordered, not by oaks, beeches or chestnuts, but by cabbage palms, cocoanut palms, banana trees and tamarinds, with the strong light bursting through the branches like flakes of white paint. How the eyes that are only used to the vapory

translucence of England must blink in the scorching flood of sunshine which silvers the roofs and eaves, and penetrates us with javelins of light! As we are rowed back to the steamer in the late afternoon a burning glass seems to be concentrating the rays upon us, and the ripples of the water are like flames. Then follows the relief of the evening: the fanning of the northeast "trades;" a sunset of miraculous loveliness; the renewed throb of the engine as the Caribbee coasts along a land which seems more enchanted and enchanting than ever.

The northeast trade winds alleviate the heat during the winter months, but when they cease and the wind comes from the south and west it is the breath of a furnace. The frequent showers, which form cataracts in the mountains and flush the streets in the villages and towns, add to the discomfort the humidity of the forcing-house and press upon us the conviction that the fate of sinners in the shades below is not to be broiled but boiled. Everything is done to shut out the sunshine and circulate the air. The lower stories

are often arcaded so as to shelter the sidewalk; the rude huts of shingles, in which most of the negroes live, are built on piles, raised three or four feet above the ground, with the double object of allowing a free passage of air underneath and keeping out scorpions, centipedes and snakes. There are no glazed windows anywhere, except in a few shops in Bridgetown and Port of Spain. Doors and windows, both, are open to every current of the welcome breeze with only jalousies or slatted screens intervening. In the better class of residences and hotels the partition walls of the bedrooms are not carried up to the ceiling but terminate two or three feet nearer the floor, allowing not only a free current of air but also an unpremeditated interchange of confidences between the guests.

Three weeks pass before we turn northward. Then, like Tennyson's Ulysses, much have we seen and suffered much which cannot be even touched upon in

these fragmentary notes. The Caribbee is at anchor in the yellow wash of the Orinoco, and the mountains of Venezuela are baking and smoking in the per-fervid heat. We have penetrated the tropical forest, where the verdure seems to spout in fountains of green; where we could not stretch out our arm without losing sight of the hand in the misty growth. We have watched the ooze of the nether-world bubbling up and ever refilling the Pitch lake at Trinidad, and we have climbed the mountains of Dominica to the Lake of the Crater. We have been on the course of Columbus and sailed in the path of the old buccaneers. No more will the Windward islands be mere specks on the map to us. Now we know them in all the luxuriance of their beauty, crag upon crag and mountain upon mountain, plaited like a woman's dress, ribbed like an umbrella, robed from their sharp peaks to their base in an unfading tapestry of green, which is looped from the clouds to the sapphire sea.



REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

THROUGHOUT Europe the season has been unfavorable for crops, and there is the heavy news of famine in Russia, confirmed by an imperial decree that rye shall not be exported. The meaning of this is that the material for bread shall not be sent abroad, no matter what the commercial advantages may be, when the people want food. There seems to have been no country on the continent of Europe in which the harvests have approached the average, and the islands of Great Britain have shared in the general impoverishment. The consequence is an immense demand for breadstuffs, and it occurs that upon our continent the harvests are about as much above as those of Europe are below the accustomed yield. From Texas to Dakota, and California and Washington to Florida and Maine, the American air and soil have been bounteous. The shipments of wheat, stimulated by the conditions of European want and American abundance, have not thus far been interfered with by speculative schemes. Efforts have been made by the organizations of the farmers to hold wheat for higher figures, but the prevalence of common sense continues marked, and wheat is going from the lands of plenty to the lands of scarcity as fast as the cars and elevators and ships afford transportation. The effect of corners in wheat has been disastrous in other years. Forced high prices have turned the consumers to Asia for supplies, and caused changes in diet, the use of more rye, barley, corn and potatoes. Fortunately the food resources of the world cannot be cornered, and schemers make losses instead of gains. It is well authenticated that wheat speculations in Chicago have resulted in the stimulation of grain culture in India and Russia, and under ordinary circumstances the reduction of the demand for our food products. If we undertake to secure unfair emoluments we drive away customers. The efforts to use the Farmers' Alliances in checking the natural movements of grain from the producer to the consumer, must be, so far as they are effectual, unfortunate, and the

logic of the situation is that in striving to manipulate the market for advanced figures the experience is almost certain to be a decline, and the margin of loss will have to be met by those who have meddled with the freedom of movement. The Southern Alliances last year were influenced to interfere with cotton. They held about 1,000,000 bales for a heavy decline, and now have a greater crop than ever, and would be glad to get the rates at which they refused to sell the bales they have carried over to find them an embarrassment. It would be the part of good fellowship to give the wheat growers the benefit of the cotton experiment. In so great a matter as the movement across the Atlantic of our superfluous stores of grain, it is not likely that the middleman will be influential. The civilized world knows the state of the facts and the universal diffusion of intelligence banishes mystery. When the ends of the earth are so connected by roads of steel that traverse continents, and ships of steel that rush at railroad speed over the ocean, and the money centres are united by telegraph and act together upon the same information, the laws of commerce and international intercourse are higher laws with broader application than acts of congress, and the community of nations is a safeguard against famine. Happy the government that, like our own, is the servant and not the master of the people, and the country so vast, so fertile and genial, varied in climate and diversified in products, that the shadow of want is a spectre unknown. Whether we shall recover the gold that Europe drew from us a few months ago is a question that has been discussed with solicitude exceeding the warrant of its importance. We are regaining some of the gold, but our tens of thousands of travellers, amusing and instructing themselves abroad every summer, sow money broadcast, and the golden wheat goes to supply the reservoirs drawn upon. Our continent, with incomparable resources, has increase of conspicuity, and in a few generations will be richer and more populous than Europe, and as the

greatest producer of the precious metals we shall adjust the standard of the world. Our mines show a gold product of nearly \$3,000,000 a month, and whether they buy our stocks in London, Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam, we shall not lack the metal that is the accepted measure of value, and supplemented by treasures of silver before whose splendor the Peruvian fables grow dull.

* * *

THE European complications are increasing in gravity, and while professions of intensely peaceful purposes are constantly uttered by the highest authorities, there is a steady drift toward war. Certainly, war is the logic of the situation, unless we accept the theory that the military machines are so enormous that it is national destruction to put them in motion, and there is an instinctive evasion of the awful consequences stronger than popular animosity or imperial ambition. Twenty-one years after Sedan, France has regained self-confidence through her unparalleled armament and the friendly demonstrations of Russia. Three things have for several years been wanting to war—first, the armies were not provided with the latest improved magazine rifles; second, France, without allies, was fretful but cautious; third, the alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, holding the centre of Europe, guaranteed peace by superior force. But the French republic is no longer isolated and overawed. Bismarck and Crispien are out; Italy is tottering under the burdens assumed, with a position greater than she can fulfil. The French, with nothing to fear from the monarchists at home, command the respect of the ruler of Russia. The visit of the fleet of France to the Baltic was a far more notable event than the German emperor's English excursion. Statesmanship in Germany, that she may be secure in what she holds—and she can ask no higher destiny until there is larger liberty for the people—consists, as the old Emperor William said in his last words, in treating the czar with the greatest consideration. The one peril of Germany is the united action of Russia and France, for the despotism of the east and the republic of the west of Europe have much in common, and Russia has wrongs to redress on the Danube as the French on the Rhine. Russia, after the

conquest of Turkey, had the fruits of victory snatched away from her, and the very provinces she won with the sword have been erected into kingdoms to block her progress in the Balkans, and are barriers to the accomplishment of her destiny on the Dardanelles. For the first time in history Russia finds France ready to concede to her Constantinople, and the French have a deepened interest in eastern questions, because resentful of the occupation of Egypt by England. It has long been believed by those competent to hold opinions of European affairs, that some eastern question is to be the torch that shall set the world on fire. Turkey as well as France is against England in Egypt, and ready on that account to concede much to Russia, as is seen in her complacency about the passage of the Dardanelles by the Russian ships having troops and munitions of war. Russia will not listen patiently to remonstrances on that subject. She will not allow her ancient enemies forever to shut her out from the Mediterranean. She is going there through the Sea of Marmora, and to the Indian ocean by the way of the Persian gulf. Then she will have unobstructed gateways to all the oceans. The comparative isolation that she has endured for centuries is intolerable, and if its indefinite continuance has to be broken by the strong hand, the blow will be struck; and if it is the business of Austria, Italy, Germany and England, they will have to choose the form of the expression of their discontent. Russia has cast aside with contempt the restraint put upon her by the treaty of Paris, and she will do the same with the provisions of the treaty of Berlin, that assume her submission in eastern matters to western Europe. The power that discomposes Russia in the Balkans is Austria, and her war party has evidently long contemplated an Austrian campaign. The German emperor turns to Austria as his most reliable and strongest ally, and recently assisted the Austrian emperor in military manoeuvres, applauding and gracious to excess, but about as diplomatic as in the mission of his mother to Paris, and his ostentatious visit to England. The next thing was the call at Munich, the consultation over the idiot King of Bavaria, and the lavish compliments bestowed on the two Bavarian

army corps. At the same time France was rehearsing, with 110,000 men, an advance with her whole force to recover the lost provinces. After twenty years' hard work and immense expenditure the French have an army far greater than they ever mustered, equipped with rifles and artillery the very latest and most efficient, and animated by a revengeful and vain spirit that makes them most dangerous antagonists. The feeling that Russia will at least show fair play has aroused the keenest expectancy, and the universal feeling is that the collision of armed millions postponed year after year for competitive preparation cannot be much longer deferred. Now that France is defiant, Germany will surely accept her challenge. If it were not for Alsace and Lorraine, Strasburg and Metz, peace and presently disarmament would be possible, but Germany, to make her title good to her territorial gains, must defeat the French once more. This is the fatality. England can take Egypt; Russia, Constantinople; Austria, Salonica; Greece, Macedonia, and thus extinguish eastern questions by the absorption of Turkey in Europe, but the boundary issue between France and Germany continues as of old and renewed by every generation, remains inveterate and implacable.

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THE Chilian war commanded the respect of the world by the deadly earnestness of the combatants. It was difficult to obtain accurate information of the progress of warfare, because both parties were unscrupulous in assertion and neither seems to have thought of the strength of moderate statement. After a good deal of bloodshed and destruction of property, the presidential partisans seemed to have made good their footing in Santiago and Valparaiso, and the more populous and flourishing southern part of the country, while the congressionalists possessed the navy, some torpedo boats excepted, and the extreme north, with some second-class ports. There was a desert between, and Balmaceda had two fine new ships of French construction on the way to dispute the command of the sea with his opponents. The time had come for the insurgents to justify their revolt by force of arms or to abandon the contest. They took the bold course, transported their

troops to the vicinity of Valparaiso, landed, moved inland to strike the line of communication between the seaport and the capital, and under the competent direction of General Canto, the fortunes of war soon declared in their favor. The defeat of Balmaceda was total. His generals are charged with all the crimes ever associated with failure, but they had at least the merit of dying on the field of battle. The good news is that the war is over. Chili has suffered frightfully, and after civil strife peace is ever welcome. The United States recognized only the regular government, until it was overthrown, when the rebels became the patriots, and those in possession of power were invested with the sanction of authority. Accomplished revolution is always under republican forms legitimate. It will be a misfortune for Chili if the victors do not confirm with generosity the thoroughness of their success, and vindicate their civilization by stopping the effusion of blood with the surrender of arms. The suicide of Balmaceda is said to have softened the popular feeling toward those who adhered to him, to such an extent that it may be said of his sacrifice of himself—it was not in vain.

* * *

A HOUSE in lower New York, full of men and women employed in useful, productive, honorable labor, after giving many warnings of weakness, collapsed and crumbled into the cellar and street, crushing the life out of seventy persons. There never was a more horrible massacre. Civilization is a failure if there is not somewhere responsibility for a crime so distressing and so hideous. The incapacity of the city government for a decent discharge of duty has been painfully evident in this affair from the first. It has been an object lesson teaching the imbecility of the tyranny to which a mighty city is abjectly submissive. First, the official inspection of buildings was disclosed as worse than worthless, and the only thing the rulers had to say was that there should be more inspectors. We hear the like impudence and smartness from the alleged street cleaners, who absorb millions and leave the streets disgracefully dirty, and the same from those who pretend to guard the purity of the water for which a new channel has

been provided at a cost of \$30,000,000. There is no rascality complained of, but the rascal wants an additional appropriation that he may enlarge the fraud he imposes upon the people. The poor men and women smashed under ponderous machinery and rat-eaten in the ruins, while the city laborers dawdled over them, thought that there was some protection for them in official inspection, that experts decided that the tottering walls and shaking floors were safe, and their confidence lost them their lives. During the hours when energy was wanted to clear the wreck, the trifling with which precious time was passed was pitiful, and that is the way things are done. The frightful remains of the working men and women sacrificed were at last all removed, and the inquest began. At once it was seen that the rulers of the city had provided themselves with false theories of an explosion to account for the wholesale murder. As there was no steam boiler to blow up, barrels of benzine were invented. The conclusive proof was furnished, in spite of the official explanation, showing that a building constructed for the purposes for which the tumbled structure was occupied should be four times as strong; that the upper floors were loaded almost to the breaking point, and only a shock, such as the fall of a pile of paper, was required to produce the catastrophe; that the position of the ruins proved the disaster had occurred from the giving way of the floors; that the structure was a death trap, and all who had responsibility for it were criminal; all this was not merely in testimony—it was demonstrated; and the verdict seeks to fasten the blame upon a little iron pillar, itself an original swindle, having less than half the metal in it the specifications called for, and that had broken like a piece of crockery when it fell. Now what are the working men going to do about this? Listen to a few rambling discourses, and pass turgid resolutions written by theorists? Is that all? Can they not manage to use their votes for good government? What is the ballot for if it is not the protection of the poor man's right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Is party servitude so sweet that criminality must be condoned for its sake?

* * *

Two events have recently disclosed the energy of the public sentiment that, if it could take form and find leadership and opportunity, would revolutionize our municipal governments. Mr. George Jones, the proprietor of the New York Times, whose will had for many years been the higher law of that journal, died. He was not a man so composed as to be popular. He had not those attractive and glittering gifts that command an enthusiastic following. In his relations to public affairs, in his political affiliations, he had antagonized many. He had offended many he had never conciliated. Yet he was sincerely and widely lamented. The people of New York in the aggregate, who were not in politics for gain, felt when he was gone that they had lost a friend, one who had been faithful, and there was a general and very unusual expression of sensibility. Why? Mr. Jones had with his journal fought a ring of rascals who had enthroned themselves masters of a city and were robbers only inferior as criminals to those who have stolen nations. He dealt the decisive blow that broke the reign of thieves who had established a tyranny, and when they sought to bribe him by dividing their spoils with him, and offered millions, he refused and carried on the war. The other incident was the popular demonstration in one of the western cities against a city council that was perverse in using public money for private ends, and was impertinent and, it seemed, irreclaimable. The popular indignation became so intense that there was danger of an outbreak of violence. The threatening multitude was almost a mob. Citizens in the streets shouted at their official representatives, "Hang them!" For a time it did not seem improbable that the band of maddened citizens would assail the councilmen in their halls and make an example of them. And yet an able, thoughtful, honorable, scholarly man, a distinguished citizen in his public service, once ventured the suggestion that a check might be placed upon the shocking misgovernment of municipalities if there was a property qualification of members of an auditing board, that there might in this way be placed an impediment upon the heedlessness with which money is scattered in the name of the public upon the idlers and the vicious. The fact that this

gentleman of high honor and excellent reputation had thought of trying such an experiment was held by the politicians to be a disability in his case for candidacy, and he disappeared from the canvass, not rejected or discouraged, but unwilling to make the contest, especially as his political opponents manifested a purpose to use the tentative proposal we have described as one signifying the policy of class government and oppression of the poor.

* * *

THE best hope of municipal reformation in the cities of the United States—indeed, the only chance under the conditions—is in the self-education of the working men, especially those who are of the organizations of labor. These men have intelligence and are ambitious. They naturally aspire to practical influence in public affairs. Reasonably, they resent the academic proposition that taxpayers shall be regarded as a privileged class, that property qualifications should be required in certain associations and responsibilities. Are they not all taxpayers? In that question is the vital germ of the reform we anticipate. Above all men the wage workers are the most interested in more stringent systems of economy in the administration of general affairs. They are all taxpayers just as positively as if they had tax receipts to show. They are the very men pinched by the schemes of bosses and all the extravagance of corruptionists. They claim to create all wealth, and they are not so far mistaken as those who deal

with them in peremptory fashion persuade themselves. If they would only come to the conclusion that they pay all the taxes—and they do so in the same sense and to the same extent that they produce the property—they could at once redeem the cities. The working men and their wives and children are the vital forces of our greatest communities, and would rule them if they were not themselves misguided. We do not ask the working men to be members of one of the great political parties. If one party, no matter what its profession and persuasion in local affairs, is very long in complete possession of a city, there is misgovernment. There is a taint in the public business. Labor is imperfectly but extensively and powerfully prepared to make demonstrations. If laborers will drop impracticabilities and go straight at the work of economizing, they can annihilate every gang of jobbers infesting and plundering the towns in America at the next election. This consummation is prevented by a single prevailing and deadly delusion, which is that in the liberal expenses of the bosses the money is taken from the rich through taxes and assessments and bestowed upon the poor in wages. The education that overcomes this baleful falsification will be revolutionary and solve as with lightning the deepest, darkest problem of the republican form of government. The essential lesson is that all men who work honestly are taxpayers and that public cheats are their personal enemies.

[The following correspondence is published in justice to the Lord Chief Justice of England.—Ed.]

ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE, STRAND, LONDON, W. C., August 27, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I have been requested by the Lord Chief Justice of England to write to you and say that his attention has been called to an article in *The Cosmopolitan* for August, signed by General Adam Badeau, on "Gambling in High Life," in which, discussing the recent baccarat case, the following statement occurs: "Lord Coleridge had the honor of entertaining His Royal Highness at luncheon day after day during the trial."

I am desired to inform you that there is no foundation whatever for this statement; it is absolutely untrue. The Chief Justice is unaware whether anyone entertained the Prince at luncheon; most certainly the Chief Justice did not, and, but for his experience in such statements, the ignorance displayed in it would be as surprising to him as the utter untruth.

To the Editor of *The Cosmopolitan*.

I remain, sir, faithfully yours,

GILBERT COLERIDGE,
Private Secretary to the Lord Chief Justice of England.

TANNERSVILLE, NEW YORK, September 17, 1891.

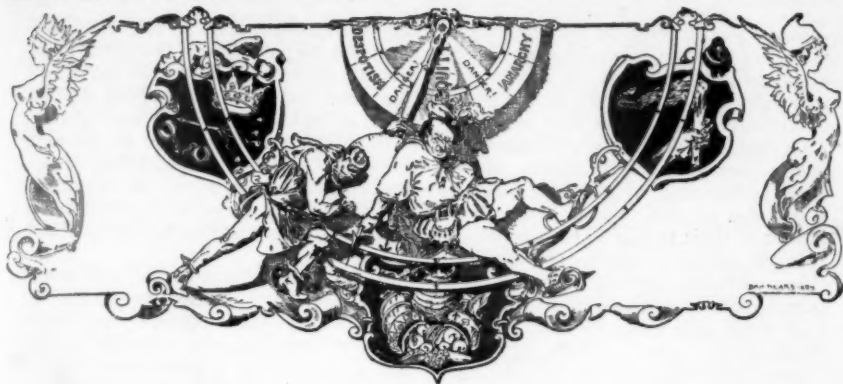
DEAR SIR:—I am obliged to you for sending me a copy of Lord Coleridge's disclaimer. I certainly regret my statement that he entertained the Prince of Wales during the baccarat trial, since he denies it. The statement, however, was made on exactly the same authority as every other on this subject sent to America during the trial; and if we are to believe anything telegraphed from England we were at liberty to accept what was reported day after day in newspaper after newspaper, on both sides of the Atlantic. If the story was worth denying at this late day, it would seem that it should have been contradicted when it was so widely circulated.

Faithfully yours,

ADAM BADEAU.

To the Editor of *The Cosmopolitan*.

Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



REPUBLICS.

HERE is the little Gotha almanack of 1820, kept when many old almanacks have been destroyed, because it registers the birth of the little princess—who is entered as without a name—who has since filled a large place as Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

In this Gotha almanack of 1820 the principal republics of the world figure as the United States, with a population of 7,000,000, from our census of 1810, and Switzerland, with a population of rather less than 3,000,000. San Marino and Andorra do not materially add to the show of republican forces in the world of diplomacy.

To this rather slender "exhibit" the Gotha almanack of this year adds the republics of Mexico, Central America, Hayti and San Domingo, and all those of South America. Europe adds to the republican contingent the republic of France. And even Africa contributes the Free State of Congo, which is certainly not a monarchy, and the "South African republic," which reports 829,000 inhabitants. Here is a body of republics counting a population of 160,000,000 or 170,000,000, where, seventy years ago, in the gay days of the Holy Alliance, the republics were the four which I have named, with a recognized population of 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 people.

It is hardly necessary to say that the other governments of the world have, in the same time, imbibed much of what we

should call republican principles. The Holy Alliance has not kept a very close control over the politics of the countries which are governed under the forms of monarchy. Spain, for instance, which in 1820 was one of the pets of the Holy Alliance, has been a republic once and now admits the people to a very large share in its government. The people of England are fond of saying that they have larger rights in the direction of their public affairs than if they were organized under the forms of some republics which, they think, control too much the opinions of individuals. But, leaving aside any question as to how far monarchies have been republicanized, the mere external statement of figures is enough to show that the republics of the world have a very much larger share in the direction of its international affairs than anyone not a fanatic supposed that they would have, in the beginning of the century. I am fond of remembering that, at a jubilee dinner on the 4th of July 1826, in the city of Boston, Lafayette gave the toast: "The United States of America. At the end of fifty years we will toast the United States of Europe." The year 1876 did not see Lafayette's promise fulfilled, but the world was well on its way towards it.

Such being the relation of the republics of the world to the monarchies of the world, it is clearly quite time that the international law should begin to recognize the change which is thus observed. Take, for an illustration, the diplomatic relations between countries. The forms of

diplomacy still hinge on the pretext that ministers are the personal correspondents of sovereigns, and that they thus communicate to other sovereigns the wishes of the sovereigns whom they represent. There is a good deal of the nonsense which affects that personal friendship, or personal relationship, between the heads of states, has something to do with the relations of their people to each other. It is fair to call this nonsense, when one considers what are the subjects to be determined. Shall Germany furnish England with fresh eggs every morning, or not? Shall England send to Germany cutlery or woollen cloths, without paying a duty upon them? It is simply nonsense to suppose that these matters are regulated by the fact that the mother of the Emperor of Germany is the sister of the Prince of Wales. Yet in the forms of diplomacy there is a certain pretence that these family relationships have something to do with the matter.

If a great business firm were to take in hand the business relations of the nations of the world, a very different system of correspondence and negotiations would be set on foot from anything that we have now. Now republics affect to conduct their national affairs on business principles of our own time. They do not want to break into the formal arrangements of the Middle Ages with any of the destructiveness of terrible children. But, on the other hand, they do not want to be much controlled by the rigmarole of feudalism. And it will undoubtedly happen, therefore, in the next fifty years, that the republics of the world will set on foot some new forms of diplomacy.

It is not very easy to say what a republic is. The old words *res publica* seem to correspond precisely to our English word commonwealth. Whether one word or another is used, it is clear enough that the idea at the bottom of the original use of the word was the idea of a government which should manage the common affairs of the people—not simply their common property, as I suppose, but all their common interests. The dictionary makers are obliged to confess that, in what we call the republics of Greece and Rome, these affairs were managed by a quite small class of men. The republic of Rome

was really governed by an oligarchy consisting of the patricians. But at the same time the plebeians had a certain voice, and they used that voice with a good deal of effect, so that the patricians were glad to avail themselves of the vote of plebeian centuries. But the plebeians themselves were an aristocracy, when one considers that there existed in the city of Rome a large body of slaves, who had no political rights whatever.

No definition of republic as now made would cover such an oligarchy as the republic of Rome was. As lately as Doctor Johnson's time, he only ventures to say that a republic is a government where more than one person is engaged in the administration. This would cover such an oligarchy as that of Venice. But the definitions become more and more broad as universal suffrage runs more and more widely, and in the 1890 edition of Webster the editors go so far as to say that no government would now be recognized as a republic in which "any one class of people" managed the administration. This definition must be read with a grim amusement by many of our readers who live in certain states where "a republican form of government" is guaranteed.

However the philologists may discuss the meaning of a word, the general practice of modern republics gives a very wide suffrage, even if not the widest. And, in theory at least, the interest of The People takes the place which the interest of the Monarch takes in the older systems. It will be convenient to bear in mind the change which has taken place in the use of the word People. As I had occasion to say on this page some time since, even in Shakespeare's time "the People" is spoken of with great scorn. The People is now the fountain of honor. It will generally be convenient to substitute "the People" for "the King" or "the Emperor" in any conversation or discussion with regard to the place of a republic. The mere formula of the forms of administration in this state of New York is admirable in this regard. Sheriffs act, arrests are made, a man is executed, for instance, "in the name of the people of the state of New York." In the same way the People is with us the fountain of honor, as the queen is in England. And any person who speaks of the president

as the ruler of this nation, as English people always do, and as New York newspapers sometimes do, shows his entire ignorance of the basis of our affairs. The president is the chief magistrate of this nation, or, as the New Testament calls him, the bondservant of this nation. The people is the sovereign of this nation. A convenient definition of a republic would be one which should include this idea.

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QUITE fundamental in the republican idea is the abolition of large standing armies. The true republican expects that every man shall be a soldier, and shall do his duty in repelling foreign invasion. It almost follows that, in a true republic, there are no wars of conquest. The republic of France at this moment is taxing itself beyond all measure simply to maintain an army which shall approach the strength of the army of Germany or that of Russia. If you asked the Czar of Russia or the Emperor William, in public, why Russia or Germany maintain such large armies, the answer would be an appeal to national pride, and a declaration that it is necessary to maintain such forces in order to preserve the independence of the respective empires. But if you could get the Czar of Russia or the Emperor William into a confessional, and if he should tell you the absolute truth, certain that it would not be proclaimed anywhere else, he would say, "I should not remain on my throne a month if I did not have an army." The real difficulty about disarmament is in this fact. The sovereigns of the great states are sovereigns simply because they have armies which can be concentrated at a given point. If it were not for this, even in the half-educated condition of modern Europe, the people would probably insist on having a larger share in their own government than they have now.

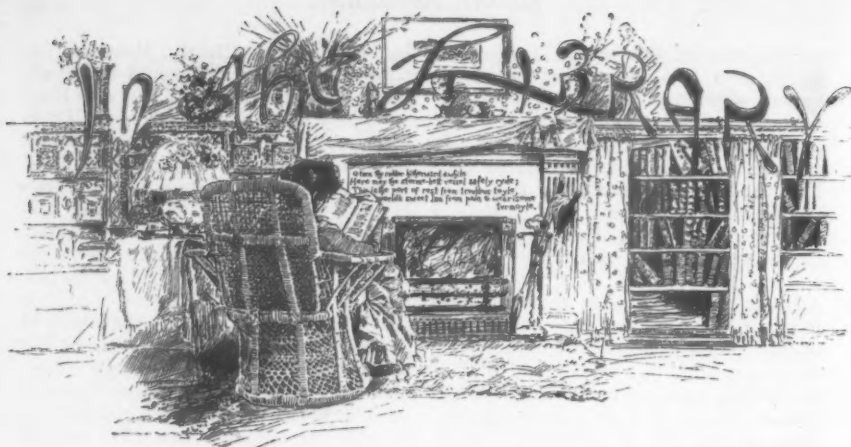
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I AM writing these words before the preliminary meeting in Philadelphia of those gentlemen who are attempting to make arrangements for a congress of representatives of the different republics of the world in 1892. I cannot but hope that the arrangements for this congress may be such that the men who meet may be really representative men. The danger is that cranks may come, who represent nobody

but themselves. Clearly, there are important matters which could be defined in such a congress, or, at the very least, an approach could be made to their definition. The republics of the world might stand by each other, as republics, so closely as to maintain certain fundamentals in government almost beyond the danger of attack. Thus we are committed, in the United States, to what some people call the Canning doctrine, and some people call the Monroe doctrine, which is that America shall manage the affairs of America without the interference of European diplomacy. A thorough understanding between the republics of America on this subject would have a great deal to do with the certainty that that formula should be respected in diplomacy.

The suggestion which has been made regarding diplomatic intercourse is not of the first importance, but it is of a good deal of importance. We can communicate with other governments in the old-fashioned way, but if there is a better fashion it is a pity that the twentieth century should not see it adopted.

In especial, however, suggestions for disarmament come with a good deal of force when 170,000,000 of people urge them; and if, by their mutual understanding, they can keep their armaments down to a very low figure, their example only is a constant object lesson to those unfortunate people in Europe. Any such advantages will be forfeited if the proposed congress assumes an attitude of propaganda, or offers its advice, which certainly is not asked for, in a way to make itself at all offensive. But, exactly as the Declaration of Independence found its way, even in England, when they had to spell the word "King" with a K and three stars, and taught the people of England a great deal which it was important that they should know; exactly as it found its way and was read in every absolute monarchy on the continent of Europe, and became, one might say, a catechism for the growth of liberal ideas, so it is quite possible that such a congress might make what the Friends would call an expression of its opinion in such form, with such dignity, and with such simplicity that it should command the attention of the people ruled, and the sovereigns ruling, in all parts of the civilized world.



RECENT ESSAYS. IN CRITICISM.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

WITHIN the past twelve months there have been published in New York, in London and in Paris three volumes of essays on criticism, which may fairly be taken as characteristic samples of the serious critical writing of the United States, of Great Britain and of France. Although the little book on Criticism and Fiction, by Mr. W. D. Howells, and the volume of Studies in Literature, by Mr. John Morley, and the third series of papers called *La Vie Littéraire*, by M. Anatole France, are each and all of them reprinted from various periodical publications, they are all three, in one way or another, representative of the critical currents of the hour each in its own country.

Mr. Howells's little volume is substantially a selection of the papers which he has been publishing monthly in the "Editor's Study," stripped of all special criticism of individual books and limited to the discussion of general principles. In other words, it is a coördinated code of criticism—the body of doctrine which Mr. Howells believe and declares, and by which he is willing to stand his trial. It is apparently a complete and adequate presentation of the subject, free and direct and unencumbered by any digression or excursus. As a critic, Mr. Howells's attitude has often been combative, not to say aggressive; sometimes it seemed almost as though he

longed to see all mankind wearing one coat that he might tread on the tail of it. Now, a good critic is not known by the chips on his shoulder; suavity is the badge of all his tribe—or should be. But there is such a thing as militant criticism—what else are Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature? When M. Zola gathered together into a volume the polemical papers he had been contributing to the *Figaro*, he called the book *Une Campagne*. And this is what Mr. Howells's tiny tome might also be called; it is a sortie against those who are besieging the citadel of literary art. There are those who have said that Mr. Howells lacked the breadth of equipment which the ideal critic should possess, and that he did not carry about in his hand a sufficiency of standards of comparison. No doubt there is a basis for this charge; but it is true also that Mr. Howells has brought the zest of discovery to his new appreciation of certain of the classics which other critics toiled over in college classrooms. And this freshness of taste is not without compensating advantages. Mr. Howells's writing was never perfunctory, and even when it seemed most arbitrary it was unfailingly stimulant. It performed the most useful office of forcing those who did not agree with him and those whom his criticism arided to formulate their views in opposition.

One of Mr. Howells's chief titles to gratitude is that he has done not a little toward destroying the tradition of deference toward British criticism. Here in America respect for contemporary British criticism is a survival of colonialism. In its judgments of America and of Americans the British criticism of this last quarter of the nineteenth century is insular almost always, and ignorant very often. It is inspired by that contemptuous hostility which the Greek had for the Barbarian, the Jew for the Gentile and the Englishman for the Foreigner; and despite all external similarities, we Yankees are to the British the most foreign of foreigners. A typical instance of British criticism of this sort is to be found in a volume of *Essays in English Literature, 1780-1860*, put forth in London last winter by one of the most industrious contributors to the periodicals of London. In an introductory essay on *The Kinds of Criticism*, the writer holds up Mr. Howells and Mr. Howells's method of criticism as an awful warning. "Some of my friends jeer or comminate at Mr. Howells," says this British critic, "for my part I only shudder, and echo the celebrated, 'There, but for the grace of God.'" A fling like this may seem to some arrogant and to others impudent; to me it seems chiefly conceited, as though it needed the interposition of heaven to prevent an Englishman of this sort from resembling an American like Mr. Howells: *ne fait ce tour qui veut*.

Other instances of personal criticism closely akin to this could be collected from the pages of the *London Athenæum* and of the *Saturday Review*. Perhaps the *Saturday Review* is the chief offender. And I say this with no personal dislike of the *Saturday Review*, to which journal, indeed, it has been my privilege to contribute now and again, during the past eight or ten years; its editor is an ancient ally of mine—we have written short stories together; and two of its chief contributors are among the very best friends I have. But the *Saturday Review* is the typical organ of "The Poor Islanders"—a delightful and undying nickname, for which they will not readily pardon Mr. Howells. It dislikes all foreigners and especially all Americans; it has the bad manners which generally accompany

unreasoning dislikes; and in literature it is wedded to false idols. In literature as in politics it is obstinately conservative, Tory, reactionary. It sets its face resolutely towards the past, and any stray glance it may venture towards the future brings an instant frown upon its brow. It did not like Thackeray when that great novelist was alive. It does not like Mr. Howells when he advocates the views which one may hazard a guess that Thackeray would hold if he were now alive. Without espousing all of Mr. Howells's opinions, I confess that a perusal of his collected essays has left me with the belief that he is not far wrong in the main question however widely he may err in matters of detail.

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Mr. Howells's book is little more than a plea for truth in fiction. It is a request that literature shall be judged by life and not by the library. He quotes with approval Burke's assertion that "the true standard of the artist is in every man's power" already; and he agrees with Michael Angelo that the "light of the piazza," the glance of the common eye, "is and always was the best light on a statue." He is a true democrat of literature and puts his trust in the common people, as did Abraham Lincoln. He is a good American, and he calls us to consider our own life and not the pale reflection of foreign life as we find it in the ordinary English novel. He tells us that "an English novel, full of titles and rank, is apparently essential to the happiness" of some people who like hash many times warmed over because this calls for no effort of mental mastication. "Whereas a story of our own life, honestly studied and faithfully represented, troubles them with varied misgiving. They are not sure that it is literature; they do not feel that it is good society; its characters, so like their own, strike them as commonplace; they say they do not wish to know such people."

In urging these truths with unflinching felicity, if at times with undue force, Mr. Howells has deserved well of all who love letters and who abhor the cut-and-dried, the ready-made, the artificial. But in his fight for truth, for nature, even if it be raw, perhaps Mr. Howells is unduly negligent of form "Life is not rounded in

an epigram," as George Eliot said, and art must needs be selection. The masterpieces of literature are not mere fragments of human existence seized at haphazard; they have a beginning, a middle and an end. They are composed as a picture is composed. To say this is not to ask for a so-called "plot," any more than one would expect to find in the Paris Salon of this year a picture with composition according to the formulas of the Bolognese school. It is to ask for the harmonious and complete presentation of the subject, such a presentation as one found in *Their Wedding Journey* and in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, such as one failed to find in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, in which certain episodes seemed disproportionate.

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A graver failing of Mr. Howells's is his unfairness to Thackeray. Dickens we may abandon to him; Dickens is the delight of those who like their humor cut thick and their pathos laid in slabs; Dickens was rarely an artist, and we file no protest when Mr. Howells declares that Dickens's "literary principles seem almost as grotesque as his theories of political economy." But Thackeray, with all his defects, was an artist at heart. There is no more rigorous artistic work in the whole history of English fiction than Barry Lyndon and Henry Esmond. When he chose, Thackeray was an artist of the strictest sect. That he did not always choose may be admitted; that he was lazy and procrastinating he confessed; and that he filled up the monthly part of his periodical novel as best he could at the last minute, with the printer's devil at the door, is unfortunately obvious enough. But to speak of him as a caricaturist merely, is to use language carelessly; and to praise Trollope at Thackeray's expense is an abuse even of the privileges of polemical criticism. Mr. Howells has not here reprinted the passage in which he compared Charles Reade from afar with George Eliot, but it will be present in the minds of many readers who think that the same difference separates Trollope from Thackeray. On more than one page Mr. Howells is more forcible than suave, and he is at his best when he is most urbane.

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To turn from Mr. Howells's Criticism

and Fiction to M. Anatole France's *Vie Littéraire* is to get into a different atmosphere, calmer, quieter, flecked by a filmy cloud or two, but not driven forward by the energy of propaganda. There is all the difference between M. France's criticism and Mr. Howells's that there is between *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* and *A Modern Instance*. The Frenchman is not merely less strenuous than the American, he is not even seeking to convert. Apparently he has nothing to urge. And yet, when all is said and when we peer into the core of M. France's thought, we find that he is preaching in his own way the same doctrine as Mr. Howells—the doctrine of modelling literature precisely upon the life which encompasses us about. In his tastes M. France is no more academic than Mr. Howells, but his is the revolt of a highly trained Frenchman, armed at all points for the critical combat, yet putting off his armor rather than bear the burden and the heat of the day, and preferring to stand afar off and shoot an occasional arrow barbed with art and winged with humor.

M. France knows his humanities and he is never guilty of the freakish judgments into which Mr. Howells is now and then betrayed in the ardor of attack. The French critic avoids all set combat, although when he chooses to stand up before an adversary he can give a good account of himself. In the present volume, for example, there is a preface in which he replies to an adverse criticism of M. Brunetière's on his method, and not a few of the stones from his sling hit that heavy-armed critic full upon the forehead. To see M. Brunetière and M. France engaged in mortal strife is like witnessing a revival of the struggle between the gladiator with sword and buckler and the young fellow who had only a net and a trident. M. France is quick on his feet and swift of eye and sure of hand. He is playful, easy, malin and malign—never malicious, never malign. He does not disdain even a monkey trick at times—and, after all, the simian is our little brother.

He has a detached manner, as though saying, "I cares for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me;" but there is nothing Ishmaelitish in his attitude, no violence, no heat, no wrath. In one sense

his manner is impersonal, and in another it is especially and singularly individual. I remember taking M. Coquelin, the great French comedian, to see Mr. Harrigan in one of those strange comedies which are the most characteristic product of our theatre as yet. Before the curtain had been up ten minutes M. Coquelin leaned over to me and said, "C'est très-particulier." The epithet was exceedingly accurate, and it is exceedingly difficult to translate. Perhaps "individual" is the best shot I can make at it—"having a quality of its own." This is just what M. France's criticism has. It is delicate, subtle, refined and above all "particulier." Obviously the writer stands outside of the cliques of contemporary literature. Yet, disinterested as he may seem, he evidently is deeply interested in the art of literature, prompt to recognize a worthy manifestation of it, however novel or unconventional, and ready always to welcome it. Thoreau tells us that there are days when idleness is "the most attractive and productive industry;" and M. France chats easily about letters, like one who had taken this paradox to heart.

Like nearly all the French critics of our time, M. France confines his attention chiefly to French literature or at least to the literature of the Latin races. So does M. Jules Lemaitre, who fails to understand why M. Paul Bourget is willing to wander abroad. So does M. Brunetière, though he did once write an acute paper on the realistic novel of England. So does M. Sarcey, who is most at home on the Boulevards. Thus it happened that in the present volume of *La Vie Littéraire*, made up out of his weekly contributions to that best of Parisian newspapers, *Le Temps*, M. France considers Rabelais and Baudelaire and Flaubert and François Coppée and Paul Verlaine and Octave Feuillet and Edouard Rod—and how many of these names are even recognizable by the readers of this magazine? And he wanders under the arcades of the Odéon and he considers the songs sung at the "Chat Noir"—and how many of us go to the Second Théâtre Français or venture up the heights of Montmartre to the extraordinary hostelry of the "Black Cat"? But those of us who have made the voyage to the Odéon and have seen the students picking at the books piled up in the stalls of its arcades,

those of us who have made the ascent of Montmartre to see the tragic shadow pantomimes exhibited in the inn of M. Rodolphe Salis, those of us who love Paris with something of the love we have for New York, those of us who know that the French are today foremost in all arts, almost, including the art of letters, will rejoice in M. France's writing and be grateful for it.

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That I am forced once in a while to turn back and consider a book which has been published more than six months ago is the penalty I must pay for the desire to give to everyone of these monthly comments a certain unity of subject. A belated criticism is inevitable at times. Perhaps this is not so great a drawback as it may seem at first sight. The advantage of the magazine over the newspaper in matters of literary opinion is that the former has time for the second thought which is denied to the latter; and therefore the magazine wisely passes over in silence many a volume which the newspaper has considered at length. So it happens that if a six months or even a year old book reproaches a critic because it has not been reviewed, it is evidence that the book is sturdy and likely to live. We must remember also that Emerson advised us to read no book that was not a year old—a hard saying.

In Mr. John Morley's *Studies in Literature* I have sought in vain for his appreciative paper on Emerson—a paper which showed a far keener sympathy with the great American critic than did Matthew Arnold's, acute as that was. Mr. John Morley, now that Matthew Arnold is dead, is easily the foremost of English critics, though, like Burke, whose biography he has written, he "gives up to party what was meant for mankind." In this volume of *Studies in Literature* we have the introduction to Wordsworth, if not that to Emerson; we have the lectures on Aphorisms, and on *The Study of Literature*; we have reviews of Victor Hugo's *Ninety-Three* and of Browning's *Ring and the Book*; and we have two bitingly incisive essays, in which the interest is perhaps rather political than literary. One of these is an answer to certain of the assertions and assumptions of Sir Henry Maine's treatise *On Popular Government*:

and the other is a personal retort upon those who spoke of Mr. Morley as one who had founded himself on French models. True as is Mr. Morley's purely literary criticism, keen as it is, sane and wholesome as it is, I confess that these political papers have given me even greater pleasure in the perusal.

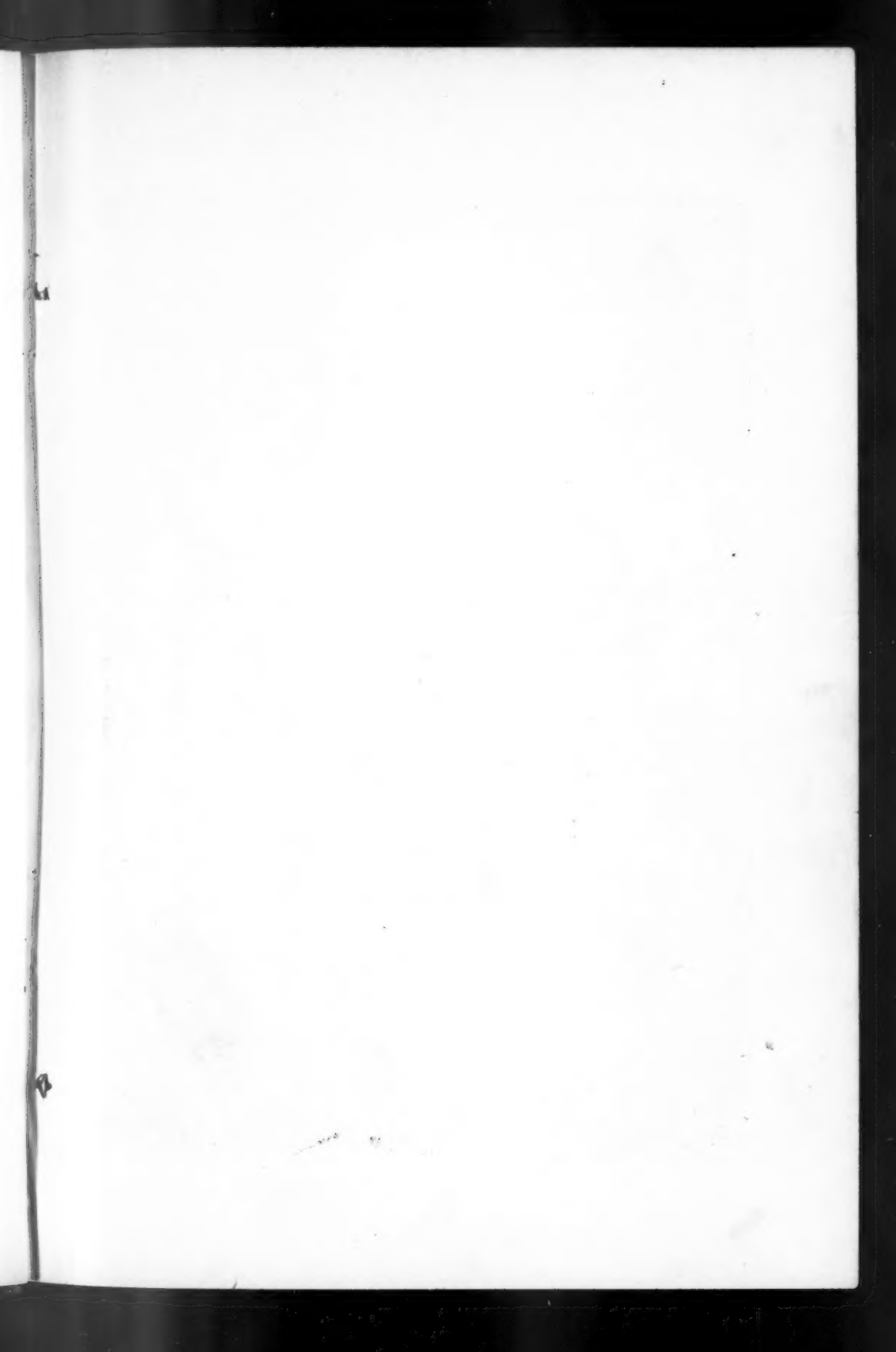
Especially worthy of praise is the passage in the paper called "A Few Words on French Models," in which Mr. Morley describes the "humoristic genius" of Carlyle and in which he notes what he aptly calls "the boisterous horse-play of the transcendental humorist." After the gush—there is no other word for it—about Carlyle, it is well that the narrowness of his caricaturing faculty should be pointed out. No American man of letters can mix much in the society of English men of letters without seeing that the influence of Carlyle is an influence for evil, an influence of exceeding danger in the present condition of English society. The men who hate Mr. Gladstone—and the vigor and fierceness of this hatred cannot be imagined by those who have not seen it—swear by Carlyle. They are in a state of mind to accept a man on horseback or to welcome a whiff of grapeshot. The belief in necessary personalities, in saviours of society, the belief Carlyle set forth frequently, is a most dangerous belief; and it is perhaps most dangerous when, as in England, a democracy still wears the outward garb of an aristocracy. Teachers must needs be judged by their pupils, and the test bears hardly on Carlyle. He devised to his countrymen an inheritance of intolerance and hatred and scorn. Emerson, whom some thoughtlessly persist in linking with Carlyle, left the memory of his own beautiful life as a precious heritage to his fellow citizens, and also a doctrine now perhaps a little outworn, but benign in spirit, softening and yet invigorating—in a word, humanizing. Contrast the essential quality of his Representative Men with the essential quality of Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, and see which is the more abiding influence and which is the more fertile for good.

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This discussion of Emerson and Carlyle is a digression here, no doubt, but it has

its origin in Mr. Morley's book of essays, a book which one can recommend more heartily than any recent volume of British criticism. If my criticism of Mr. Morley's *Studies in Literature* seems belated, what excuse can I offer for reviewing Longinus *On the Sublime*, which is not only not of this year or even of this century, but hardly of this era. Mr. H. L. Havell has made a new translation of the treatise of Longinus, whoever he may have been, and Mr. Andrew Lang has written an introduction, scholarly, like all his writing, and witty and "brought down to date." Mr. Lang has no difficulty in showing that the essay of the old Greek is of value to us today, that the doctrine he preached is of eternal application, and that the bombast and the bad taste the Greek attacked still flourish in Great Britain and the United States. What Longinus most disliked was strain, self-consciousness, affectation, the faults which make a book like Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Intentions* more intolerable than honest dulness. But probably few books known to Longinus were as dubious in taste as *Intentions*, or as empty.

Mr. Lang quotes from M. Anatole France the wise saying that "we must beware not to write too well, that is the worst manner of writing." Longinus says that "a just judgment of style is the final fruit of long experience." But style is only the outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace; it is not a mask externally applied and of the thickness of paper only. "It is natural in us to feel our souls lifted up by the true sublime, and, conceiving a sort of generous exultation, to be filled with joy and pride, as though we had ourselves originated the ideas which we read." Disregarding the few passages in which the author shows that he is a man of his time, in which he discusses grammatical subtleties and rhetorical trivialities, Longinus is strangely modern. Indeed, I am not sure that an American of this last decade of the nineteenth century cannot find as much valuable instruction and stimulating suggestion in Longinus *On the Sublime* as in Mr. Howells's *Criticism and Fiction*, or in M. France's *Vie Littéraire*, or in Mr. Morley's *Studies in Literature* or even in all three of them together. We can still go to school to the Greeks.





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From the painting by Dagnan-Bouveret.